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THE BEGINNING OF HOME INFLUENCE



A MOTHER IS A MOTHER STILL THE HOLIEST THING ALIVE."



HARACTER SKETCHES

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS

OR

SUCCESS AND HOW TO WIN IT

BEING A

VAST TREASURY OF THE NOBLEST TRUTHS AND WISEST MAXIMS
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND SELF-IMPROVEMENT OF
THE YOUNG; SHOWING THE TRUE AIMS
AND OBJECTS OF LIFE

TOGETHER WITH A

GALLERY OF PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES OF SUCCESSFUL
MEN AND WOMEN

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON HOW TO BUILD CHARACTER
AND WHOM TO EMULATE

BY HENRY DAVENPORT NORTHROP

Author of "Charming Bible Stories," "Beautiful Gems of Thought and Sentiment," etc.

Profusely Embellished with Superb Engravings

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PREFACE.

8. W. F. Wee 21-14

OW to live the best, the noblest, and the happiest life, is the all-important question fully answered in this most comprehensive volume. The choicest stores of wisdom, the brightest thoughts of master minds, and the most shining examples of the highest type of success, are gathered here for the instruction, the entertainment and practical benefit of both old and young.

BOOK I. Starting Right; or, the Influence of Home.—A well-known author says: "It is the Home that makes the Nation." With equal truth we may say, it is the Home that makes the grandest men and women. Here is where ideal character is fashioned. And no work can possess greater value than the one that faithfully describes the true Home and pictures it as the sweetest type of heaven.

The reader finds in these glowing pages a beautiful tribute to Parental Influence. Like an angel of light appears the devoted mother, that uncrowned queen, of whom it has been truly said: "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

The Force of Example is vividly portrayed. Says quaint Ben Franklin: "None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing." The reader learns how true it is that noble examples stir us up to noble actions. This, and all the other subjects treated in this volume, are so forcibly presented and so strikingly illustrated that the work has an irresistible charm to every reader.

It is a book that wakes up slumbering thoughts. Its sound is that of a trumpet and its watchword is "Onward." It inspires in the reader a noble ambition to make the raost of himself and gain a high position in the world. By striking examples from real life, the force of the great truth is illustrated, that, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." The all-important lessons that should be taught in the Home, the noble aims that should be presented, and the masterly elements that form a model character are stated in a manner that deeply interests the reader. The greatest names in history, the men and women who have achieved the most brilliant success, are here photographed and held up for imitation.

BOOK II. THE CARDINAL VIRTUES,—This part of the work describes and teaches those Great Virtues which alone can render life happy and successful. Here is an eloquent tribute to Charity, the praises of which are spoken in Holy Writ and sung in sweetest song. Here is shown the bright side and how essential it is to always look upon it and make the best of our lot. Here Industry is praised and its superb achievements portrayed. Here Honesty is shown to be the touchstone of success.

Every young person in the land should read about Truthfulness, Perseverance and Economy. These are virtues that no one can afford to ignore, and no one would wish to do so after reading what is here said concerning them.

Here are brilliant illustrations of Courage—including that grand moral Courage, which is the noblest type. Here the reader is taught the value of Patience, which waits and wins by waiting. Here Hope rises on the vision as the morning star heralds the coming sun. Here is an inspiring call to Self-Control. This cluster of Great Virtues includes Contentment, of which Robby Burns wrote so finely in the "Cotter's Saturday Night."

Here young men learn what can be accomplished by Endurance. The Christian virtue of Forgiveness is pictured in the most attractive colors, and in company with it is the sister virtue of Gratitude. The brightest examples of Self-Sacrifice are gathered from the most glowing pages of history. Heroism in Well-Doing begets a desire in every breast to perform noble deeds. Temperance and Good Health are set forth according to their merits.

Special attention is called to the very practical Rules for Bodily Exercise and the preservation of Health. These are fully illustrated, and this part of the volume is a complete handbook of athletic exercises for both sexes.

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George Washington.

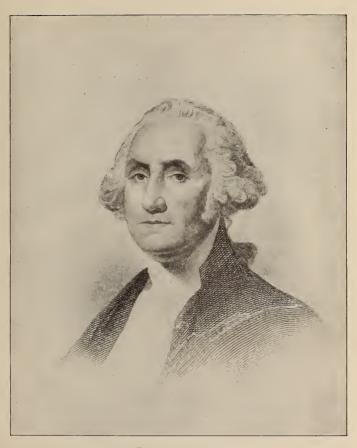
TEORGE WASHINGTON, the first President of the United States, was born in Westmoreland County, Va., February 22d, 1732. His ancestors were of the landed gentry of Northamptonshire, England. He received a careful home training and attended two local schools, but was never a classical scholar.

When Washington was nineteen years of age the colony was divided into military districts, and he was given, by Governor Robert Dinwiddie, the position of Adjutant-General with the rank of Major, being the youngest officer of that rank in the colonies. He soon made himself conversant with military affairs. October 30th, 1753, he was sent by Governor Dinwiddie as commissioner to the French commander on the fork of the Ohio River. He performed his mission loyally, though it entailed great suffering and danger from both French and Indians. April 2d, 1754, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and took part in the disastrous campaign against the French and their Indian allies, which ended in the surrender of Fort Necessity.

The next year we find him on General Braddock's staff, and, had his advice been followed, that General would probably have been spared the disastrous defeat which cost him his life. Washington really saved the remainder of the army from annihilation. In 1759 he married Mrs. Martha Custis, a lady of rare personal charm and solid mental endowments. He was for some time a member of the Virginia Assembly, and took part in the first Colonial Congress, winning golden opinions by his steadiness and loyal faith.

While still a member of the Continental Congress, the battle of Lexington took place, April 19th, 1775, and Washington was chosen as the Commander-in-Chief of the forces engaged against Great Britain. He hurried to Boston, forced the British to evacuate that city, and from that time until the close of the war at Yorktown, he presented the spectacle of a commander unwearied by defeat, not elated by victory, unmoved by calumny, unspoiled by flattery; at once a gentleman, a hero, a patriot, a Christian, and a modest man. It was only natural that Washington should be called to govern the nation he had so nobly aided to create, and on the 30th of April, 1789, he was inaugurated as the first President of the United States. Washington was again chosen President and inaugurated March 4th, 1793. He died December 14th, 1799, at Mt. Vernon, Virginia.

Washington was six feet two inches high, of stately carriage and address. He well deserved the honors thrust upon him, and was, indeed, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."



of Washington

Hon. William McKinley.

NEARLY all of the Presidents of the United States have come from humble life. Their fortune was in themselves, and by force of intellect, by industry, integrity and perseverence, they rose to the highest position in the gift of the nation. Perhaps there is no higher honor that can be conferred on any man than the Presidency of the United States. Whoever gains this commanding position must be possessed of sterling qualities. Our country has been fortunate from the very beginning in the men who have occupied the White House.

Among these is William McKinley, who deserves to rank among the most illustrious of our statesmen who have filled the chair of the Chief Executive. He was born at Niles, Ohio, February 26th, 1844. He enlisted in the United States Army in May, 1861, as a private soldier in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and was mustered out as captain of the same regiment and brevet-major in September, 1865. His career in the army was highly creditable to him, for although he did not rise to a high rank, he was considered an excellent soldier, faithful to duty and brave in danger. Yet, doubtless, no one predicted that he would become the foremost citizen of his country.

He was prosecuting attorney of Stark County, Ohio, 1869–71, displaying conspicuous ability in his chosen profession which was that of the law. He was elected to Congress in 1877, and in 1884 lost his seat by vote of the House, his seat having been contested by his opponent. He was re-elected and sat continuously as a member of Congress from 1885 to March 4th, 1891. During this period he distinguished himself in Congress as the author of a protective tariff bill which was passed by Congress in 1890. All through his career in Congress he showed himself to be a man of marked ability, remarkably well informed, strong in debate, and at times surpassingly eloquent.

He was elected Governor of his native State in 1891 and was made the candidate of the Republican Party for the Presidency in 1896. The campaign of this year was very exciting and a large vote was polled. Mr. McKinley was elected by a very large majority and entered upon his duties as President on the 4th of March, 1897. He at once showed that he had a masterly grasp of the political situation, was disposed to keep every promise made by his party, and very soon business, which had been in a depressed condition, began to revive.

In 1898, war broke out between our country and Spain and the vast responsibilities growing out of it were borne by Mr. McKinley in a manner which commanded the admiration of his fellow countrymen.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Rear-Admiral George Dewey

THE brilliant victory of Admiral Dewey over the Spanish fleet at Manila made him the most famous naval commander of modern times. He was commander of our Asiatic squadron and on Monday, April 25th, 1898, received news of the declaration of war between our country and Spain. The neutrality laws would not allow him to remain at Hong Kong, and leaving this port on Wednesday he sailed for Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands.

Having passed the batteries and harbor defenses under cover of darkness, on Sunday morning, May 1st, he annihilated the Spanish squadron, numbering eleven vessels, and silenced and destroyed three batteries. On Monday he occupied the navy yard, blew up six batteries, cut the cable, established a blockade, and drove the Spanish forces out of Cavite. The next day he swept the lower bay for torpedoes. this was accomplished with little damage to his fleet, and just eight men wounded, while immense damage was inflicted on the enemy both in the destruction of men and ships.

Dewey showed that he possesses the rare capacity of combining prudence with daring. His dominant qualities are courage, manliness, frankness, shrewdness, and a keen sense of honor. As a naval officer he has always manifested the utmost confidence in himself and this has inspired confidence on the part of others. Of Green Mountain stock, he started in life with a good heritage, and from the time he graduated from the Naval Academy in 1854 he had an honorable career.

During the Civil War he distinguished himself for bravery on many occasions. He figured in the capture of New Orleans, April, 1862; did gallant service at Port Hudson, March, 1863-running the batteries and

capturing Fort Fisher.

The frigate Mississippi was destroyed in the Mississippi river after a stubborn fight. Dewey was the last man to leave the sinking frigate and Admiral Porter, in commenting on this incident, said: "It is in such trying moments that men show of what mettle they are made, and in this instance the mettle was the best."

Dewey was promoted commodore February 20th, 1896, and on January 3d, 1898, assigned to the command of the Asiatic squadron. May 7th, he was promoted Acting Rear-Admiral of the United States Navy by President McKinley as a reward for "highly distinguished conduct," and Congress tendered a vote of thanks to him and his men by request of the President.



REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY
THE HERO OF MANILA

Thomas A. Edison.

NO inventor has ever achieved greater distinction than Thomas A. Edison. He is nothing less than a phenomenon in the realm of science, more especially in that part of it which relates to electricity. His discoveries have been the wonder of the age, and have made him famous throughout the world.

We find him at the age of ten reading the histories of Gibbon and Hume, yet his biographers assert that he went to school only two months in his boyhood. Like the vast majority of those men who have left a deep impression upon their time, he was born in poverty and obscurity, being conspicuously a self-inade man. His education was under the direction of his mother, yet at best was but superficial.

Mr. Edison was born at Alva, Ohio, February 11th, 1847. As soon as he was old enough to become interested in any study, he showed great fondness for chemistry. This indicated the bent of his mind, and was a prophecy that the natural sciences would be his favorite pursuit. While he was employed as a newsboy on a railway train, he determined to learn telegraphy. Here was the beginning of that remarkable career, and of those discoveries which, if they have not revolutionized the telegraph system, have certainly promoted its efficiency and perfected its instruments. While residing at Adrian, Mich., he opened a shop for repairing telegraph instruments and making new machinery. Subsequently, at Indianapolis, he invented his automatic repeater, which was greatly in advance of any telegraph instrument then in existence, except the original one invented by Professor Morse.

It is not too much to say that Mr. Edison's ideas have entered largely into all the electrical discoveries of recent time. He, or his assistants, prompted by his original conceptions, have contributed largely to all the scientific journals of the country. His inventions consist of improvements in the electric light and the telephone. He is also the inventor of the phonograph, the quadruplex and sextuplex transmitter, the microphone, the megaphone, the kinetoscope, the mimeograph, the electric pen, etc.

In person Mr. Edison is rather tall, somewhat stocky, with smooth face and a youthful expression. He is capable of a great amount of work and has been known to spend sixty hours consecutively in his laboratory without sleep. He bears the title of Count, which was conferred upon him in Italy, in honor of his brilliant discoveries.



THOMAS A. EDISON

Prince Von Bismarck.

THE dramatic career of the unique "Iron Chancellor" came to an end Saturday, July 30th, 1898, but he will not pass out of history any more than Alexander, Cæsar, Peter the Great, Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln or Gladstone. He was born of an old noble family at Schonhausen, April 1st, 1815, created count September 16th, 1865, and prince, March, 1871. He was educated at the Universities at Gottingen and Griefswald, spent some time in the army and subsequently settled down as a country gentleman. In 1845 he became a member of the Provincial Diet of Saxony, and of the Prussian Diet, in which his fiery eloquence in defence of the old monarchical party distinguished him.

Though practically a Secretary of State, Bismarck always accompanied his royal master to the field of battle wearing his military uniform. Historians may question whether the "Iron Chancellor" or his illustrious master was the real author of German unity, but Kaiser William I. knew that Bismarck, and not he, remodelled the map of Europe. He was a dauntless man. After the emperor's death and differences grew up between him and the boy-emperor, William II., and the chancellor mingled freely with the Reichstag, a messenger told him one day that the emperor had ordered that he should not admit to his home any members of that body without the emperor's consent. Bismarck sent back this reply: "Tell the emperor that I allow no one to control my threshold." This brought a call from the emperor himself, who asked: "Not when I command you as your sovereign?" The sturdy German then declared: "My master's authority ends at my wife's drawing-room."

There is another side to this strong man's character. His love of home, wife, and children was a marked characteristic. Always did he regard himself as a providential character. Before God he was humble. Writing to a friend he once said: "In honest penitence I perform my daily task. I, the minister of this state, am a Christian, and am resolved so to act as to be able to justify myself before God."

Bismarck was one of the most distinguished men of the century. Possessed of a towering intellect, an unbending will, a masterly grasp of political situations, it may with truth be said that during a large part of his long and brilliant career events on the Continent of Europe happened only by his consent. At his death Emperor William paid a feeling tribute to his memory and he was buried with imposing ceremonies.



PRINCE VON BISMARCK

Napoleon Bonaparte.

THE great French Emperor whose military genius is the most dazzling of any in modern times, and whose remarkable victories changed the map of Europe, was born on the 15th of August, 1769, in Corsica, a French island in the Mediterranean. He was sent to the military school of Brienne, 1777; became lieutenant of artillery, 1785; and for his services at the siege of Toulon was appointed brigadier-general of artillery, 1793.

At this time war was breaking out on all sides. Austria, Prussia, England, Holland, Spain, and Russia sent armies against France. The French raised a million of men and bade defiance to all Europe. In the French army was this young lieutenant of artillery. When the war began he was an unknown and friendless youth, but he distinguished himself in every battle and every siege, till, in a few years, the whole world had heard of Napoleon Bonaparte. When he was twenty-six years old he conquered Italy. The next year he compelled the Emperor of Austria to make peace.

In 1802 Bonaparte was elected Consul of the French Republic for life. Two years afterward he was proclaimed Emperor by the name of Napoleon. He had now more power than any of the ancient kings. Wherever he marched his conquering armies, monarchs humbled themselves before him. He drove them from their thrones and placed his own brothers and chief officers there instead.

But in 1812 the spell of his success began to be broken. He invaded Russia with a vast army and penetrated to the city of Moscow. The Russians set the city on fire. Winter was coming on and the French soldiers had nowhere to shelter themselves. They retreated toward Poland, but before they reached the frontier three-fourths of the army were destroyed. The Emperor fled homeward in a sledge and returned to Paris. He soon raised new armies and was ready to take the field again. But all the nations of Europe were now against him and he suffered disastrons defeats. Having been banished to the Island of Elba he remained there almost a year, but in March, 1815, he suddenly landed again on the French coast and a new army sprang to their feet to carry his banner to victory. The nations of Europe now mustered their armies once more and Napoleon's last battle was fought at Waterloo on the 18th of June, 1815. There he was utterly overthrown and France was overthrown with him. He was banished to the Island of St. Helena and there died. In 1840 his remains were brought back to France and deposited in a splendid mausoleum erected for them.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Hon. William E. Gladstone.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, who Mr. Balfour, the leader of the House of Commons at the time, said was "the greatest member of the greatest deliberative assembly in the world," was born December 29th, 1809. He was of Scottish blood and English birth. His father lived to be eighty-seven years old, and when twenty years old was sent by his father to Liverpool to sell a cargo of wheat. This resulted in his settlement in that city, where he became a great merchant, a member of Parliament and a baronet.

William E. Gladstone had both a distaste and seeming incapacity for arithmetic. When fifteen he entered Eton College and stayed six years, devoting his main attention to Latin and Greek. In 1827 he entered Oxford, where he distinguished himself in oratory. On leaving Oxford he thought of entering the ministry, but his father dissuaded him. He went abroad, and on his return, in 1832, was elected to Parliament as a Tory. His first speech was in favor of slavery, and contained sentiments which he soon afterward retracted. When twenty-five years of age he was appointed Junior Lord of the Treasury, and six months later promoted to the office of Under Secretary for the Colonies. Following this his party went out of power, and he devoted himself more closely to study, writing his first book, "The State in its Relations with the Church." His eyesight being unfavorably affected by this work he went to Rome, where met and afterward married Catherine Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, a woman of means and rare gifts.

Gladstone's most wonderful triumphs in debate were in dealing with financial questions. In the discussions of the Home Rule bill his remarkable versatility dazzled the eyes of the world. His broad views and enthusiasm for radical progress enabled him to accomplish more for the oppressed of other lands than any other British statesman. As an orator he excelled every parliamentary leader of the Victorian age except John Bright, and in readiness and abundance of resources he was vastly his superior. Had he not been a great statesman and famous orator he would have been a great author. Altogether he produced more than sixty publications. Had he not been either of these he would have been a great and good man. He always found time for the exacting duties of religion, and was a representative of the highest type of Christian character. No taint nor stain ever tarnished his public or private life. "The nation which possesses one such man cannot perish while he lives." Mr. Gladstone died on May 18th, 1898.



HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE

Henry Clay.

THIS eminent American orator and statesman was born in Hanover County, Va., April 12th, 1777. After preparatory study of the law he was admitted to the bar in 1797, and speedily established a brilliant practice in Lexington, Ky. Commencing his political career in 1799, as a Democrat of the Jefferson school, Clay was elected to the State Legislature in 1804, and in 1806 and 1809 sat as a Senator in Congress, having been sent for short terms.

In 1811 he became a member of the House of Representatives, and towards the close of the year was elected its Speaker. Re-elected to the same position in 1813, he resigned it in January, 1814, to proceed to Europe as one of the Peace Commissioners to treat with Great Britain. After participating in the signing of the Treaty of Ghent in December of that year, Clay returned home to again assume the Speakership. In 1816 he supported the United States Bank charter; in 1821 he earnestly advocated the Missouri Compromise, and in 1824 was an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency of the Union.

In 1825 Clay became Secretary of State; was elected United States Senator 1831–1837, and in 1832 accepted the Presidential candidature of the anti-Jackson party, only to be again defeated. In 1832–1833 he caused the passing of the Compromise Tariff; supported General Harrison for the Presidency in 1840; advocated a national banking system, and the distribution of the public domains among the respective States.

In 1844 the National Whig Convention nominated him the third time for the Presidency, with as little success as before. He strenuously opposed the acquisition of Texas, and in 1848, having been again elected to the Senate, he there took a prominent part in effecting the Compromise of 1850, which deferred for ten years the impending struggle between the North and South on the question of slavery. He died at Washington in 1852, leaving behind him a name and fame foremost in the annals of American eloquence and statesmanship.

Henry Clay was a poor boy, but he had what is better than riches—a thirst for knowledge, great industry and perseverance, a character that was incorruptible and a remarkable gift of eloquence. He was a self-made man and was well made, as such men are almost sure to be. In his brilliant career we see illustrated the high position with which our country rewards young men of ability, who, although poor and without personal influence in their favor, make the most of their opportunities, pursue their object with enthusiasm and are resolved to conquer all difficulties.



H Ciay

Daniel Webster.

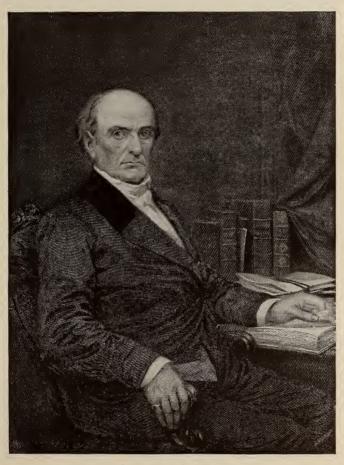
THIS illustrious American statesman, jurist, and orator, was born at Salisbury, N. H., in 1872, of respectable but comparatively humble parentage. After receiving his rudimentary education at Exeter and Boscawen academies, he entered Dartmouth College in 1797, as a freshman, and after graduating in 1801, entered upon the study of the law at Salisbury and Boston, in which latter city he was called to the bar in 1805.

In 1807 he went into practice at Portsmouth, and, after earning a high legal reputation, was elected by the Federal party to the lower house of Congress in 1813, where he opposed the war with England, and at once rose into prominence as an able debater. Re-elected in 1815, he shared in the discussion of the United States Bank Charter and specie payment questions. Meanwhile he had risen to the highest rank in his profession as a constitutional lawyer, and also as a consummate leader in criminal causes. In 1820 he served as a member of the Convention met to revise the Constitution of Massachusetts, and in 1822 was re-elected to Congress, where, as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, he rendered eminent assistance in the entire revision of the United States criminal code.

In 1828, he became Senator, and in 1830, in opposing the Nullification doctrine advanced by South Carolina statesmen, delivered perhaps the most splendid outburst of patriotic oratory ever heard within the Congress of the American Union. In 1834 Mr. Webster became a prominent leader of the Whig party, and in 1841 was appointed Secretary of State under President Harrison, retaining the office during Mr. Tyler's chief magistracy.

The most remarkable event of his official term was the so-called Ashburton Treaty with England, in settlement of the Northeast Boundary question. Re-elected to the Senate in 1844, he opposed alike the admission of Texas into the Union and the prosecution of the war with Mexico, and supported Henry Clay's "Compromise Measures" of 1850 in relation to the extension of slavery to new territories. In 1850 he again became Secretary of State, this time under Mr. Fillmore, and was unsuccessfully nominated for the Presidency in the National Whig Convention of 1852. He died October 24th, in the latter year.

Webster went by the name of "the Godlike Daniel," a name given him on account of his commanding presence, his wonderful powers of mind and his marvellous eloquence, which has probably never been surpassed in the annals of statesmanship.



Doml Webster

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

THIS distinguished American minister and writer, a son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born in Litchfield, Conn., on the 24th of June, 1813. He appears to have given in childhood but little promise of distinction. But even while a boy he proved that, if he did not inherit the eloquence, he inherited at least something of the controversial ability of his father. A forward schoolboy among the elder scholars had got hold of Paine's "Age of Reason," and was flourishing largely among the boys with objections to the Bible. Henry privately looked up Watson's "Apology," studied up the subject, and challenged a debate with the big boy, in which he came off victorious by the acclamation of his schoolfellows. This occurred when he was about eleven years old.

He manifested at this period little inclination for severe study, but had conceived a passionate desire to go to sea. His father adroitly used this desire to induce him to commence a course of mathematics with a view to qualify himself to become a naval officer. He applied himself energetically to his new studies, "with his face to the navy, and Nelson as his beau ideal." But not long afterwards there occurred in that section of the country a religious "revival," and young Beecher, with many others, was powerfully impressed. The result was that the naval scheme was abandoned, and his thoughts were directed to the pulpit as his natural and proper sphere.

After going through the preparatory studies, he entered Amherst College, where he graduated in 1834; and soon after he commenced the study of theology at Lane Seminary, under the direction of his father. He began his ministerial course at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, but removed soon after to Indianapolis. In 1847 he became pastor of Plymouth Church (Congregational) in Brooklyn, where he gathered around him an immense congregation. He was also one of the most popular writers and most successful lecturers in America. His success as a public speaker was due not so much to what is popularly termed eloquence as to a flow of racy and original thought, which, though often enlivened with flashes of quaint humor, was not without an undercurrent of deep moral and spiritual earnestness.

In 1850 Mr. Beecher published a volume of "Lectures to Young Men." He was one of the originators of "The Independent" (to which he was for nearly twenty years a prominent contributor), favored the Free-Soil movement in 1852, and actively supported the Republican party in 1856 and 1860. In the Civil War he was among the most zealous and efficient champions of the government. Died March 8, 1887.



Sum Ward Beecher

Frances E. Willard.

In every walk of life where it is possible for woman to display her talents, her success has been conspicuous. Our country has every reason to be proud of those members of the gentler sex who have commanded attention in authorship, sometimes in business, especially in works of reform, and whose influence has always been upon the side of good morals, higher education, and the development of the noblest womanhood.

While our progress as a nation has been rapid and such as to draw the wondering attention of the world, it is not all due to soldiers or statesmen. Our history could not be correctly written without mention of those women who, in the walks of private life, and frequently in more public spheres, have made their influence felt and have been leaders of thought and public opinion.

One of our most distinguished American women is the subject of this sketch. No one was more widely known or universally respected. She possessed talents of an unusual order, a warm and earnest spirit, untiring energy, the ability to influence others, and seemed to be lacking in none of those qualities essential to successful achievement.

Miss Willard was known throughout the country for her devotion to the cause of reform, especially that branch of it embraced in temperance work. She attended meetings and conventions, and lectured in every part of the land, and was always received with the attention due to her position and character and the worthy objects she sought to promote. She was eloquent in the best sense of the term, very fluent in speech, possessed of unusual tact, and was heard by multitudes who were in the habit of affirming that they "did not care to hear a woman speak in public."

It may be truthfully said that her career exhibits all those elements which go to make one independent, aggressive, and progressive likewise. Throughout her life she never thrust herself into notice, but simply embraced the opportunities open to her, and entered the field of usefulness when she heard the call for service. She was born in Churchville, N. Y., September 28th, 1839, and was educated at Milwaukee and the Northwestern Female College at Evanston, Ill., from which she graduated in 1859. She became Professor of Natural Science there in 1862, and was principal of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary in 1866–67. Miss Willard died in the early part of 1898, greatly lamented by a host of admirers and friends throughout the country.



FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Adelina Patti.

ADELINA PATTI was born at Madrid, April 9, 1843. In early youth she came to America with her parents and studied music with her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch. She first appeared in New York, Nov. 24, 1859, and her voice at once attracted attention. In 1861 she appeared in London in "La Somnambula." She took the town by storm and became the prime favorite of the day. Since then she has maintained her rank and is to-day the most popular operatic star living. Not only is she an unexampled vocalist, but her acting is such as would place her in the first rank, were she not gifted with song.

The parts which she sings are numerous, and her "Lucia" in the "Bride of Lammermoor," "Violetta" and "Zerlina" are equally famed. It was, however, as "Rosina" in "Il Barbiere de Seviglia" that she showed her comic powers. In 1863 she attempted the part of "Ninetta" in "La Gaza Ladra" and gained a signal triumph. In 1864 she sang "Margherita" in Gounod's "Faust" and in 1867 "Juliet" in "Romeo and Juliet." In May, 1868, she was married at the Roman Catholic Church, Chapham, to the Marquis de Caux, but the marriage proved so stormy that a divorce was obtained. In the early part of 1870 Patti visited Russia, where she met with an enthusiastic reception, receiving from Alexander II. the Order of Merit, and the appointment as First Singer of the Imperial Court.

Upon her return to America a few years ago she was received with great eclat, and sang to overflowing houses, over the whole country. The extortionate prices demanded for seats seemed to increase rather than diminish the desire to hear her, and during the few years she starred here she accumulated a fortune. Patti is the "Queen of Song." and no other cantatrice, with the single exception of Jenny Lind, has ever gained a fame so world-wide and a popularity so universal.



ADELINA PATTI

James Whitcomb Riley.

NEW generation of writers has come forward, with characteristics widely different from those of their predecessors in the field of literature. Their writings are more distinctively American—perhaps it would be more appropriate to say—West-American. There is a breeziness about them—an off-hand dash—a disregard of conventionalities which we do not discover among such men as Irving, Bryant, Longfellow and others, who may be said to have created our literature and stamped it with their genius. Both fiction and poetry have taken on what may be called a new style. The aim to entertain, to present the humorous side of things, to make a quick, even though superficial impression, is very apparent.

It would be unjust, however, to deny unusual merit to the new class of authors. They are splendidly endowed. To brilliant native talent many of them add great industry, a profound knowledge of

human nature, and of what is demanded by the popular taste.

James Whitcomb Riley has been given the title of the "Hoosier Poet of America." This is partly owing to the State in which he was born and lives. He has been a contributor for some years to current literature, showing in his writings so much of pith and pungency, together with a healthful moral tone, that his productions have been widely read and enjoyed.

He was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1852. In his boyhood he often accompanied his father, who was an attorney, as he went from place to place transacting his business, and thus early came into contact with the world, which has so much to do with the education and

development of the young mind.

For a time he was connected with a theatrical troupe, and showed some aptitude for revising and adapting plays. He also began to show a talent for song-writing and improvising lines on the spur of the moment, thus indicating that he had a ready wit, and not merely the kind which is studied up and manufactured for the occasion.

Over the name of "Benjamin F. Johnson, of Boone," he began, about the year 1875, to contribute verses in the Hoosier dialect to the Indianapolis papers. These attracted considerable attention, suggesting an interesting field of literature, which he resolved, sooner or later, to occupy. It was evident that dialect poems were relished by the public, and as these were written upon subjects near at hand, and such as appealed to the popular heart, Mr. Riley found himself growing in favor, and from that day has continued in active literary work.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Eugene Field.

ON the fourth day of November, 1895, there was many a sad home in the city of Chicago and throughout America. It was on that day that Eugene Field, the most congenial friend young children ever had among the literary men of America, died at the early age of forty-five. The expressions of regard and regret called out on all sides by this untimely death, made it clear that the character in which the public at large knew and loved Mr. Field best was that of the "Poet of Child Life." What gives his poems their unequaled hold on the popular heart is their simplicity, warmth and genuineness. This quality they owe to the fact that Mr. Field almost lived in the closest and fondest intimacy with children. He had troops of them for his friends and it is said he wrote his child-poems direct!y under their suggestions and inspiration.

His association with his fellow-workers was equally congenial. No man who had ever known him felt the slightest hesitancy in approaching him. He had the happy faculty of making them always feel welcome. It was a common happening in the Chicago newspaper office for some tramp of a fellow, who had known him in the days gone by, to walk boldly in and blurt out, as if confident in the power of the name he spoke—"Is 'Gene Field here? I knew 'Gene Field in Denver, or I worked with 'Gene Field on the 'Kansas City Times.'" These were sufficient passwords and never failed to call forth the cheery voice from Field's room—"That's all right, show him in here, he's a friend of mine."

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis, Missouri, September 2d, 1850. Part of his early life was passed in Vermont and Massachusetts. He was educated in a university in Missouri. From 1873 to 1883 he was connected with various newspapers in Missouri and Colorado. He joined the staff of the Chicago "Daily News" in 1883 and removed to Chicago, where he continued to reside until his death, twelve years later. Of Mr. Field's books, "The Denver Tribune Primer" was issued in 1882; "Culture Garden" (1887); "Little Book of Western Friends" (1889); and "Little Book of Profitable Tales" (1889).

Mr. Field was not only a writer of child verses, but wrote some first-class Western dialectic verse, did some translating, was an excellent newspaper correspondent, and a critic of no mean ability; but he was too kind-hearted and liberal to chastise a brother severely who did not come up to the highest literary standard. He was a hard worker, contributing daily, during his later years, from one to three columns to the "Chicago News," besides writing more or less for the "Syndicate Press" and various periodicals.



EUGENE FIELD.

Rear-Admiral W. S. Schley.

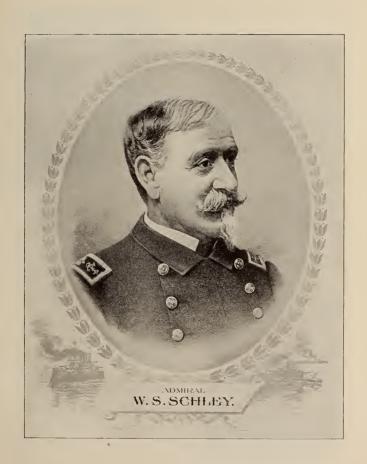
WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, whose name will be identified with the great naval victory of Santiago, is the lineal descendant of a sturdy German schoolmaster who emigrated to Maryland in the year 1735. The Rev. Edward Huber says:

"Perhaps few members of the Schley family even know that the destroyer of Cervera's fleet at Santiago is the direct descendant of a humble but vigorous German schoolmaster. His name was Thomas Schley, and he arrived in the spring of the year 1735 at Annapolis, Maryland, in charge of a party of emigrants from the Palatinate and Switzerland. Altogether, there were about one hundred families. They settled on both banks of Carroll creek, three miles from Monocacy river, on an extensive piece of land owned by Daniel Dulaney, of Annapolis. The emigrants could boast of but little wealth, but plenty of muscle, thrift and Teutonic energy."

Admiral Schley rose step by step to the high position of Admiral in our navy. He acted on the principle that merit wins. In response to a telegram congratulating him on the destruction of Cervera's fleet he wrote: "Victory belongs to every officer and man of the fleet." When the Spanish Admiral was taken on board the Iowa and was conversing with Captain Evans and Schley in the cabin, with tears in his eyes he said: "My career is ended. I shall go back to Spain and be killed or die in disgrace." Admiral Schley put out his hand and rested it on Cervera's shoulder, and in perfect Spanish said: "Admiral you are a brave man, and coming out as you did in the face of a superior force is but an exemplification of that bravery. Your country can but do you honor." Admiral Cervera threw his arms around the Admiral and said: "Ah, sailors are always gentlemen."

Admiral Schley was born in a little place called Richfield, near Frederick, Maryland. In 1863 he married Miss Rebecca Franklin, being then twenty-three years old. He graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1860.

Probably no naval officer in the world has had such varied experience of so many kinds, in war and peace, as Admiral Schley. Briefly, it is this: In 1861–65, active service in the Civil War; 1865, suppressed a riot of 400 Chinamen on one of the Chincha Islands, also landed in La Union, San Salvador, because of an insurrection, and took possession of the Custom-House to protect American interests; 1884, rescued Greely, the Artic explorer; 1890, took Ericsson's body to Sweden; July 3d, 1898, destroyed Cervera's fleet near Santiago.





STARTING RIGHT

OR

THE INFLUENCE OF HOME

CHAPTER I.

"JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT THE TREE'S INCLINED."



NLY the right kind of a home can furnish the right start in the world. From a good seed and good soil grows a good tree, and even good seed cannot thrive well in a poor soil. Says the well-known

author, J. G. Holland, "Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household." Home is the first and most important school of character. It is there that every human being receives his best moral training, or his worst; for it is there that he imbibes those principles of conduct which endure through manhood, and cease only with life.

It is a common saying that "Manners make the man;" and there is a second, that "Mind makes the man;" but truer than either is a third, that "Home makes the man." For the home-training includes not only manners and mind, but character. It is mainly in the home that the heart is opened, the habits are formed, the intellect is awakened, and character moulded for good or for evil.

From that source, be it pure or impure, issue the principles and maxims that govern society. The tiniest bits of opinion sown in the minds of children in private life afterwards issue forth to the world, and become its pub-

lic opinion; for Nations are gathered out of nurseries, and they who hold the leadingstrings of children are rulers.

The Star of Home.

I remember the days when my spirit would turn
From the fairest of scenes and the sweetest of song,
When the hearth of the stranger seemed coldly to
burn.

And the moments of pleasure for me were too long, For one name and one form shone in glory and light, And lured back from all that might tempt me to roam.

The festal was joyous, but was not so bright
As the smile of a mother, the star of my home.

The sharpest of pain, and the saddest of woes,
The darkest, the deepest of shadows might come;
Yet each wound had its balm, while my soul could
repose

On the heart of a mother, the star of my home.

ELIZA COOK.

It is in the order of nature that domestic life should be preparatory to social, and that the mind and character should first be formed in the home. There the individuals who afterwards form society are dealt with in detail, and fashioned one by one. From the family they enter life, and advance from boyhood to citizenship. Thus the home may be regarded as the most influential school of civilization. For, after all, civilization mainly

resolves itself into a question of individual training; and according as the respective members of society are well or ill trained in youth, so will the community which they constitute be more or less benefited and elevated.

The training of any man, even the wisest, cannot fail to be powerfully influenced by the moral surroundings of his early years. He comes into the world helpless, and absolutely dependent upon those about him for nurture and culture. From the very first breath that he draws, his education begins. When a mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, then four years old, he replied: "Madam, if you have not begun already, you have lost those four years. From the first smile that gleams upon an infant's cheek, your opportunity begins."

An Arabian Proverb.

But even in this case the education had already begun; for the child learns by simple imitation, without effort, almost through the pores of the skin. "A fig-tree looking on a fig-tree becometh fruitful," says the Arabian proverb. And so it is with the children; their first great instructor is example.

However apparently trivial the influences which contribute to form the character of the child, they endure through life. The child's character is the nucleus of the man's; all after-education is merely what is added; the form of the crystal remains the same. Thus the saying of the poet holds true in a large degree, "The child is father of the man;" or, as Milton puts it, "The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day."

Those impulses to conduct which last the longest and are rooted the deepest, always have their origin near our birth. It is then L....t the germs of virtues or vices, of feelings

or sentiments, are first implanted which determine the character for life.

The child is, as it were, laid at the gate of a new world, and opens his eyes upon things all of which are full of novelty and wonderment. At first it is enough for him to gaze; but by-and-by he begins to think, to observe, to compare, to learn, to store up impressions and ideas; and under wise guidance the progress which he makes is really wonderful. Lord Brougham has observed that between the ages of eighteen and thirty months, a child learns more of the material world, of his own powers, of the nature of other bodies, and even of his own mind and other minds, than he acquires in all the rest of his life.

The Mother's Influence.

It is in childhood that the mind is most open to impressions, and ready to be kindled by the first spark that falls into it. Ideas are then caught quickly and live lastingly. Thus Scott is said to have received his first bent towards ballad literature from his mother and grandmother's recitations in his hearing long before he himself had learned to read. Childhood is like a mirror, which reflects in after-life the images first presented to it. The first thing continues forever with the child. The first joy, the first sorrow, the first success, the first failure, the first achievement, the first misadventure, paint the foreground of his life.

All this while, too, the training of the character is in progress—of the temper, the will, and the habits—on which so much of the happiness of human beings in after-life depends. Although man is endowed with a certain self-acting, self-helping power of contributing to his own development, independent of surrounding circumstances, and of reacting upon the life around him, the bias given to his moral character in early life is of immense



"THE CHEERFUL HOME PRESENTS ITS SMILING FACE."

Thomas Campbell.

importance, and goes far toward shaping his whole future course.

Place even the highest-minded philosopher in the midst of daily discomfort, immorality and vileness, and he will insensibly gravitate towards brutality. How much more susceptible is the impressionable and helpless child amidst such surroundings! It is not possible to rear a kindly nature, sensitive to evil, pure in mind and heart, amidst coarseness, discomfort and impurity.

How true it is that home is the one place we never forget; the memory of it lives as long as we do.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. A charm from the skies seems to hallow it there, Which, go through the world, you'll not meet with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet home! There's no place like home,

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain; Ah! give me my lowly thatched cottage again, The birds singing sweetly that come to my call; Oh, give me sweet peace of mind, dearer than all! Home, sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

There is music in the word home. To the old it brings a bewitching strain from the harp of memory; to the young it is a reminder of all that is near and dear to them. Among the many songs we are wont to listen to, there is not one more cherished than this touching melody of "Home, Sweet Home."

What a Song of Home Did.

Passing through the splendid thoroughfares of Paris one night was an Englishman, who had left his home and native land to view the splendors and enjoy the pleasures of a foreign country. He had beheld with delight its paintings, its sculpture, and the grand yet graceful proportions of its buildings, and had yielded to the spell of the sweetest muse. Yet, in the midst of its keenest happiness, when he was rejoicing most over the privileges he possessed, temptations assailed him. Sin was presented to him in one of its most bewitching garbs. He drank wildly and deeply of the intoxicating cup, and his draught brought madness. Reason was overwhelmed, and he rushed out, all his scruples overcome, careless of what he did or how deeply he became immersed in the hitherto unknown sea of guilt.

He Listened Intently.

The cool night air lifted the damp locks from his heated brow, and swept with soothing touch over his flushed cheeks. Walking on, calmer, but no less determined, strains of music from a distance met his ear. Following in the direction the sound indicated, he at length distinguished the words and air. The song was well remembered. It was "Home, Sweet Home." Clear and sweet the voice of some English singer rose and fell on the air, in the soft cadences of that beloved melody.

Motionless, the wanderer listened till the last note floated away and he could hear nothing but the ceaseless murmur of a great city. Then he turned slowly, with no feeling that his manhood was shamed by the tear which fell as a bright evidence of the power of song.

The demon that dwells in the wine had fled; and reason once more asserted her right to control. As the soft strains of "Sweet Home" had floated to his ear, memory brought up before him his own "sweet home." He saw his gentle mother, and heard her speak, while honest pride beamed from her eye, of her son, in whose nobleness.

and honor she could always trust; and his heart smote him as he thought how little he de erved such confidence. He remembered her last words of love and counsel, and the tearful farewell of all those dear ones who gladdened that far-away home with their presence. Well he knew their pride in his integrity, and the tide of remorse swept over his spirit as he felt what their sorrow would be could they have seen him an hour before. Subdued and repentant, he retraced his steps, and with this yow never to taste of the terrible draught that could so excite him to madness was mingled a deep sense of thankfulness for his escape from further degradation. The influence of home had protected him, though the sea rolled between.

A Cheerful Home.

None can tell how often the commission of crime is prevented by such memories. If, then, the spell of home is so powerful, how important it is to make it pleasant and lovable! Many a time a cheerful home and smiling face do more to make good men and women, than all the learning and eloquence that can be used.

It has been said that the sweetest words in our language are "Mother, Home and Heaven;" and one might almost say the word home included them all: for who can think of home without remembering the gentle mother who sanctified it by her presence? And is not home the dearest name for heaven? We think of that better land as a home where brightness will never end in night. Oh, then, may our homes on earth be the centers of all our joys; may they be as green spots in the desert, to which we can retire when weary of the cares and perplexities of life, and drink the clear waters of a love which we know to be sincere and always unfailing.

Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look Where hearts are of each other sure; Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook, The haunt of all affections pure.

JOHN KEBLE.

Thus homes, which are the nurseries of children who grow up into men and women, will be good or bad according to the power that governs them. Where the spirit of love and duty pervades the home—where head and heart bear rule wisely there—where the daily life is honest and virtuous—where the government is sensible, kind, and loving, then may we expect from such a home an issue of healthy, useful, and happy beings, capable, as they gain the requisite strength, of following the footsteps of their parents, of walking uprightly, governing themselves wisely, and contributing to the welfare of those about them.

Children are Imitators.

On the other hand, surrounded by ignorance, coarseness, and selfishness, they will unconsciously assume the same character, and grow up to adult years rude, uncultivated, and all the more dangerous to society if placed amidst the manifold temptations of what is called civilized life. "Give your child to be educated by a slave," said an ancient Greek, "and, instead of one slave, you will then have two."

The child cannot help imitating what he sees. Every thing is to him a model—of manner, of gesture, of speech, of habit, of character. "For the child," says Richter, "the most important era of life is that of childhood, when he begins to color and mould himself by companionship with others. Every new educator effects less than his predecessor; until at last, if we regard all life as an educational institution, a circumnavigator of the world is less influenced by all the

nations he has seen than by his nurse." Models are, therefore, of great importance in moulding the nature of the child; and if we would have fine characters, we must necessarily present before them fine models. Now, the model most constantly before every child's eye is the mother.

Thieves Cannot Teach Honesty.

One good mother, said George Herbert, is worth a hundred school-masters. In the home she is "loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant, and example is far more than precept. It is instruction in action. It is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example, the best of precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach the most cowardly of vices-hypocrisy. Even children are judges of consistency, and the lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite, are quickly seen through. The teaching of the friar was not worth much who preached the virtue of honesty with a stolen goose in his sleeve.

By imitation of acts, the character becomes slowly and imperceptibly, but at length decidedly formed. The several acts may seem in themselves trivial; but so are the continuous acts of daily life. Like snow-flakes, they fall unperceived; each flake added to the pile produces no sensible change, and yet the accumulation of snow-flakes makes the avalanche. So do repeated acts, one following another, at length become consolidated in habit, determine the action of the human being for good or for evil, and, in a word, form the character.

It is because the mother, far more than

the father, influences the action and conduct of the child, that her good example is of so much greater importance in the home. It is easy to understand how this should be so. The home is the woman's domain—her kingdom, where she exercises entire control. Her power over the little subjects she rules there is absolute. They look up to her for everything. She is the example and model constantly before their eyes, whom they unconsciously observe and imitate.

Letters Cut in the Bark.

Cowley, speaking of the influence of early example, and ideas early implanted in the mind, compares them to letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which grow and widen with age. The impressions then made, howsoever slight they may seem, are never effaced. The ideas then implanted in the mind are like seeds dropped into the ground. which lie there and germinate for a time, afterwards springing up in acts and thoughts and habits. Thus the mother lives again in her children. They unconsciously mould themselves after her manner, her speech, her conduct, and her method of life. Her habits become theirs; and her character is visibly repeated in them.

This maternal love is the visible providence of our race. Its influence is constant and universal. It begins with the education of the human being at the outstart of life, and is prolonged by virtue of the powerful influence which every good mother exercises over her children through life. When launched into the world, each to take part in its labors, anxieties and trials, they still turn to their mother for consolation, if not for counsel, in their time of trouble and difficulty. The pure and good thoughts she has implanted in their minds when children continue to grow up into good acts long after



GRAFTING THE YOUNG TREE.

she is dead; and when there is nothing but a memory of her left, her children rise up and call her blessed:

It is not saying too much to aver that the happiness or misery, the enlightenment or ignorance, the civilization or barbarism of the world, depends in a very high degree upon the exercise of woman's power within her special kingdom of home. Indeed, Emerson says, broadly and truly, that "a sufficient measure of civilization is the influence of good women." Posterity may be said to lie before us in the person of the child in the mother's lap. What that child will eventually become, mainly depends upon the training and example which he has received from his first and most influential educator.

Woman, above all other educators, educates through the affections. Man is the brain, but woman is the heart of humanity; he its judgment, she its feeling; he its strength, she its grace, ornament and solace. Even the understanding of the best woman seems to work mainly through her affections. And thus, though man may direct the intellect, woman cultivates the feelings, which mainly determine the character. While he fills the memory, she occupies the heart. She makes us love what he can only make us believe, and it is chiefly through her that we are enabled to arrive at virtue.

Boyhood of Augustine.

The respective influences of the father and the mother on the training and development of character are remarkably illustrated in the life of St. Augustine. While Augustine's father, a poor freeman of Thagaste, proud of his son's abilities, endeavored to furnish his mind with the highest learning of the schools, and was extolled by his neighbors for the sacrifices he made for that

object, "beyond the ability of his means"—his mother, Monica, on the other hand, sought to lead her son's mind in the direction of the highest good, and with pious care counselled him, entreated him, advised him to chastity, and, amidst much anguish and tribulation, because of his wicked life, never ceased to pray for him until her prayers were heard and answered.

Thus her love at last triumphed, and the patience and goodness of the mother were rewarded, not only by the conversion of her gifted son, but also of her husband. Later in life, and after her husband's death, Monica, drawn by her affection, followed her son to Milan, to watch over him; and there she died, when he was in his thirty-third year. But it was in the earlier period of his life that her example and instruction made the deepest impression upon his mind, and determined his future character.

First Impressions the Most Lasting.

There are many similar instances of early impressions made upon a child's mind, springing up into good acts late in life, after an intervening period of selfishness and vice. Parents may do all that they can to develop an upright and virtuous character in their children, and apparently in vain. It seems like bread cast upon the waters and lost. And yet sometimes it happens that long after the parents have gone to their rest—it may be twenty years or more—the good precept, the good example set before their sons and daughters in childhood, at length springs up and bears fruit.

One of the most remarkable of such instances was that of the Rev. John Newton, of Olney, the friend of Cowper, the poet. It was long subsequent to the death of both his parents, and after leading a vicious life as a youth and as a seaman, that he became

suddenly awakened to a sense of his depravity; and then it was that the lessons which his mother had given him when a child sprang up vividly in his memory. Her voice came to him as it were from the dead, and led him gently back to virtue and goodness.

John Randolph's Mother.

Another instance is that of John Randolph, our American statesman, who once said: "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection—and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven!'" As the character is biased in early life, so it generally remains, gradually assuming its permanent form as manhood is reached. "Live as long as you may," said Southey, "the first twenty years are the longest half of your life," and they are by far the most pregnant in consequences.

The poorest dwelling, presided over by a virtuous, thrifty, cheerful, and cleanly woman, may thus be the abode of comfort, virtue, and happiness; it may be the scene of every ennobling relation in family life; it may be endeared to a man by many delightful associations; furnishing a sanctuary for the heart, a refuge from the storms of life, a sweet resting-place after labor, a consolation in misfortune, a pride in prosperity, and a joy at all times.

The good home is thus the best of schools, not only in youth but in age. There young and old best learn cheerfulness, patience, self control, and the spirit of service and of duty. Izaak Walton, speaking of George Herbert's mother, says she governed her family with judicious care, not rigidly nor sourly, "but with such a sweetness and

compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline them to spend much of their time in her company, which was to her great content."

There is no spot, or high or low,
Which darkness visits not at times;
No shelter from the reach of woe,
In farthest lands of fairest climes.

The tempests shake the stoutest tree,
And every flow'ret droops in turn:
To mourn is nature's destiny,
And all that live must live to mourn.

No home so happy, but that pain, And grief, and care, the doors will press, When love's most anxious thoughts are vain, More anxious from their helplessness.

And yet, if aught can soften grief,
'Tis home's sweet influence; if there be
Relief from sorrow, that relief
Springs from domestic sympathy.

The home that virtue hallows, flings Another bliss o'er blessedness; And e'en to sorrow's children brings Or peace to calm, or hope to bless. JOHN BOWRING.

Old Dr. Cotton was celebrated for his skill in treating diseases of insanity. A considerable part of his treatment is contained in the following lines, which are worth learning and always remembering:

Dear Chloe, we will oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbor enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow—
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear lut, our home.

Our portion is not large, indeed; But then how little do we need, For nature's calls are few; In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content Whate'er kind Providence has sent, Nor aim beyond our power; For, if our stock be very small, 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all, Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given:
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.
NATHANIEL COTTON,

But while homes, which are the nurseries of character, may be the best of schools, they may also be the worst. Between child-hood and manhood how incalculable is the mischief which ignorance in the home has the power to cause! Between the drawing of the first breath and the last, how vast is the moral suffering and disease occasioned by incompetent mothers and nurses! Commit a child to the care of a worthless, ignorant woman, and no culture in after-life will remedy the evil you have done.

The Mother of Napoleon.

Let the mother be idle, vicious, and a slattern; let her home be pervaded by cavilling, petulance, and discontent, and it will become a dwelling of misery—a place to fly from, rather than to fly to; and the children whose misfortune it is to be brought up there will be morally dwarfed and deformed—the cause of misery to themselves as well as to others.

Napoleon Bonaparte was accustomed to say that "the future good or bad conduct of a child depended entirely on the mother." He himself attributed his rise in life in a great measure to the training of his will, his energy, and his self control, by his mother at home. "Nobody had any command over him," says one of his biographers, "except his mother, who found means, by a mixture of tenderness, severity, and justice, to make him love, respect, and obey her; from her he learnt the virtue of obedience."

The Noblest Work.

The greater part of the influence exercised! by women on the formation of character necessarily remains unknown. They accomplish their best works in the quiet seclusion of the home and the family, by sustained effort and patient perseverance in the path of duty. Their greatest triumphs, because private and domestic, are rarely recorded; and it is not often, even in the biographies of distinguished men, that we hear of the share which their mothers have: had in the formation of their character, and. in giving them a bias towards goodness... Yet are they not on that account without. their reward. The influence they have exercised, though unrecorded, lives after them, and goes on propagating itself in consequences forever.

We do not often hear of great women, as we do of great men. It is of good women that we mostly hear; and it is probable that, by determining the character of men and women for good, they are doing even greater work than if they were to paint great pictures, write great books, or compose great operas. "It is quite true," says a well-known author, "that women have written no 'Iliad,' nor 'Hamlet,' nor 'Paradise Lost;' they have designed no Church of St. Peter's, composed. no 'Messiah,' carved no 'Apollo Belvedere,' painted no 'Last Judgment;' they have invented neither algebra, nor telescopes, nor steam-engines; but they have done something far greater and better than all this, for it is at their knees that upright and virtuous men and women have been trained—the most excellent productions in the world."

Over the exhibit of one of the States at the World's Fair in Chicago these words were written: "Her finest productions are her sons and daughters." Men and women, noble and true—may the grand race of such never cease in this land of ours!

What made Washington Great.

George Washington was only eleven years of age-the eldest of five children-when his father died, leaving his mother a widow. She was a woman of rare excellence-full of resources, a good woman of business, an excellent manager, and possessed of much strength of character. She had her children to educate and bring up, a large household to govern, and extensive estates to manage, all of which she accomplished with complete success. Her good sense, assiduity, tenderness, industry, and vigilance, enabled her to overcome every obstacle; and, as the richest reward of her solicitude and toil, she had the happiness to see all her children come forward with a fair promise into life, filling the spheres allotted to them in a manner equally honorable to themselves, and to the parent who had been the only guide of their principles, conduct and habits.

The biographer of Cromwell says little about the Protector's father, but dwells upon the character of his mother, whom he describes as a woman of rare vigor and decision of purpose: "A woman," he says, "possessed of the glorious faculty of self-help when other arsistance failed her; ready for the demands of fortune in its extremest adverse turn; of spirit and energy equal to her mildness and patience; who, with the labor of her own hands, gave dowries to five daughters sufficient to marry them into families as honorable but more wealthy than their own;

whose single pride was honesty, and whose passion was love; who preserved in the gorgeous palace at Whitehall the simple tastes that distinguished her in humble life; and whose only care, amidst all her splendor, was for the safety of her son in his dangerous eminence."

We have spoken of the mother of Napoleon Bonaparte as a woman of great force of character. Not less so was the mother of the Duke of Wellington, whom her son strikingly resembled in features, person, and character; while his father was principally distinguished as a musical composer and performer. But, strange to say, Wellington's mother mistook him for a dunce; and for some reason or other, he was not such a favorite as her other children, until his great deeds in after-life constrained her to be proud of him.

A Model of Excellence.

Henry Clay, the pride and honor of hiscountry, always expressed feelings of profound affection and veneration for his mother. A habitual correspondence and enduring affection subsisted between them to the last hour of life. Mr. Clay ever spoke of her as a model of maternal character and female excellence, and it is said that he never met his constituents in Woodford county, after her death, without some allusion to her: which deeply affected both him and his audience. And nearly the last words uttered by this great statesman, when he came to die, were, "Mother, mother, mother," natural for us to feel that she must have been a good mother, that was loved and so d i fully served by such a boy, and that neither could have been wanting in rare virtues.

Benjamin Franklin was accustomed torefer to his mother in the tenderest tone of filial affection. His respect and affection f σ her were manifested, among other ways, in frequent presents, that contributed to her comfort and solace in her advancing years. In one of his letters to her, for example, he sends her a *moidore*, a gold piece of the value of six dollars "towards chaise hire," said he, "that you may ride warm to neetings during the winter." In another he gives her an account of the growth and improvement of his son and daughter—topics which, as he well understood, are ever as dear to the grandmother as to the mother.

A Beautiful Tribute.

Thomas Gray, author of "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," was most assiduous in his attentions to his mother while she lived, and, after her death, he cherished her memory with sacred sorrow. Mr. Mason informs us that Gray seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. The inscription which he placed over her remains, speaks of her as "the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." How touching is this brief tribute of grateful love! Volumes of eulogy could not increase our admiration of the gentle being to whom it was paid—her patient devotion, her meek endurance.

Wherever the name and genius of Gray are known, there shall also his mother's virtues be told for a memorial of her. He was buried, according to his directions, by the side of his mother, in the churchyard at Stoke. After his death her gowns and wearing apparel were found in a trunk in his apartments, just as she had left them. It seemed as if he could never form the resolution to open it, in order to distribute them to his female relations, to whom, by his will, he bequeathed them.

Amos Lawrence always spoke of his mother in the strongest terms of veneration

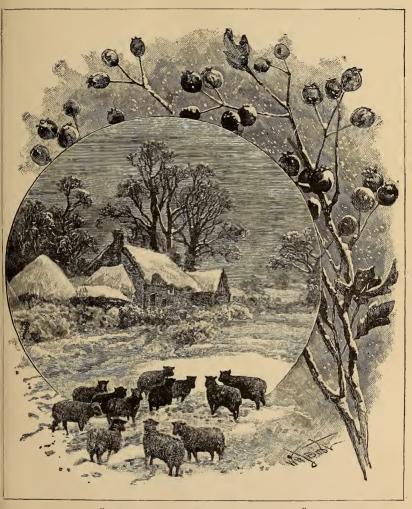
and love, and in many letters to his children and grandchildren, are found messages of affectionate regard for his mother, such as could have emanated only from a heart over-flowing with filial gratitude. Her form, bending over his beam a silent prayer, at the hour of twilight, when the was about leaving him for the night, was among the first and most cherished recollections of his early years and his childhood's hore.

The Mother's Early Training.

From his mother Sergeant S. Prentiss inherited those more gentle qualities that ever characterized his life—qualities that shed over his eloquence such bewitching sweetness, and gave to his social intercourse such an indescribable charm. A remarkably characteristic anecdote illustrates his filial affection. When on a visit, some years ago, to the North, but after his reputation had become wide-spread, a distinguished lady, of Portland, Me., took pains to obtain an introduction, by visiting the steamboat in which she learned he was to take his departure in a few moments.

"I have wished to see you," said she to Mr. Prentiss, "for my heart has often congratulated the mother who has such a son." "Rather congratulate the son on having such a mother," was his instant and heartfelt reply. This is but one of the many instances in which the most distinguished men of all ages have been proud to refer to the early culture of intellect, the promptings of virtue, or the aspirations of piety, and to the influence of the mother's early training.

General Marion was once a plodding young farmer, and in no way distinguished as superior to the young men of the neighborhood in which he lived, except for his devoted love and marked respect for his excellent mother, and exemplary honor and



"HOME IS A SHELTER FROM THE WINTRY BLAST."

George Herbert.

truthfulness. In these qualities he was eminent from early childhood, and they marked his character through life. We may remark, in this connection, that it is usual to affect some degree of astonishment when we read of men whose after fame presents a striking contrast to the humility of their origin; yet we must recollect that it is not ancestry and splendid descent, but education and circumstances, which form the man.

It is often a matter of surprise that distinguished men have such inferior children, and that a great name is seldom perpetuated. The secret of this is as often evident: the mothers have been inferior—mere ciphers in the scale of existence. All the splendid advantages procured by wealth and the father's position, cannot supply this one deficiency in the mother, who gives character to the child.

A Remarkable Woman.

Sam Houston's mother was an extraordinary woman. She was distinguished by a full, rather tall and matronly form, a fine carriage, and an impressive and dignified countenance. She was gifted with intellectual and moral qualities, which elevated her, in a still more striking manner, above most of her sex. Her life shone with purity and benevolence, and yet she was nerved with a stern fortitude, which never gave way in the midst of the wild scenes that checkered the history of the frontier settlers. Mrs. Houston was left with the heavy burden of a numerous family. She had six sons and three daughters, but she was not a woman to succumb to misfortune, and she made ample provision, for one in her circumstances. for their future care and education. To bring up a large family of children in a proper manner is, under the most favorable circumstances, a great work; and in this case it rises into sublimity; for there is no finer instance of heroism than that of one parent, especially a mother, laboring for that end alone. The excellent woman, says Goethe, is she who, if her husband dies, can be a father to her children.

As wife and mother, a woman is seen in her most sacred and dignified character; as such she has great influence over the characters of individuals, over the condition of families, and over the destinies of empires. It is a fact that many of our noblest patriots, our most profound scholars and our holiest ministers, were stimulated to their excellence and usefulness by those holy principles which they derived in early years from pious mothers.

Our mothers are our earliest instructors, and they have an influence over us, the importance of which, for time and eternity, surpasses the power of language to describe.

Every mother should be a Sabbath School teacher. Her own children should be her class; and her home should be her school-house. Then her children will bless her for her tenderness and care; for her pious instructions, her fervent prayers and the holy example.

What Ex-President Adams Said.

When ex-President Adams was present at the examination of a girls' school at Boston, he was presented by the pupils with an address which deeply affected him; and in acknowledging it, he took the opportunity of referring to the lasting influence which womanly training and association had exercised upon his own life and character.

"As a child," he said, "I enjoyed perhaps the greatest of blessings that can be bestowed on man—that of a mother who was anxious and capable to form the characters of her children rightly. From her I derived whatever instruction (religious esespecially, and moral) has pervaded a long life—I will not say perfectly, or as it ought to be; but I will say, because it is only justice to the memory of her I revere, that in the course of that life, whatever imperfection there has been, or deviation from what she taught me, the fault is mine, and not hers."

A Harsh Father.

The Wesleys were peculiarly linked to their parents by natural piety, though the mother, rather than the father, influenced their minds and developed their characters. The father was a man of strong will, but occasionally harsh and tyrannical in his dealings with his family. The father of the Wesleys had even determined at one time to abandon his wife because her conscience forbade her to assent to his prayers for the then reigning monarch, and he was only saved from the consequences of his rash resolve by the accidental death of William III. He displayed the same overbearing disposition in dealing with his children; forcing his daughter Mehetabel to marry, against her will, a man whom she did not love, and who proved entirely unworthy of her.

The mother, with much strength of understanding and ardent love of truth, was gentle, persuasive, affectionate, and simple. She was the teacher and cheerful companion of her children, who gradually became moulded by her example. It was through the bias given by her to her sons' minds in religious matters that they acquired the tendency which, even in early years, drew to them the name of Methodists.

In a letter to her son, Samuel Wesley, when a scholar at Westminster in 1709, she said: "I would advise you as much as possible to throw your business into a certain *method*, by which means you will learn to

improve every precious moment, and find an unspeakable facility in the performance of your respective duties." This "method" she went on to describe, exhorting her son "in all things to act upon principle;" and the society which the brothers John and Charles afterwards founded at Oxford is supposed to have been in a great measure the result of her exhortations.

In the case of poets, literary men, and artists, the influence of the mother's feeling and taste has doubtless had great effect in directing the genius of their sons. Goethe. like Schiller, owed the bias of his mind and character to his mother, who was a woman of extraordinary gifts. She was full of joyous, flowing mother-wit, and possessed in a high degree the art of stimulating young and active minds, instructing them in the science of life out of the treasures of her abundant experience. After a lengthened interview with her, an enthusiastic traveller said, "Now do I understand how Goethe has become the man he is." Goethe himself affectionately cherished her memory. "She was worthy of life!" he once said of her; and when he visited Frankfort, he sought out every individual who had been kind to his mother, and thanked them all.

Words of a Renowned Historian.

The French historian Michelet makes the following touching reference to his mother in the Preface to one of his most popular books, the subject of much imbittered controversy at the time at which it appeared:

"While writing all this, I have had in my mind a woman whose strong and serious mind would not have failed to support me in these contentions. I lost her thirty years ago (I was a child then)—nevertheless, ever living in my memory, she follows me from age to age.

"She suffered with me in my poverty, and was not allowed to share my better fortune. When young, I made her sad, and now I cannot console her. I know not even where her bones are: I was too poor then to buy earth to bury her!

"And yet I owe her much. I feel deeply that I am the son of woman. Every instant, in my ideas and words (not to mention my features and gestures), I find again my mother in myself. It is my mother's blood which gives me the sympathy I feel for bygone ages, and the tender remembrance of all those who are now no more.

"What return, then, could I, who am myself advancing towards old age, make her for the many things I owe her? One, for which she would have thanked me—this protest in favor of women and mothers."

After reading such lines one cannot but exclaim:

"O wondrous power, how little understood! Entrusted to the mother's mind alone, To fashion genius, form the soul for good."

This power has shown itself on many occasions, especially in times of trial and danger. In the glaring fire of battle, in camp and hospital, in the throes of death itself, maternal influence has proved its strength, compelling the admission that, as it is the first thing to impress and mould a human being, so it is the last to leave and forsake him.

An Incident of the War.

Among the very brave, uncomplaining fellows who were brought up from the battle of Fredericksburg, was a bright-eyed intelligent young man, or boy rather, of sixteen years. He appeared more affectionate and tender than his comrades, and attracted a good deal of attention from the attendants

and visitors. Manifestly the pet of some household, he longed for nothing so much as the arrival of his mother, who was expected, for he knew he was mortally wounded, and failing fast. Ere she arrived, however, he died.

But he thought she had come, for while a kind lady visitor was wiping the death-sweat from his brow, as his sight was failing, he rallied a little, like an expiring taper in its socket, looking up longingly and joyfully, and in the tenderest pathos whispered quite audibly, "Is that mother?" in tones that drew tears from every eye. Then, drawing her towards him with all his feeble power, he nestled his head in her arms like a sleeping infant, and thus died, with the sweet word "mother" on his quivering lips.

A High-Tempered Mother.

But while a mother may greatly influence the poetic or artistic mind of her son for good, she may also influence it for evil. Thus the characteristics of Lord Byron—the waywardness of his impulses, his defiance of restraint, the bitterness of his hate, and the precipitancy of his resentments-were traceable in no small degree to the adverse influences exercised upon his mind from his birth by his capricious, violent, and headstrong mother. She even taunted her son with his personal deformity; and it was no unfrequent occurrence, in the violent quarrels which occurred between them, for her to take up the poker or tongs and hurl them after him as he fled from her presence.

He grew up to be just what might have been expected from one who, in early life, was governed with a poker and pair of tongs. It was this unnatural treatment that gave a morbid turn to Byron's after-life; and, care-worn, unhappy, great, and yet weak, as he was, he carried about with him the mother's poison which he had sucked in his infancy. Hence he exclaims, in his "Childe Harold:"

"And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame, My springs of life were poisoned."

Like Mother, Like Son.

In like manner, though in a different way, the character of Mrs. Foote, the actor's mother, was curiously repeated in the life of her joyous, jovial-hearted son. Though she had been heiress to a large fortune, she soon spent it all, and was at length imprisoned for debt. In this condition she wrote to Sam, who had been allowing her 500 dollars a year out of the proceeds of his acting: "Dear Sam, I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother, E. Foote." To which her son characteristically replied—"Dear mother, so am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son, Sam Foote."

We have spoken of the mother of Washington as an excellent woman of business; and to possess such a quality as capacity for business is not only compatible with true womanliness, but is in a measure essential to the comfort and well-being of every properly-governed family. Habits of business do not relate to trade merely, but apply to all the practical affairs of life—to everything that has to be arranged, to be organized, to be provided for, to be done.

And in all those respects the management of a family and of a household is as much a matter of business as the management of a shop or of a counting-house. It requires method, accuracy, organization, industry economy, discipline, tact, knowledge, and capacity for adapting means to ends. All this is of the essence of business; and hence business habits are as necessary to be culti-

vated by women who would succeed in the affairs of home—in other words, who would make home happy—as by men in the affairs of trade, of commerce, or of manufacture.

A Wrong Idea.

The idea has, however, heretofore prevailed. that women have no concern with such matters, and that business habits and qualifications relate to men only. Take, for instance, the knowledge of figures. Mr. John Bright has said of boys, "Teach a boy arithmetic thoroughly, and he is a made man." why?-Because it teaches him method. accuracy, value, proportions, relations. But how many girls are taught arithmetic well? If they are not so taught, what is the consequence? When the girl becomes a wife, if she knows nothing of figures, and is innocent of addition and multiplication, she can keep no record of income and expenditure. and there will probably be a succession of mistakes committed which may be prolific in domestic contention. The woman, not being up to her business-that is, the management of her domestic affairs in conformity with the simple principles of arithmetic-will, through sheer ignorance, be apt to commit extravagances, though unintentional, which may be most injurious to her family peace and comfort.

Method, which is the soul of business, is also of essential importance in the home. Work can only be got through by method. Muddle flies before it, and confusion becomes a thing unknown. Method demands punctuality, another eminently business quality. The unpunctual woman, like the unpunctual man, occasions dislike, because she consumes and wastes time, and provokes the reflection that we are not of sufficient importance to make her more prompt. To the business man, time is money; but to the business

woman, method is more—it is peace, comfort, and domestic prosperity.

"We miss success," some persons state,
And one can well see through it,
For when it comes to being late
They know just how to do it."

Prudence is another important business quality in women, as in men. Prudence is practical wisdom, and comes of the cultivated judgment. It has reference in all things to fitness, to propriety; judging wisely of the right thing to be done, and the right way of doing it. It calculates the means, order, time, and method of doing. Prudence learns from experience, quickened by knowledge.

The Importance of Health.

For these, among other reasons, habits of business are necessary to be cultivated by all women, in order to their being efficient helpers in the world's daily life and work. Furthermore, to direct the power of the home aright, women, as the nurses, trainers, and educators of children, need all the help and strength that mental culture can give them.

Mere instinctive love is not sufficient. Instinct, which preserves the lower creatures, needs no training; but human intelligence, which is in constant request in a family, needs to be educated. The physical health of the rising generation is intrusted to woman by Providence; and it is in the physical nature that the moral and mental nature lies enshrined. It is only by acting in accordance with the natural laws, which, before she can follow, woman must needs understand, that the blessings of health of body, and health of mind and morals, can be secured at home. Without a knowledge of such laws, the mother's love too often finds its recompense only in a child's coffin,

It is a mere truism to say that the intellect with which woman as well as man is endowed has been given for use and exercise, and not "to rust in her unused." Such endowments are never conferred without a purpose. The Creator may be lavish in his gifts, but he is never wasteful.

Woman was not meant to be either an unthinking drudge or the merely pretty ornament of man's leisure. She exists for herself as well as for others; and the serious and responsible duties she is called upon to perform in life require the cultivated head as well as the sympathizing heart. Her highest mission is not to be fulfilled by the mastery of fleeting accomplishments, on which so much useful time is now wasted; for, though accomplishments may enhance the charms of youth and beauty, of themselves sufficiently charming, success, after all, does not depend upon them.

A Narrow View.

It has been said that chemistry enough to keep the pot boiling, and geography enough to know the different rooms in her house, was science enough for any woman; while Byron, whose sympathies for woman were of a very imperfect kind, professed that he would limit her library to a Bible and a cookbook. But this view of woman's character and culture is absurdly narrow and unintelligent.

Speaking generally, the training and discipline that are most suitable for the one sex in early life are also the most suitable for the other; and the education and culture that fill the mind of the man will prove equally wholesome for the woman. Indeed, all the arguments which have yet been advanced in favor of the higher education of men plead equally strongly in favor of the higher education of women. In all the departments of home,



"THE MOTHER IS THE CHILD'S PLAYMATE."

intelligence will add to woman's usefulness and efficiency. It will give her thought and forethought, enable her to anticipate and provide for the contingencies of life, suggest improved methods of management, and give her strength in every way.

In disciplined mental power she will find a stronger and safer protection against deception and imposture than in mere innocent and unsuspecting ignorance; in moral and religious culture she will secure sources of influence mere powerful and enduring than in physical attractions; and in due self-reliance and self-dependence she will discover the truest sources of domestic comfort and happiness.

Not from his head was woman took, As made her husband to o'erlook; Not from his feet, as one designed The footstool of the strouger kind; But fashioned for himself, a cride, An equal, taken from his side: Her place intended to maintain, The mate and glory of the man, To rest in peace beneath his arm, Protected by her lord from harm, And never from his heart removed, One only less than God beloved.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The Need of Good Mothers.

But while the mind and character of women ought to be cultivated with a view to their own well-being, they ought not the less to be educated liberally with a view to the happiness of others. Men themselves cannot be sound in mind or morals if women be the reverse; and if, as we hold to be the case, the moral condition of a people mainly depends upon the education of the home, then the education of women is to be regarded as a matter of national importance.

Not only does the moral character but the mental strength of man find its best safeguard and support in the moral purity and mental cultivation of woman; but the more completely the powers of both are developed, the more harmonious and well-ordered will society be—the more safe and certain its elevation and advancement.

When the first Napoleon said that the great want of France was mothers, he meant, in other words, that the French people needed the education of homes, presided over by good, virtuous, intelligent women. Indeed, the first French Revolution presented one of the most striking illustrations of the social mischiefs resulting from a neglect of the purifying influence of women. When that great national outbreak occurred, society was rotten with vice and profligacy. Morals, religion, virtue, were swamped by sensualism. character of woman had become depraved. Conjugal fidelity was disregarded; maternity was held in reproach; family and home were alike corrupted. Domestic purity no longer bound society together. France was motherless: the children broke loose; and the Revolution burst forth, "amidst the yells and the fierce violence of women."

The influence of woman is the same everywhere. Her condition influences the morals, manners, and character of the people in all countries. Where she is debased, society is debased; where she is morally pure and enlightened, society will be proportionately elevated.

A S. bject Demanding Attention.

Hence, we instruct woman is to instruct man; to elevate her character is to raise his own; to enlarge her mental freedom is to extend and secure that of the whole community. For nations are but the outcomes of homes, and peoples of mothers.

There is, however, one special department of woman's work demanding the earnest attention of all true female reformers, though it is one which has hitherto been unaccountably neglected. We mean the better economizing and preparation of human food, the waste of which at present, for want of the most ordinary culinary knowledge, is little short of scandalous. If that man is to be regarded as a benefactor of his species who makes two stalks of grain to grow where only one grew before, not less is she to be regarded as a public benefactor who economizes and turns to the best practical account the food-products of human skill and labor.

A Fine Field for Reform.

The improved use of even our existing supply would be equivalent to an immediate extension of the cultivable acreage of our country—not to speak of the increase in health, economy, and domestic comfort. Were our female reformers only to turn their energies in this direction with effect, they would earn the gratitude of all households, and be esteemed as among the greatest of all practical philanthropists.

We cannot have the highest type of boys and girls in a home characterized by constant waste, nor, indeed, by bad cooking. Do not expect anything except a sour disposition from children fed on sour bread. Poor pastry and poor blood go together, and thin blood can never make a thick and well rounded character. Man is an animal, and must be suitably fed and nourished. It may seem singular to maintain that bad cooking and bad character go together, but it is a serious fact that the best Christians are they who have the best stomachs. To put dyspepsia into the flesh is to put petulance, sourness, despondency into the spirit. We not only want mothers who can say a prayer and teach a catechism; we want mothers who can wash a baby and make a loaf of bread.

Woman has often shown her immense

capabilities. We cannot forget the courage of Lady Franklin, who persevered to the last, when the hopes of all others had died out, in prosecuting the search after the Franklin Expedition to the polar world. On the occasion of the Royal Geographical Society determining to award the "Founder's Medal" to Lady Franklin, Sir Roderick Murchison observed that, in the course of a long friendship with her, he had abundant opportunities of observing and testing the sterling qualities of a woman who had proved herself worthy of the admiration of mankind. "Nothing daunted by failure after failure, through twelve long years of hope deferred, she had persevered, with a singleness of purpose and a sincere devotion which were truly unparalleled. And now that her one last expedition of the steamer 'Fox,' under the gallant M'Clintock, had realized the two great facts-that her husband had traversed wide seas unknown to former navigators. and died in discovering a northwest passage —then, surely, the adjudication of the medal would be hailed by the nation as one of the many recompenses to which the widow of the illustrious Franklin was so eminently entitled."

Illustrious Women.

But that devotion to duty which marks the heroic character has more often been exhibited by women in deeds of charity and mercy. The greater part of these are never known, for they are done in private, out of the public sight, and for the mere love of doing good. Where fame has come to them, because of the success which has attended their labors in a more general sphere, it has come unsought and unexpected, and is often felt as a burden. Who has not heard of Mrs. Fry and Miss Carpenter as prisonvisitors and reformers; of Mrs. Chisholm

and Miss Rye as promoters of emigration; of Miss Nightingale, Miss Garrett and Miss Clara Barton, as apostles of hospital nursing; and Miss Frances Willard as a world-renowned advocate of temperance?

That these women should have emerged from the sphere of private and domestic life to become leaders in philanthropy, indicates no small degree of moral courage on their part; for to women, above all others, quiet and ease and retirement are most natural and welcome. Very few women step beyond the boundaries of home in search of a larger field of usefulness.

We have dwelt thus long and earnestly upon the mother's influence, for the reason that if children ever get the right start, she must be mainly instrumental in giving it. "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world."

THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended, And the school for the day is dismissed, And the little ones gather around me, To bid me good-night and be kissed; Oh, the little white arms that encircle My neck in a tender embrace! Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven, Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

Aud when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
Wheu the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild!
Oh! there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! these truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would come back to myself;
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself,

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeou of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah, how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door,
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and evening,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says: "The school is dismissed,'
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

CHARLES DICKERSON.

CHAPTER II.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.



HE mocking bird is one of the wonders of the forest. While he sings with a whole choir of birds, the ear can listen only to the mocker, and when he is in full song, a bystander might suppose that he hears

all other birds in one. In his domesticated state, this bird whistles for the dog, and the dog starts up and hurries away to meet his master. The mocker screams like a hurt chicken, and the hen flutters her drooping wing and bristling feathers, eager to defend her brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the tune taught by his master, the quivering notes of the canary, all are repeated by the mocker; and so perfect is his power of imitation, that other birds are said to become mute beside their rival, as if their powers were superseded by his.

Now, a similar principle of imitation operates in our homes: it is there that its most concentrated power appears. Affection and duty, precept and promise, with all that can sway a young immortal, induce or even bind a child to imitate a parent. A silent influence is thus constantly put forth, of which we may be as unconscious as we are of the beating of the heart, but which is not on that account less strong, and the character of a child is commonly just the accumulated result of this parental example.

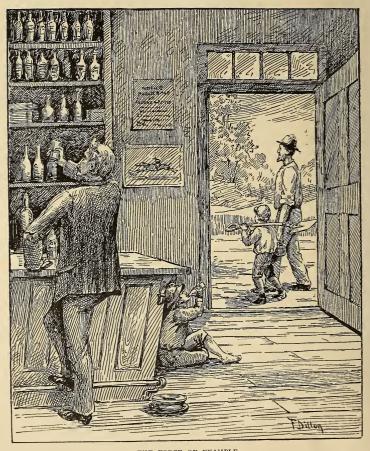
It is not more natural for some young animals to resort to the water, and for others to soar into the air, than for children to receive impressions through this channel. Such effects are photographed upon them, and form part of their very existence: they go with them to the grave, and pass with them into eternity, either to enhance their joy or deepen their sad regrets. Like the molten metal delivered into the mould, to come forth either an embodied symmetry or a distorted mass, the child thus receives the impress of the parent; for so perfect is the power of home, that it as really moulds or models us as the potter the clay upon his wheel.

What Edmund Burke Says.

Men, young and old—but the young more than the old—cannot help imitating those with whom they associate. It was a saying of George Herbert's mother, intended for the guidance of her sons, "that as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so do our souls as insensibly take in virtue or vice by the example or conversation of good or bad company."

Indeed, it is impossible that association with those about us should not produce a powerful influence in the formation of character. For men are by nature imitators, and all persons are more or less impressed by the speech, the manners, the gait, the gestures, and the very habits of thinking of their companions. "Is example nothing?" said Burke. "It is everything. Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other."

Emerson has observed that even old



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

couples, or persons who have been housemates for a course of years, grow gradually like each other; so that, if they were to live long enough, we should scarcely be able to know them apart. But if this be true of the old, how much more true is it of the young, whose plastic natures are so much more soft and impressionable, and ready to take the stamp of the life and conversation of those about them!

"There has been," observed Sir Charles Bell in one of his letters, "a good deal said about education, but those who speak thus appear to me to put out of sight example, which is all-in-all. My best education was the example set me by my brothers. There was, in all the members of the family, a reliance on self, a true independence, and by imitation I obtained it."

Influence of Example.

Still shines the light of holy lives
Like star-beams over doubt;
Each sainted memory, Christ-like, drives
Some dark possession out.

O friend! O brother! not in vain Thy life so calm and true, The silver dropping of the rain, The fall of summer dew!

With weary hand, yet steadfast will, In old age as in youth, Thy Master found thee sowing still The good seed of His truth.

As on thy task-field closed the day
In golden-skied decline,
His angel met thee on the way,
And lent his arm to thine.

J. G. WHITTIER.

It is in the nature of things that the circumstances which contribute to form the character should exercise their principal influence during the period of growth. As years advance, example and imitation become custom, and gradually consolidate into habit, which is of so much potency that, almost before we know it, we have in a measure yielded up to it our personal freedom.

It is related of Plato that on one occasion he reproved a boy for playing at some foolish game. "Thou reprovest me," said the boy, "for a very little thing." "But custom," replied Plato, "is not a little thing." Bad custom, consolidated into habit, is such a tyrant that men sometimes cling to vices even while they curse them. They have become the slaves of habits whose power they are impotent to resist. Hence Locke has said that to create and maintain that vigor of mind which is able to contest the empire of habit may be regarded as one of the chief ends of moral discipline.

Selecting Good Company.

Though much of the education of character by example is spontaneous and unconscious, the young need not necessarily be the passive followers or imitators of those about them. Their own conduct, far more than the conduct of their companions, tends to fix the purpose and form the principles of their life. Each possesses in himself a power of will and of free activity, which, if courageously exercised, will enable him to make his own individual selection of friends and associates. It is only through weakness of purpose that young people, as well as old, become the slaves of their inclinations, or give themselves up to a servile imitation of others.

It is a common saying that men are known by the company they keep. The sober do not naturally associate with the drunken, the refined with the coarse, the decent with the dissolute. To associate with depraved persons argues a low taste and vicious tendencies, and to frequent their

society leads to inevitable degradation of character. "The conversation of such persons," says Seneca, "is very injurious; for even if it does no immediate harm, it leaves its seeds in the mind, and follows us when we have gone from the speakers—a plague sure to spring up in future resurrection."

If young men are wisely influenced and directed, and conscientiously exert their own free energies, they will seek the society of those better than themselves, and strive to imitate their example. In companionship with the good, growing natures will always find their best nourishment; while companionship with the bad will only be fruitful in mischief. There are persons whom to know is to love, honor and admire; and others whom to know is to shun and despise. Live with persons of elevated characters, and you will feel lifted and benefited by them: "Live with wolves," says the Spanish proverb, "and you will learn to howl."

A Fatal Mistake.

Intercourse with even commonplace, selfish persons, may prove most injurious, by inducing a dry, dull, reserved and selfish condition of mind, more or less inimical to true manliness and breadth of character. The mind soon learns to run in small grooves, the heart grows narrow and contracted, and the moral nature becomes weak, irresolute and accommodating, which is fatal to all generous ambition or real excellence.

On the other hand, association with persons wiser, better and more experienced than ourselves is always more or less inspiring and invigorating. They enhance our lown knowledge of life. We correct our estimates by theirs, and become partners in their wisdom. We enlarge our field of observation through their eyes, profit by their

experience, and learn not only from what they have enjoyed, but—which is still more instructive—from what they have suffered. If they are stronger than ourselves, we become participators in their strength. And we should not forget that commonly the strongest natures are those that have suffered most.

An old fable tells of a farmer who went out to plow in his fields. The plow ripped the roots of grasses and weeds, and they were terrified and pained at the work of destruction. "If I do not rend you in pieces," said the farmer, "you cannot nourish the seed soon to be sown, nor help grow a harvest of golden grain."

The Fruits of Trial.

Oh let me suffer, till I know
The good that cometh from the pain,
Like seeds beneath the wintry snow,
That wake in flowers and golden grain.
Oh let me suffer, till I find
What plants of sorrow can impart,
Some gift, some triumph of the mind,
Some flower, some fruitage of the heart.

The hour of anguish passes by;
But in the spirit there remains
The outgrowth of its agony,
The compensation of its pains,
In meckness, which suspects no wrong,
In patience, which endures control,
In faith, which makes the spirit strong,
In peace and purity of soul.
THOMAS C. UPHAM.

What Suffering Does.

Suffering curbs our inward passions, Child-like tempers in us fashions, And our will to God's subdues: Thus His hand, so soft and healing, Each disordered power and feeling, By a blessed change renews.

Suffering keeps the thoughts compacted,
That the soul be not distracted
By the world's beguiling art;
'Tis like some angelic warder

Ever keeping sacred order In the chambers of the heart.

Suffering tunes the heart's emotion To eternity's devotion, And awakes a fond desire For the land where psalms are ringing, And with psalms the martyrs singing Sweetly to the harper's choir.

J. HARTMANN.

Not only do we learn patience and fortitude from the example of those who know how to bear their misfortunes submissively and profit by them, but in other ways we are influenced by those around us.

Henry Martyn's Friend.

An entirely new direction may be given to the life of a young man by a happy suggestion, a timely hint, or the kindly advice of an honest friend. Thus the life of Henry Martyn, the Indian missionary, seems to have been singularly influenced by a friendship which he formed, when a boy, at Truro Grammar School. Martyn himself was of feeble frame, and of a delicate nervous temperament. Wanting in animal spirits, he took but little pleasure in school sports; and being of a somewhat petulant temper, the bigger boys took pleasure in provoking him, and some of them in bullying him. One of the bigger boys, however, conceiving a friendship for Martyn, took him under his protection, stood between him and his persecutors, and not only fought his battles for him, but helped him with his lessons.

Though Martyn was rather a backward pupil, his father was desirous that he should have the advantage of a college education, and at the age of about fifteen he sent himto Oxford to try for a Corpus scholarship, in which he failed. He remained for two years more at the Truro Grammar School, and then went to Cambridge, where he was entered at

St. John's College. Whom should he find already settled there as a student but his old champion of the Truro Grammar School? Their friendship was renewed; and the elder student from that time forward acted as the mentor of the younger one.

A Patient, Hard-working Fellow.

Martyn was fitful in his studies, excitable and petulant, and occasionally subject to fits of almost uncontrollable rage. His big friend, on the other hand, was a steady, patient, hard-working fellow; and he never ceased to watch over, to guide, and to advise for good his irritable fellow-student. He kept Martyn out of the way of evil company, advised him to work hard, "not for the praise of men, but for the glory of God;" and so successfully assisted him in his studies, that at the following Christmas examination he was the first of his year, Yet Martyn's kind friend and mentor never achieved any distinction himself; he passed away into obscurity, leading, most probably. a useful though an unknown career; his greatest wish in life having been to shape the character of his friend, to inspire his soul with the love of truth, and to prepare him for the noble work, on which he shortly after entered, of an Indian missionary.

A somewhat similar incident is said to have occurred in the college career of Dr. Paley. When a student he was distinguished for his shrewdness as well as his clumsiness, and he was at the same time the favorite and the butt of his companions. Though his natural abilities were great, he was thoughtless, idle, and a spendthrift; and at the commencement of his third year he had made comparatively little progress.

After one of his usual night-dissipations, a friend stood by his bedside on the following morning. "Paley," said he, "I have not



TO THE DEAR ONES AT HOME,

been able to sleep for thinking about you. I have been thinking what a fool you are! I have the means of dissipations, and can afford to be idle: you are poor, and cannot afford it. I could do nothing, probably, even were I to try: you are capable of doing nything. I have lain awake all night thinking about your folly, and I have now come solemnly to warn you. Indeed, if you persist in your indolence, and go on in this way, I must renounce your society altogether."

It Was the Making of Him.

It is said that Paley was so powerfully affected by this admonition, that from that moment he became an altered man. He formed an entirely new plan of life, and diligently persevered in it. He became one of the most industrious of students. One by one he distanced his competitors, and at the end of the year he came out ahead. What he afterwards accomplished as an author and a divine is sufficiently well known.

No one recognized more fully the influence of personal example on the young than did Dr. Arnold. It was the great lever with which he worked in striving to elevate the character of his school. He made it his principal object, first to put a right spirit into the leading boys by attracting their good and noble feelings; and then to make them instrumental in propagating the same spirit among the rest, by the influence of imitation, example, and admiration. He endeavored to make all feel that they were fellow-workers with himself, and sharers with him in the moral responsibility for the good government of the place.

One of the first effects of this high-minded system of management was, that it inspired the boys with strength and self-respect. They felt that they were trusted. There were, of course, wild boys, as there are at all schools; and these it was the master's duty to watch, to prevent their bad example contaminating others. On one occasion he said to an assistant-master: "Do you see those two boys walking together? I never saw them together before. You should make an especial point of observing the company they keep: nothing so tells the changes in a boy's character."

Young Men Could Follow Him.

Dr. Arnold's own example was an inspiration, as is that of every great teacher. In his presence, young men learned to respect themselves, and out of the root of selfrespect there grew up the manly virtues. "His very presence," says his biographer, "seemed to create a new spring of health and vigor within them, and to give to life an interest and elevation which remained with them long after they had left him; and dwelt so habitually in their thoughts as a living image, that, when death had taken him away, the bond appeared to be still unbroken, and the sense of separation almost lost in the still deeper sense of a life and a union indestructible." And thus it was that Dr. Arnold trained a host of manly and noble characters, who spread the influence of his example in all parts of the world.

So also was it said of Dugald Stewart, that he breathed the love of virtue into whole generations of pupils. "To me," says the late Lord Cockburn, "his lectures were like the opening of the heavens. I felt that I had a soul. His noble views, unfolded in glorious sentences, elevated me into a higher world. They changed my whole nature."

Character tells in all conditions of life. The man of good character in a workshop will give the tone to his fellows, and elevate their entire aspirations. Thus Franklin, while a workman in London, is said to have reformed the manners of an entire workshop. So the man of bad character and debased energy will unconsciously lower and degrade his fellows. John Brown, whose "body lies mouldering in the ground," once said to Emerson, that "for a settler in a new country, one good believing man is worth a hundred, nay, worth a thousand men without character." His example is so contagious, that all other men are directly and beneficially influenced by him, and he insensibly elevates and lifts them up to his own standard of energetic activity.

Character is Everything.

The scale Of being is a graduated thing; And deeper than the vanities of power, Or the vain pomp of glory there is writ Gradation, in its hidden characters. The pathway to the grave may be the same. And the proud man shall trad it, and the low, With his bowed head, shall cear him company. Decay will make no difference, and death, With his cold hand, shall make no difference; And there will be no precedence of power, In waking at the coming trump of God; But in the temper of the invisible mind, The godlike and undying intellect, There are distinctions that will live in heaven, When time is a forgotten circumstance!

The elevated brow of kings will lose
The impress of regalia, and the slave
Will wear his immortality as free,
Beside the crystal waters; but the depth
Of glory in the attributes of God
Will measure the capacities of mind;
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify him more.
It is life's mystery. The soul of man
Createth its own destiny of power;
And, as the trial is intenser here,
His being hath a nobler strength in heaven.

N. P. WILLIS.

The Power of Goodness.

Communication with the good is invariably productive of good. The good character is diffusive in its influence. "I was common

clay till roses were planted in me," says some aromatic earth in the Eastern fable. Like begets like, and good makes good. "It is astonishing," says Canon Moseley, "how much good goodness makes. Nothing that is good is alone, nor anything bad; it makes others good or others bad-and that other, and so on: like a stone thrown into a pond, which makes circles that make other wider ones, and then others, till the last reaches the shore. Almost all the good that is in the world has, I suppose, thus come down to us traditionally from remote times, and often unknown centres of good." So Mr. Ruskin says, "That which is born of evil begets evil; and that which is born of valor and honor teaches valor and honor."

A Last Message.

Great is the power of goodness to charm and to command. The man inspired by it is the true king of men, drawing all hearts after him. When General Nicholson lay wounded on his death-bed before Delhi, he dictated this last message to his equally noble and gallant friend, Sir Herbert Edwardes: "Tell him," said he, "I should have been a better man if I had continued to live with him, and our heavy public duties had not prevented my seeing more of him privately. I was always the better for a residence with him and his wife, however short. Give my love to them both!"

There are men in whose presence we feel as if we breathed a spiritual ozone, refreshing and invigorating, like inhaling mountain air, or enjoying a bath of sunshine.

The very sight of a great and good man is often an inspiration to the young, who cannot help admiring and loving the gentle, the brave, the truthful, the magnanimous! Chateaubriand saw Washington only once, but it inspired him for life. After describing

the interview, he says: "Washington sank into the tomb before any little celebrity had attached to my name. I passed before him as the most unknown of beings. He was in all his glory—I in the depth of my obscurity. My name probably dwelt not a whole day in his memory. Happy, however, was I that his looks were cast upon me. I have felt warmed for it all the rest of my life. There is a virtue even in the looks of a great man." "It does one good to look upon his manly, honest face," said a poor German woman, pointing to a portrait of the great Reformer hung upon the wall of her humble dwelling.

Admiration of the Good.

Even the portrait of a noble or a good man, hung up in a room, is companionship after a sort. It gives us a closer personal interest in him. Looking at the features, we feel as if we knew him better, and were more nearly related to him. It is a link that connects us with a higher and better nature than our own. And though we may be far from reaching the standard of our hero, we are, to a certain extent, sustained and fortified by his depicted presence constantly before us.

Fox was proud to acknowledge how much he owed to the example and conversation of Burke. On one occasion he said of him that "if he was to put all the political information he had gained from books, all that he had learned from science, or that the knowledge of the world and its affairs taught him, into one scale, and the improvement he had derived from Mr. Burke's conversation and instruction into the other, the latter would preponderate."

Professor Tyndall speaks of Faraday's friendship as "energy and inspiration." After spending an evening with him, he wrote: "His work excites admiration, but

contact with him warms and elevates the heart. Here, surely, is a strong man. I love strength, but let me not forget the example of its union with modesty, tenderness and sweetness in the character of Faraday."

Wordsworth's Sister.

Even the gentlest natures are powerful to influence the character of others for good. Thus Wordsworth seems to have been especially impressed by the character of his sister Dorothy, who exercised upon his mind and heart a lasting influence. He describes her as the blessing of his boyhood as well as of his manhood. Though two years younger than himself, her tenderness and sweetness contributed greatly to mould his nature and open his mind to the influences of poetry:

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy."

Thus the gentlest natures are enabled, by the power of affection and intelligence, to mould the characters of men destined to influence and elevate their race through all time.

Sir William Napier attributed the early direction of his character first to the impress made upon it by his mother, when a boy, and afterwards to the noble example of his commander, Sir John Moore, when a man. Moore early detected the qualities of the young officer; and he was one of those to whom the general addressed the encouragement, "Welldone, my majors!" at Corunna. Writing home to his mother, and describing the little court by which Moore was surrounded, he wrote "Where shall we find such a king?"

The career of the late Dr. Marshall Hall.



was a life-long illustration of the influence of character in forming character. Many eminent men still living trace their success in life to his suggestions and assistance, without which several valuable lines of study and investigation might not have been entered on, at least at so early a period. He would say to young men about him, "Take up a subject and pursue it well, and you cannot fail to succeed." And often he would throw out a new idea to a young friend, saying, "I make you a present of it; there is fortune in it, if you pursue it with energy."

Energy Makes Others Energetic.

Energy of character has always a power to evoke energy in others. It acts through sympathy, one of the most influential of human agencies. The zealous, energetic man unconsciously carries others along with him. His example is contagious, and compels imitation. He exercises a sort of electric power, which sends a thrill through every fibre, flows into the nature of those about him, and makes them give out sparks of fire.

Dr. Arnold's biographer, speaking of the power of this kind exercised by him over young men, says: "It was not so much an enthusiastic admiration for true genius, or learning, or eloquence, which stirred within them; it was a sympathetic thrill, caught from a spirit that was earnestly at work in the world—whose work was healthy, sustained, and constantly carried forward in the fear of God—a work that was founded on a deep sense of its duty and its value."

Such a power, exercised by men of genius, evokes courage, enthusiasm, and devotion. It is this intense admiration for individuals—such as one cannot conceive entertained for a multitude—which has in all times produced heroes and martyrs. It is thus that the

mastery of character makes itself felt. It acts by inspiration, quickening and vivifying the natures subject to its influence.

Influenced by Dante.

Great minds are rich in radiating force, not only exerting power, but communicating and even creating it. Thus Dante raised and drew after him a host of great spirits—Petrarch, Boccacio, Tasso, and many more: From him Milton learnt to bear the stings of evil tongues and the contumely of evil days; and long years after, Byron, thinking of Dante under the pine-trees of Ravenna, was incited to attune his harp to loftier strains than he had ever attempted before. Dante inspired the greatest painters of Italy—Michael Angelo, and Raphael. So Ariosto and Titian mutually inspired one another, and lighted up each other's glory.

Great and good men draw others after them, exciting the spontaneous admiration of mankind. This admiration of noble character elevates the mind, and tends to redeem it from the bondage of self, one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to moral improvement. The recollection of men who have signalized themselves by great thoughts or great deeds seems to create for the time a purer atmosphere around us: and we feel as if our aims and purposes were unconsciously elevated.

"Tell me whom you admire," said Sainte-Beuve, "and I will tell you what you are, at least as regards your talents, tastes, and character." Do you admire mean men?—your own nature is mean. Do you admire rich men?—you are of the earth, earthy. Do you admire men of fashion?—you are an ape. Do you admire honest, brave, and manly men?—you are yourself of an honest, brave, and manly spirit.

It is in the season of youth, while the

character is forming, that the impulse to admire is the greatest.

There are, unhappily for themselves, persons so constituted that they have not the heart to be generous. The most disagreeable of all people are those who "sit in the seat of the scorner." Persons of this sort often come to regard the success of others, even in a good work, as a kind of personal offense. They cannot bear to hear another praised, especially if he belong to their own art, or calling, or profession. They will pardon a man's failures, but cannot forgive his doing a thing better than they can do. And where they have themselves failed, they are found to be the most merciless of detractors. The sour critic thinks of his rival:

"When Heaven with such parts has blest him, Have I not reason to detest him?"

The Habit of Fault-Finding.

The mean mind occupies itself with sneering, carping, and fault-finding, and is ready to scoff at everything but impudent effrontery or successful vice. The greatest consolation of such persons are the defects of men of character. "If the wise erred not," says George Herbert, "it would go hard with fools." Yet, though wise men may learn of fools by avoiding their errors, fools rarely profit by the example which wise men set them.

A German writer has said that it is a miserable temper that cares only to discover the blemishes in the character of great men or great periods. Let us rather judge them with the charity of Bolingbroke, who, when reminded of one of the alleged weaknesses of Marlborough, observed, "He was so great a man that I forgot he had that defect."

Admiration of great men, living or dead,

naturally evokes imitation of them in a greater or less degree. While a mere youth, the mind of Themistocles was fired by the great deeds of his contemporaries, and he longed to distinguish himself in the service of his country. When the battle of Marathon had been fought, he fell into a state of melancholy; and when asked by his friends as to the cause, he replied "that the trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep." A few years later, we find him at the head of the Athenian army, defeating the Persian fleet of Xerxes in the battles of Artemisium and Salamis-his country gratefully acknowledging that it had been saved through his wisdom and valor.

A Boy's Deep Impression.

It is related of Thucydides that, when a boy, he burst into tears on hearing Herodotus read his history, and the impression made upon his mind was such as to determine the bent of his own genius. And Demosthenes was so fired on one occasion by the eloquence of Callestratus, that the ambition was roused within him of becoming an orator himself. Yet Demosthenes was physically weak, had a feeble voice, indistinct articulation, and shortness of breath-defects which he was only enabled to overcome by diligent study and invincible determination. But with all his practice, he never became a ready speaker; all his orations, especially the most famous of them, exhibiting indications of careful elaboration-the art and industry of the orator being visible in almost every sen-

Similar illustrations of character imitating character, and moulding itself by the style and manner and genius of great men, are to be found pervading all history. Warriors, statesmen, orators, patriots, poets, and artists—all have been, more or less unconsciously,

nurtured by the lives and actions of others living before them or presented for their imitation.

The Great Musicians.

Though Havdn once archly observed that he was loved and esteemed by everybody except professors of music, yet all the greatest musicians were unusually ready to recognize each other's greatness. Haydn himself seems to have been entirely free from petty jealousy. His admiration of the famous Porpora was such that he resolved to gain admission to his house and serve him as a valet. Having made the acquaintance of the family with whom Porpora lived, he was allowed to officiate in that capacity. Early each morning he took care to brush the veteran's coat. polish his shoes, and put his rusty wig in At first Porpora growled at the intruder, but his asperity soon softened, and eventually melted into affection. He quickly discovered his valet's genius, and, by his instructions, directed it into the line in which Haydn eventually acquired so much distinction.

When Correggio first gazed on Raphael's "Saint Cecilia," he felt within himself an awakened power, and exclaimed, "And I, too, am a painter!" So Constable used to look back on his first sight of Claude's picture of "Hagar" as forming an epoch in his career. Sir George Beaumont's admiration of the same picture was such that he always took it with him in his carriage when he travelled from home.

It is the great lesson of biography to teach what man can be and can do at his best. It may thus give each man renewed strength and confidence. The humblest, in sight of even the greatest, may admire, and hope, and take courage. These great brothers of ours in blood and lineage, who

live a universal life, still speak to us from their graves, and beckon us on in the paths which they have trod. Their example is still with us, to guide, to influence and to direct us. For nobility of character is a perpetual bequest, living from age to age, and constantly tending to reproduce its like.

Be Up and Doing.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal;

Dust thou art, to dust returnest,

Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long and Time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of Life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act—act in the living Present!

Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:

Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



Thus example is one of the most potent of instructors, though it teaches without a tongue. It is the practical school of mankind, working by action, which is always more forcible than words. Precept may point to us the way, but it is silent, continuous example, conveyed to us by habits, and living with us in fact, that carries us along. Good advice has its weight: but without the accompaniment of a good example it is of comparatively small influence; and it will be found that the common saying of "Do as I say, not as I do," is usually reversed in the actual experience of life.

We Learn Through the Eye.

All persons are more or less apt to learn through the eye rather than the ear; and whatever is seen, in fact, makes a far deeper impression than anything that is merely read or heard. This is especially the case in early youth, when the eye is the chief inlet of knowledge. Whatever children see they unconsciously imitate. They insensibly come to resemble those who are about them -as insects take the color of the leaves they feed on. Hence the vast importance of domestic training. For whatever may be the efficiency of schools, the examples set in our homes must always be of vastly greater influence in forming the characters of our future men and women. The home is the crystal of society-the nucleus of national character; and from that source, be it pure or tainted, issue the habits, principles and maxims which govern public as well as private life. The nation comes from the nursery. Public opinion itself is for the most part the outgrowth of the home; and the best philanthropy comes from the fireside.

Example in conduct, therefore, even in apparently trivial matters, is of no light

moment, inasmuch as it is constantly becoming inwoven with the lives of others, and contributing to form their natures for better or for worse. The characters of parents are thus constantly repeated in their children; and the acts of affection, discipline, industry and self-control, which they daily exemplify, live and act when all else which may have been learned through the ear has long been forgotten. Hence a wise man was accustomed to speak of his children as his "future state."

How West Became a Painter.

Even the mute action and unconscious look of a parent may give a stamp to the character which is never effaced; and who can tell how much evil acts have been stayed by the thought of some good parent, whose memory their children may not sully by the commission of an unworthy deed, or the indulgence of an impure thought? The veriest trifles thus become of importance in influencing the characters of men. "A kissfrom my mother," said West, "made me a painter." It is on the direction of such seeming trifles when children that the future happiness and success of men mainly depend.

Fowell Buxton, when occupying an eminent and influential station in life, wrote to his mother, "I constantly feel, especially in action and exertion for others, the effects of principles early implanted by you in my mind." Buxton was also accustomed to remember with gratitude the obligations which he owed to an illiterate man, a game-keeper, named Abraham Plastow, with whom he played, and rode, and sported—a man who could neither read nor write, but was full of natural good sense and mother-wit. "What made him particularly valuable," says Buxton, "were his principles of integrity and honor. He never said or did a thing in

the absence of my mother of which she would have disapproved. He always held up the highest standard of integrity, and filled our youthful minds with sentiments as pure and as generous as could be found in the writings of Seneca or Cicero. Such was my first instructor, and, I must add, my best."

There is something solemn and awful in the thought that there is not an act done or a word uttered by a human being but carries with it a train of consequences, the end of which we may never trace. Not one but, to a certain extent, gives a color to our life, and insensibly influences the lives of those about us. The good deed or word will live, even though we may not see it fructify, but so will the bad; and no person is so insignificant as to be sure that his example will not do good on the one hand, or evil on the other. The spirits of men do not die; they still live and walk abroad among us.

We Do not Stand Alone.

There is, indeed, an essence of immortality in the life of man, even in this world. No individual in the universe stands alone; he is a component part of a system of mutual dependencies; and by his several acts he either increases or diminishes the sum of human good now and forever. As the present is rooted in the past, and the lives and examples of our forefathers still to a great extent influence us, so are we by our daily acts contributing to form the condition and character of the future.

Man is a fruit formed and ripened by the culture of all the foregoing centuries; and the living generation continues the magnetic current of action and example destined to bind the remotest past with the most distant future. No man's acts die utterly; and though his body may resolve into dust and air, his good or his bad deeds will still be

bringing forth fruit after their kind, and influencing future generations for all time to come. It is in this momentous and solemn fact that the great peril and responsibility of human existence lies.

Every act we do or word we utter, as well as every act we witness or word we hear. carries with it an influence which extends over, and gives a color, not only to the whole of our future life, but makes itself felt upon the whole frame of society. We may not, and indeed cannot, possibly, trace the influence working itself into action in its various ramifications, among our children, our friends, or associates; yet there it is assuredly, working on forever. And herein lies the great significance of setting forth a good example-a silent teaching which even the poorest and least significant person can practise in his daily life. There is no one so humble, but that he owes to others this simple but priceless instruction.

It Depends on the Man.

Even the meanest condition may thus be made useful; for the light set in a low place shines as faithfully as that set upon a hill. Everywhere, and under almost all circumstances, however externally adverse on our wild frontiers, in cottage hamlets, in the close alleys of great towns-the true man may grow. He who tills a space of earth scarce bigger than is needed for his grave, may work as faithfully, and to as good purpose, as the heir to thousands. The most common workshop may thus be a school of industry, science and good morals, on the one hand; or of idleness, folly and depravity, on the other. It all depends on the individual men. and the use they make of the opportunities for good which offer themselves.

A life well spent, a character uprightly sustained, is no slight legacy to leave to one's

children, and to the world; for it is the most eloquent lesson of virtue and the severest reproof of vice, while it continues an enduring source of the best kind of riches. Well for those who can say, as Pope did, in rejoinder to the sarcasm of Lord Hervey, "I think it enough that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush, and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear."

Mere Talk Is Useless.

It is not enough to tell others what they are to do, but to exhibit the actual example of doing. What Mrs. Chisholm described to a lady friend as the secret of her success, applies to all life. "I found," she said, "that if we want anything done, we must go to work and do it: it is of no use merely to talk -none whatever." It is poor eloquence that only shows how a person can talk. Had Mrs. Chisholm rested satisfied with lecturing, her project, she was persuaded, would never have got beyond the region of talk; but when people saw what she was doing and had actually accomplished, they fell in with her views and came forward to help her. Hence the most beneficient worker is not be who says the most eloquent things, or even who thinks the most loftily, but he who does the most eloquent acts.

True-hearted persons, even in the humblest station in life, who are energetic doers, may thus give an impulse to good works out of all proportions, apparently, to their actual station in society. Thomas Wright might have talked about the reclamation of criminals, and John Pounds about the necessity or Mission Schools, and yet done nothing; instead of which they simply set to work without any other idea in their minds than that of doing, not talking.

And how the example of even the poorest

man may tell upon society, hear what Dr. Guthrie, the apostle of the Mission School movement, says of the influence which the example of John Pounds, the humble Portsmouth cobbler, exercised upon his own working career:

"The interest I have been led to take in this cause is an example of how, in Providence, a man's destiny-his course of life, like that of a river-may be determined and affected by very trivial circumstances. It is rather curious-at least it is interesting to me to remember-that it was by a picture I was first led to take an interest in mission schools-by a picture in an old, obscure, decaying burgh that stands on the shores of the Frith of Forth, the birthplace of Thomas Chalmers. I went to see this place many years ago, and, going into an inn for refreshment, I found the room covered with pictures of shepherdesses with their crooks, and sailors in holiday attire, not particularly interesting. But above the chimney-piece there was a large print, more respectable than its neighbors, which represented a cobbler's room. The cobbler was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees-the massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character, and, beneath his bushy eyebrows, benevolence gleamed out on a number of poor ragged boys and girls who stood at their lessons round the busy cobbler.

John Pounds, the Cobbler.

"My curiosity was awakened; and in the inscription I read how this man, John Pounds, a cobbler in Portsmouth, taking pity on the multitude of poor ragged children left by ministers and magistrates, and ladies and gentlemen, to go to ruin on the streets—how, like a good shepherd, he gathered in these wretched outcasts—how he had trained them



JOHN POUNDS IN HIS WORKSHOP.

to God and to the world—and how, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, he had rescued from misery and saved to society not less than five hundred of these children. I felt ashamed of myself. I felt reproved for the little I had done. My feelings were touched. I was astonished at this man's achievements; and I well remember, in the enthusiasm of the moment, saying to my companion (and I have seen in my cooler and calmer moments no reason for unsaying the saying)—'That man is an honor to humanity, and deserves the tallest monument ever raised within the shores of Britain.'

"I took up that man's history, and I found it animated by the spirit of Him who 'had compassion on the multitude.' John Pounds was a clever man besides, and, like Paul, if he could not win a poor boy any other way, he won him by art. He would be seen chasing a ragged boy along the quays, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but by the power of a hot potato.

Honor in Due Time.

"He knew the love an Irishman had for a potato; and John Pounds might be seen running holding under the boy's nose a potato, like an Irishman, very hot, and with a coat as ragged as himself. When the day comes when honor will be done to whom honor is due, I can fancy the crowd of those whose fame poets have sung, and to whose memory monuments have been raised, dividing like the wave, and, passing the great, and the noble, and the mighty of the land, this poor, obscure old man stepping forward and receiving the especial notice of Him who said: 'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it also to Me.'"

The education of character is very much a question of models; we mold ourselves so

unconsciously after the characters, manners, habits and opinions of those who are about us. Good rules may do much, but good models far more; for in the latter we have instruction in action—wisdom at work. Good admonition and bad example only build with one hand to pull down with the other. Hence the vast importance of exercising great care in the selection of companions, especially in youth. There is a magnetic affinity in young persons which insensibly tends to assimilate them to each other's likeness.

Contact with the good never fails to impart good, and, we carry away with us some of the blessing, as travelers' garments retain the odor of the flowers and shrubs through which they have passed.

The Force of Valiant Deeds.

The example of the brave is an inspiration to the timid, their presence thrilling through every fiber. Hence the miracles of valor often performed by ordinary men under the leadership of the heroic. The very recollection of the deeds of the valiant stirs men's blood like the sound of the trumpet. Ziska bequeathed his skin to be used as a drun to inspire the valor of the Bohemians. When Scanderbeg, prince of Epirus, was dead, the Turks wished to possess his bones, that each might wear a piece next his heart, hoping thus to secure some portion of the courage he had displayed while living, and which they had so often experienced in battle.

When the gallant Douglas, bearing the heart of Bruce to the Holy Land, saw one of his knights surrounded and sorely pressed by the Saracens, he took from his neck the silver case containing the hero's bequest, and throwing it among the thickest press of his foes, cried, "Pass first in fight, as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee, or

die;" and so saying, he rushed forward to the place where it fell, and was there slain.

"I shall not ask you to go where I am not willing to lead," said one of our generals in the war. It is needless to say his men were ready to follow.

The Record of a Noble Life.

The chief use of biography consists in the noble models of character in which it abounds Our great forefathers still live among us in the records of their lives, as well as in the acts they have done, which live also; still sit by us at table, and hold us by the hand: furnishing examples for our benefit, which we may still study, admire and imitate. Indeed, whoever has left behind him the record of a noble life, has bequeathed to posterity an enduring source of good, for it serves as a model for others to form themselves by in all time to come; still breathing fresh life into men, helping them to reproduce his life anew, and to illustrate his character in other forms. Hence a book containing the life of a true man is full of precious seed. It is a still living voice: it is an intellect. To use Milton's words, "It is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." Such a book never ceases to exercise an elevating and ennobling influence.

But, above all, there is the Book containing the very highest Examples set before us to shape our lives by in this world—the most suitable for all the necessities of our mind and heart—an example which we can only follow afar off and feel after,

"Like plants or vines which never saw the sun, But dream of him and guess where he may be, And do their best to climb and get to him."

Franklin was accustomed to attribute his

usefulness and eminence to his having early read Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good"—a book which grew out of Mather's own life. And see how good example draws other men after it, and propagates itself through future generations in all lands. For Samuel Drew avers that he framed his own life, and especially his business habits, after the model left on record by Benjamin Franklin. Thus it is impossible to say where a good example may not reach, or where it will end, if indeed it have an end.

The Best Kind of Work.

One of the most valuable and one of the most infectious examples which can be set before the young, is that of cheerful working. Cheerfulness gives elasticity to the spirit. Spectres fly before it; difficulties cause no despair, for they are encountered with hope, and the mind acquires that happy disposition to improve opportunities which rarely fails of The fervent spirit is always a healthy and happy spirit; working cheerfully itself and stimulating others to work. It confers a dignity on even the most ordinary occupations. The most effective work, also, is usually the full-hearted work-that which passes through the hands or the head of him whose heart is glad.

Hume was accustomed to say that he would rather possess a cheerful disposition—inclined always to look at the bright side of things—than with a gloomy mind to be the master of an estate of fifty thousand dollars a year. Granville Sharp, amid his indefatigable labors on behalf of the slave, solaced himself in the evenings by taking part in glees and instrumental concerts at his brother's house, singing, or playing on the flute, the clarionet, or the oboe; and, at the Sunday evening oratorios, when Handel was played, by beating the kettle-

drums. He also indulged, though sparingly, in caricature drawing. Fowell Buxton also was an eminently cheerful man; taking special pleasure in field sports, in riding about the country with his children, and in mingling in all their amusements.

Horace Greeley's Cheerfulness.

The great journalist, Horace Greeley, was conspicuous for his cheerful disposition. His manner was mild and his appearance contented, even under the heaviest labors. He could take personal abuse of the rankest kind without any irritation. He could show indignation, when called for, but his even frame of mind was remarkable for one who had so many occasions for resentment.

In another sphere of action, Dr. Arnold was a noble and a cheerful worker, throwing himself into the great business of his life, the training and teaching of young men, with his whole heart and soul. It is stated in his admirable biography, that the most remarkable thing in the Laleham circle was the wonderful healthiness of tone which prevailed there. It was a place where a newcomer at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward.

Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do; that his happiness, as well as his duty, lay in doing that work well. Hence an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man's feeling about life; a strange joy came over him on discerning that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy.

All this was founded on the breadth and comprehensiveness of Arnold's character, as well as its striking truth and reality; on the unfeigned regard he had for work of all kinds, and the sense he had of its value, both for the complex aggregate of society and the growth and protection of the indi-

vidual. In all this there was no excitement; no predilection for one class of work above another; no enthusiasm for any one-sided object; but a humble, profound and most religious consciousness that work is the appointed calling of man on earth; the end for which his various faculties were given; the element in which his nature is ordained to develop itself, and in which his progressive advance toward heaven is to lie.

Imitating Defects.

So great is the power of example and so disposed are all persons to imitation that even vices are sometimes followed, and peculiarities that should be avoided are adopted. Plutarch says that among the Persians those persons were considered most beautiful who were hawk-nosed, for no other reason than that Cyrus had such a nose. In Richard the Third's court humps upon the back were the height of fashion, because Richard was built in this way. According as the various potentates who have condescended to rule mankind have lisped, or stuttered, or limped, or squinted, or spoken through their noses, these infirmities have been elevated into graces and commanded the admiration of silly mortals.

There should, therefore, be great care in the home not to set an evil example. The young will imitate what is placed before them. It is more important for them to have a good example to follow than to receive words of advice and instruction. In his own pithy way Benjamin Franklin says none preach better than the ant, yet she says nothing. Many persons can talk, and can do nothing else. Their words amount to nothing. It is the spouting of the whale that puffs and blows and makes a great fuss, but the water all falls back into the sea and nobody is any the better for it.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEST CAPITAL IS CHARACTER.



N Independence Hall, Philadelphia, hangs the famous old Liberty Bell. Every stranger who visits the Quaker City expects to take a look at this relic, which bears the inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants

thereof." When the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, the great event was announced by ringing the bell amid the hurrahs and shouts of an excited populace. It was the one object of interest in the way of historical relics at the World's Fair, and was constantly surrounded by crowds of curious sight-seers.

The old bell met with a misfortune in 1835, having been cracked as it was tolling for Chief Justice Marshall. Since that time its iron tongue has been silent. No attempt has been made to ring it, and on all our national anniversaries it is mute. It is damaged beyond repair. The tones that were once so clear and inspiring are not now heard. There is no music in the cracked old Liberty Bell, and, except for its history, the associations connected with it and the part it played on the first morning of our nation's independence, it would have gone for old metal and would have been melted up long ago. Such would have been the fate of any other bell with such a sorry rent in its side.

The old bell cannot ring, but it can tell us something about human character. Here the flaw is equally damaging. A character

that is sound, that rings as the perfect belt does, is the character you must have if you would rank well among men and make the most of life. You cannot conceal the flaws, and any attempt to do it will soon be detected. You must be what you seem to be and what you profess to be. Home is the place where your character is fashioned, and the material that goes into the bell must be of good quality and there must be no flaws in the casting. You are going to have heavy blows struck upon you when you get out into life, and a cracked character is a very poor possession to have on hand. For this reason you will do well to put what is here said on this very important matter into the scales and weigh it carefully.

What Emerson and Luther Say.

Character is one of the greatest motive powers in the world. In its noblest embodiments, it exemplifies human nature in its highest forms, for it exhibits man at his best. Emerson says, "Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong." And Martin Luther said, "The prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment, and character; here are to be found its true interest, its chie strength, its real power."

Men of genuine excellence, in every station of life—men of industry, of integrity, of high



THE BEST CAPITAL IS CHARACTER.

principle, of sterling honesty of purpose—command the spontaneous homage of mankind. It is natural to believe in such men, to have confidence in them, and to imitate them. All that is good in the world is upheld by them, and without their presence in it the world would not be worth living in.

Although genius always commands admiration, character most secures respect. The former is more the product of brain-power, the latter of heart-power; and in the long run it is the heart that rules in life.

Common Duties.

Great men are always exceptional men; and greatness itself is but comparative. Indeed, the range of most men in life is so limited, that very few have the opportunity of being great. But each man can act his part honestly and honorably, and to the best of his ability. He can use his gifts, and not abuse them. He can strive to make the best of life. He can be true, just, honest, and faithful, even in small things. In a word, he can do his duty in that sphere in which Providence has placed him.

Commonplace though it may appear, this doing of one's duty embodies the highest ideal of life and character. There may be nothing heroic about it; but the common lot of men is not heroic. And though the abiding sense of duty upholds man in his highest attitudes, it also equally sustains him in the transaction of the ordinary affairs of every-day existence. Man's life is "centered in the sphere of common duties." The most influential of all the virtues are those which are the most in request for daily use. They wear the best, and last the longest. Superfine virtues, which are above the standard of common men, may only be sources of temptation and danger. Burke has truly said that "the human system which rests for its basis on the heroic virtues is sure to have a superstructure of weakness or of profligacy."

Thomas Sackville was lord high treasurer under Queen Elizabeth and James I. He was a man of rare virtues, and when his funeral sermon was delivered, the preacher did not dwell upon his merits as a statesman, or his genius as a poet, but upon his virtues as a man in relation to the ordinary duties of life. "How many rare things were in him!" said he. "Who more loving unto his wife? -Who more kind unto his children?-Who more fast unto his friend?-Who more moderate unto his enemy?-Who more true to his word?" Indeed, we can always better understand and appreciate a man's real character by the manner in which he conducts himself towards those who are the most nearly related to him, and by his transaction of the seemingly commonplace details of daily duty, than by his public exhibition of himself as an author, an orator, or a statesman.

The Noblest Manhood.

At the same time, while duty, for the most part, applies to the conduct of affairs in common life by the average of common men, it is also a sustaining power to men of the very highest standard of character. They may not have either money, or property, or learning, or power; and yet they may be strong in heart and rich in spirit-honest, truthful, dutiful. And whoever strives to do his duty faithfully is fulfilling the purpose for which he was created, and building up in himself the principles of a manly character. There are many persons of whom it may be said that they have no other possession in the world but their character, and yet they stand as firmly upon it as any crowned king.

Intellectual culture has no necessary relation to purity or excellence of character. In the New Testament, appeals are constantly made to the heart of man and to "the spirit we are of," while allusions to the intellect are of very rare occurrence. "A handful of good life," says George Herbert, "is worth a bushel of learning." Not that learning is to be despised, but that it must be allied to good-Intellectual capacity is sometimes ness. found associated with the meanest moral character-with abject servility to those in high places, and arrogance to those of low estate. A man may be accomplished in art. literature, and science, and yet, in honesty, virtue, truthfulness, and the spirit of duty, be entitled to take rank after many a poor and illiterate peasant.

A Great Merchant-Prince.

For many years William E. Dodge was perhaps the most successful merchant in New York City. He grew rich for the reason that men knew there was never a flaw in his word any more than in the iron and steel he sold. His success was not the thing most to be admired, but the character of the man, which was always spoken of more than his wealth and large possessions. He gave away hundreds of thousands of dollars: he gave something to the world of much greater value-an example, bright and pure as sunlight. There were no tricks about him. Men of this description-and our country has had thousands of them-should be your models. There is no short cut to success; if you attempt to go across lots you will get swamped. By the noblest qualities of character you will succeed and in no other way. Some men are too sharp and tricky ever to have any good luck or prosperity.

When some one, in Sir Walter Scott's hearing, made a remark as to the value of literary talents and accomplishments, as if they were above all things to be esteemed and honored, he observed, "God help us!

what a poor world this would be if that were the true doctrine! I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly-cultured minds, too, in my time; but I assure you. I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor uneducated men and women. when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors. than I ever yet met with out of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine, compared with the education of the heart."

Still less has wealth any necessary connection with elevation of character. On the contrary, it is much more frequently the cause of its corruption and degradation. Wealth and corruption, luxury and vice, have very close affinities to each other. Wealth in the hands of men of weak purpose, of deficient self-control, or of ill-regulated passions, is only a temptation and a snare—the source, it may be, of infinite mischief to themselves, and often to others.

Advice of Robby Burns's Father.

On the contrary, a condition of comparative poverty is compatible with character in its highest form. A man may possess only his industry, his frugality, his integrity, and yet stand high in the rank of true manhood. The advice which Burns's father gave him was the best:

"He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing,

For without an honest manly heart no man was worth regarding."

When Luther died, he left behind him, as set forth in his will, "no ready money, no

treasure of coin of any description." He was so poor at one part of his life, that he was under the necessity of earning his bread by turning, gardening, and clock-making. Yet, at the very time when he was thus working with his hands, he was moulding the character of his country; and he was morally stronger, and vastly more honored and followed, than all the princes of Germany.

Character is property. It is the noblest of possessions. It is an estate in the general good-will and respect of men; and they who invest in it—though they may not become rich in this world's goods—will find their reward in esteem and reputation fairly and honorably won. And it is right that in life good qualities should tell—that industry, virtue, and goodness should rank the highest—and that the really best men should be foremost.

Bound to be Honest.

Simple honesty of purpose in a man goes a long way in life, if founded on a just estimate of himself and a steady obedience to the rule he knows and feels to be right. It holds a man straight, gives him strength and sustenance, and forms a mainspring of vigorous action. "No man," once said a well known author, "is bound to be rich or great—no, nor to be wise; but every man is bound to be honest."

But the purpose, besides being honest, must be inspired by sound principles, and pursued with undeviating adherence to truth, integrity, and uprightness. Without principles, a man is like a ship without rudder or compass, left to drift hither and thither with every wind that blows. He is as one without law, or rule, or order, or government. "Moral principles," says Hume, "are social and universal. They form, in a manner, the

party of humankind against vice and disorder, its common enemy."

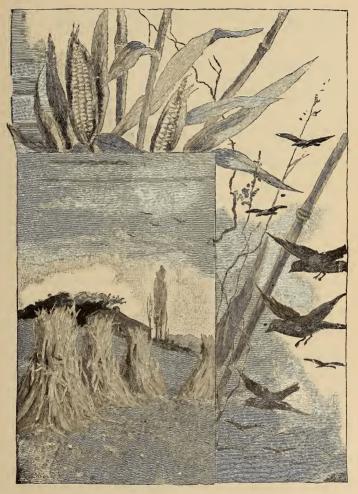
Epictetus once received a visit from a certain magnificent orator going to Rome on a lawsuit, who wished to learn from the Stoic something of his philosophy. Epictetus received his visitor coolly, not believing in his sincerity. "You will only criticise my style," said he; "not really wishing to learn principles."-"Well, but," said the orator, "if I attend to that sort of thing, I shall be a mere pauper, like you, with no plate, nor equipage, nor land."-" I don't want such things," replied Epictetus; "and besides, you are poorer than I am, after all. Patron or no patron, what care I? You do care. I am richer than you. I don't care what Cæsar thinks of me. I flatter no one. This is what I have, instead of your gold and silver plate. You have silver vessels, but earthenware reasons, principles, appetites. My mind to me a kingdom is, and it furnishes me with abundant and happy occupation in lieu of your restless idleness. All your possessions seem small to you; mine seem great to me. Your desire is insatiate-mine is satisfied."

Epictetus lived more than eighteen hundred years ago, but there is one phrase in this quotation that has been thought of and repeated ever since, and forms the subject of a remarkable poem which we insert here. It is full of good sense, and deserves to be printed and read the world over.

My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature hath assigned;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay— I seek no more than may suffice.



"WORK MORN AND EVE AND THROUGH THE SULTRY NOON, AND SONGS OF JOY WILL HAIL THE HARVEST MOON."

I press to bear no haughty sway; Look, what I lack my mind supplies. Lo! thus I triumph like a king, Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft, And hasty climbers soonest fall; I see that such as sit aloft Mishap doth threaten most of all. These get with toil, and keep with fear; Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp nor wealthy store, No force to win the victory, No wily wit to salve a sore, No shape to win a lover's eye— To none of these I yield as thrall; For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave; I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have; And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss, I grudge not at another's gain; No worldly wave my mind can toss; I brook that is another's bane. I lear no foe, nor fawn on friend; I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I wish but what I have at will; I wander not to seek for more; I like the plain, I climb no hill; In greatest storms I sit on shore, And laugh at them that toil in vain To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate.
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court nor cart I like nor loathe; Extremes are counted worst of all; The golden mean betwixt them both Doth surest suit, and fears no fall; This is my choice; for why, I find No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease; My conscience clear my chief defence; I never seek by bribes to please, Nor by desert to give offence. Thus do I live, thus will I die; Would all did so as well as I!

WILLIAM BYRD.

Talent is by no means rare in the world; nor is even genius. But can the talent be trusted?-can the genius? Not unless based on truthfulness-on veracity. It is this quality more than any other that commands the esteem and respect, and secures the confidence of others. Truthfulness is at the foundation of all personal excellence, exhibits itself in conduct. It is rectitudetruth in action, and shines through every word and deed. It means reliableness, and convinces other men that it can be trusted. And a man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that he can be relied on-that when he says he knows a thing, he does know it—that when he says he will do a thing, he can do, and does it. Thus reliableness becomes a passport to the general esteem and confidence of mankind.

Good Sense and Rectitude.

In the affairs of life or of business, it is not intellect that tells so much as character—not brains so much as heart—not genius so much as self-control, patience, and discipline, regulated by judgment. Hence there is no better provision for the uses of either private or public life, than a fair share of ordinary good sense guided by rectitude. Good sense, disciplined by experience and inspired by goodness, issues in practical wisdom. Indeed, goodness in a measure inplies wisdom—the highest wisdom—the union of the worldly with the spiritual.

It is because of this controlling power of character in life that we often see men exercise an amount of influence apparently out of all proportion to their intellectual endowments. They appear to act by means of some latent power, some reserved force, which acts secretly, by mere presence. As Burke said of a powerful nobleman of the last century, "his virtues were his means." The secret is, that the aims of such men are felt to be pure and noble, and they act upon others with a constraining power.

How to Gain Respect.

Though the reputation of men of genuine character may be of slow growth, their true qualities can not be wholly concealed. They may be misrepresented by some, and misunderstood by others; misfortune and adversity may, for a time, overtake them; but, with patience and endurance, they will eventually inspire the respect and command the confidence which they really deserve.

It has been said of Sheridan that, had he possessed reliableness of character, he might have ruled the world; whereas, for want of it, his splendid gifts were comparatively useless. He dazzled and amused, but was without weight or influence in life or politics. Even the poor pantomimist of Drury Lane felt himself his superior. Thus, when Delpini one day pressed the manager for arrears of salary, Sheridan sharply reproved him, telling him he had forgotten his station. "No, indeed, Monsieur Sheridan, I have not," retorted Delpini; "I know the difference between us perfectly well. In birth, parentage, and education, you are superior to me: but in life, character, and behavior, I am superior to you."

Unlike Sheridan, Burke, his countryman, was a great man of character. He was thirty-five before he gained a seat in Parliament, yet he found time to carve his name deep in the political history of England. He was a man of great gifts, and of transcendent force of character. Yet he had

a weakness, which proved a serious defect it was his want of temper; his genius was sacrificed to his irritability. And without this apparently minor gift of good temper, the most splendid endowments may be comparatively valueless to their possessor.

Character is formed by a variety of minute circumstances, more or less under the regulation and control of the individual. Not a day passes without its discipline, whether for good or for evil. There is no act, however trivial, but has its train of consequences, as there is no hair so small but casts its shadow. It was a wise saying of a gifted lady, never to give way to what is little; or by that little, however you may despise it, you will be practically governed.

The Growth of Character.

Every action, every thought, every feeling, contributes to the education of the temper, the habits, and understanding, and exercises an inevitable influence upon all the acts of our future life. Thus character is undergoing constant change, for better or for worse—either being elevated on the one hand, or degraded on the other. "There is no fault nor folly of my life," says Mr. Ruskin, "that does not rise up against me, and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession, of sight, of understanding. And every past effort of my life, every gleam of rightness or good in it, is with me now, to help me."

The mechanical law, that action and reaction are equal, holds true also in morals. Good deeds act and react on the doers of them; and so do evil. Not only so: they produce like effects, by the influence of example, on those who are the subjects of them. But man is not the creature, so much as he is the creator, of circumstances; and, by the exercise of his free-will, he can direct

his actions so that they shall be productive of good rather than evil.

Instead of saving that man is the creature of circumstance, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstances. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstance. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels: one warehouses, another villas. Bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks, until the architect can make them something else. Thus it is that in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives forever amid ruins; the block of granite which was an obstacle on the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone on the pathway of the strong.

Success Is Sure.

"Nothing can work me damage but myself," said St. Bernard; "the harm that I sustain I carry about with me; and I am never a real sufferer but by my own fault."

The best sort of character, however, can not be formed without effort. There needs the exercise of constant self-watchfulness, self-discipline, and self-control. There may be much faltering, stumbling, and temporary defeat; difficulties and temptations manifold to be battled with and overcome; but if the spirit be strong and the heart be upright, no one need despair of ultimate success. The very effort to advance—to arrive at a higher standard of character than we have reached—is inspiring and invigorating; and even though we may fall short of it, we cannot fail to be improved by every honest effort made in an upward direction.

And with the light of great examples to guide us—representatives of humanity in its

best forms—every one is not only justified, but bound in duty, to aim at reaching the highest standard of character: not to become the richest in means, but in spirit; not the greatest in wordly position, but in true honor; not the most intellectual, but the most virtuous; not the most powerful and influential, but the most truthful, upright, and honest.

The Noblest Boy.

It was very characteristic of the late prince consort—husband of Queen Victoria—a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by the sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded, not to the cleverest boy, nor to the most bookish boy, nor to the most precise, diligent, and prudent boy, but to the noblest boy, to the boy who should show the most promise of becoming a large-hearted, high-motived man.

Character exhibits itself in conduct, guided and inspired by principle, integrity, and practical wisdom. In its highest form, it is the individual will acting energetically under the influence of religion, morality, and reason. It chooses its way considerately, and pursues it steadfastly; esteeming duty above reputation, and the approval of conscience more than the world's praise. While respecting the personality of others, it preserves its own individuality and independence; and has the courage to be morally honest, though it may be unpopular, trusting tranquilly to time and experience for recognition.

Although the force of example will always exercise great influence upon the formation of character, the self-originating and sustaining force of one's own spirit must be the main-stay. This alone can hold up the life,

and give individual independence and energy. "Unless man can erect himself above himself," said Daniel, a poet of the Elizabethan era, "how poor a thing is man!" Without a certain degree of practical efficient force—compounded of will, which is the root, and wisdom, which is the stem of character—life will be indefinite and purposeless—like a body of stagnant water, instead of a running stream doing useful work and keeping the machinery of a district in motion.

The Force of Words and Deeds.

When the elements of character are brought into action by determinate will, and, influenced by high purpose, man enters upon and courageously perseveres in the path of duty, at whatever cost of worldly interest, he may be said to approach the summit of his being. He then exhibits character in its most intrepid form, and embodies the highest idea of manliness. The acts of such a man become repeated in the life and action of others. His very words live and become actions. Thus every word of Luther's rang through Germany like a trumpet. As Richter said of him, "His words were halfbattles." And thus Luther's life became transfused into the life of his country, and still lives in the character of modern Germany.

On the other hand, energy, without integrity and a soul of goodness, may only represent the embodied principle of evil. Among such men are found the greatest scourges and devastators of the world—those unprinpled scoundrels whom Providence, in its inscrutable designs, permits to fulfill their mission of destruction upon earth. Among these was Napoleon "the Great," a man of abounding energy, but destitute of principle. He had the lowest opinion of his fellow-men. "Men are hogs, who feed on gold," he once

said: "well, I throw them gold, and lead them withersoever I will."

Very different is the man of energetic character inspired by a noble spirit, whose actions are governed by rectitude, and the law of whose life is duty. He is just and upright—in his business dealings, in his public action, and in his family life: justice being as essential in the government of a home as of a nation. He will be honest in all things—in his words and in his work. He will be generous and merciful to his opponents, as well as to those who are weaker than himself.

Cromwell's Ironsides.

The man of character is conscientious. He puts his conscience into his work, into his words, into his every action. When Cromwell asked the Parliament for soldiers in lieu of the decayed serving-men and tapsters who filled the Commonwealth's army, he required that they should be men "who made some conscience of what they did;" and such were the men of which his celebrated regiment of "Ironsides" was composed.

The man of character is also reverential. The possession of this quality marks the noblest and highest type of manhood and womanhood: reverence for things consecrated by the homage of generations-for high objects, pure thoughts, and noble aims -for the great men of former times, and the high-minded workers among our contemporaries. Reverence is alike indispensable to the happiness of individuals, of families, and of nations. Without it there can be no trust, no faith, no confidence, either in man or God-neither social peace nor social progress. For reverence is but another word for religion, which binds men to each other, and all to God.

The man of noble spirit converts all occurrences into experience, between which experience and his reason there is marriage, and the issue are his actions. He moves by affection, not for affection; he loves glory, scorns shame, and governeth and obeyeth with one countenance, for it comes from one consideration. Knowing reason to be no idle gift of nature, he is the steersman of his own destiny. Truth is his goddess, and he takes pains to get her, not to look like her. Unto the society of men he is a sun, whose clearness directs their steps in a regular motion. He is the wise man's friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious.

The Strong Make their own Path.

Energy of will-self-originating force is the soul of every great character. Where it is, there is life; where it is not, there is faintness, helplessness, and despondency. "The strong man and the waterfall," says the proverb, "channel their own path." The energetic leader of noble spirit not only wins a way for himself, but carries others with him. His every act has a personal significance, indicating vigor, independence, and self-reliance, and unconsciously commands respect, admiration, and homage. intrepidity of character characterized Luther. Cromwell, Washington, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Pitt, Wellington, and all great leaders of men.

"I am convinced," said Mr. Gladstone, in describing the qualities of Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, shortly after his death—"I am convinced that it was the force of will, a sense of duty, and a determination not to give in, that enabled him to make himself a model for all of us who yet remain and follow him, with feeble and unequal steps, in the discharge of our duties; it was that force of will that in point of fact

did not so much struggle against the infirmities of old age, but actually repelled them and kept them at a distance.

"And one other quality there is, at least, that may be noticed without the smallest risk of stirring in any breast a painful emotion. It is this, that Lord Palmerston had a nature incapable of enduring anger or any sentiment of wrath. This freedom from wrathful sentiment was not the result of painful effort, but the spontaneous fruit of the mind. It was a noble gift of his original nature—a gift which beyond all others it was delightful to observe, delightful also to remember in connection with him who has left us, and with whom we have no longer to do, except in endeavoring to profit by his example wherever it can lead us in the path of duty and of right, and of bestowing on him those tributes of admiration and affection which he deserves at our hands "

"The Fair Boy."

There is a contagiousness in every example of energetic conduct. The brave man is an inspiration to the weak, and compels them, as it were, to follow him. Thus Napier relates that at the combat of Vera, when the Spanish centre was broken and in flight, a young officer, named Havelock, sprang forward, and, waving his hat, called upon the Spainards within sight to follow him. Putting spurs to his horse, he leaped the abattis which protected the French front, and went headlong against them. The Spainards were electrified; in a moment they dashed after him, cheering for "El chico blanco!" (the fair boy), and with one shock they broke through the French and sent them flying downhill.

Napier mentions another striking illustration of the influence of personal qualities in young Edward Freer, of the same regiment, who, when he fell at the age of nineteen, at the battle of the Nivelle, had already seen more combats and seiges than he could count years. "So slight in person, and of such surpassing beauty, that the Spainards often thought him a girl disguised in man's clothing, he was yet so vigorous, so active, so brave, that the most daring and experienced veterans watched his looks on the field of battle, and, implicitly following where he led, would, like children, obey his slightest sign in the most difficult situations."

Washington's Personal Influence.

And so it is in ordinary life. The good and the great draw others after them; they lighten and lift up all who are within reach of their influence. They are as so many living centres of beneficent activity. Let a man of energetic and upright character be appointed to a position of trust and authority, and all who serve under him become, as it were, conscious of an increase of power. When Chatham was appointed minister, his personal influence was at once felt through all the ramifications of office. Every sailor who served under Nelson, and knew he was in command, shared the inspiration of the hero.

When Washington consented to act as commander-in-chief, it was felt as if the strength of the American forces had been more than doubled. Many years later, in 1798, when Washington, grown old, had withdrawn from public life and was living in retirement at Mount Vernon, and when it seemed probable that France would declare war against the United States, President Adams wrote to him, saying, "We must have your name, if you will permit us to use it; there will be more efficacy in it than in many an army." Such was the esteem in which the great President's noble character.

and eminent abilities were held by his countrymen!

An incident is related by the historian of the Peninsular War, illustrative of the personal influence exercised by a great commander over his followers. The British army lay at Sauroren, before which Soult was advancing, prepared to attack in force. Wellington was absent, and his arrival was anxiously looked for. Suddenly a single horseman was seen riding up the mountain alone. It was the duke, about to join his troops. One of Campbell's Portuguese battalions first descried him, and raised a joyful cry; then the shrill clamor, caught up by the next regiment, soon swelled as it ran along the line into that appalling shout which the British soldier is wont to give upon the edge of battle, and which no enemy ever heard unmoved.

One Man may be a Host.

Suddenly he stopped at a conspicuous point, for he desired both armies should know he was there, and a double spy who was present pointed out Soult, who was so near that his features could be distinguished. Attentively Wellington fixed his eyes on that formidable man, and, as if speaking to himself, he said: "Yonder is a great commander; but he is cautious, and will delay his attack to ascertain the cause of those cheers; that will give time for the Sixth Divison to arrive, and I shall beat him"—which he did.

In some cases, personal character acts by a kind of talismanic influence, as if certain men were the organs of a sort of supernatural force. "If I but stamp on the ground in Italy," said Pompey, "an army will appear." At the voice of Peter the Hermit, as described by the historian, "Europe arose, and precipitated itself upon Asia." It was said of the Caliph Omar that his walking-stick struck

more terror into those who saw it than another man's sword.

The very names of some men are like the sound of a trumpet. When the Douglas lay mortally wounded on the field of Otterburn, he ordered his name to be shouted still louder than before, saying there was a tradition in his family that a dead Douglas should win a battle. His followers, inspired by the sound, gathered fresh courage, rallied, and conquered; and thus, in the words of the Scottish poet:

"The Douglas dead, his name hath won the field."

There have been some men whose greatest conquests have been achieved after they themselves were dead. "Never," says Michelet, "was Cæsar more alive, more powerful, more terrible, than when his old and worn-out body, his withered corpse, lay pierced with blows; he appeared then purified, redeemed—that which he had been, despite his many stains—the man of humanity."

"Being Dead, they yet Sp_ak."

The same illustration applies to all history and morals. The career of a great man remains an enduring monument of human energy. The man dies and disappears; but his thoughts and acts survive, and leave an indelible stamp upon his race. And thus the spirit of his life is prolonged and perpetuated, moulding the thought and will, and thereby contributing to form the character of the future. It is the men that advance in the highest and best directions who are the true beacons of human progress. They are as lights set upon a hill, illumining the moral atmosphere around them; and the light of their spirit continues to shine upon all succeeding generations.

It is natural to admire and revere really great men. They hallow the nation to which

they belong, and lift up not only all who live in their time, but those who live after them. Their great example becomes the common heritage of their race; and their great deeds and great thoughts are the most glorious of legacies to mankind. They connect the present with the past, and help on the increasing purpose of the future; holding aloft the standard of principle, maintaining the dignity of human character, and filling the mind with traditions and instincts of all that is most worthy and noble in life.

Demand for Men.

The world wants men-large-hearted, manly men Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong The psalm of labor, and the psalm of love. The times want scholars-scholars who shall shape The doubtful destinies of dubious years, And land the ark, that bears our country's good, Safe on some peaceful Ararat at last. The age wants heroes-heroes who shall dare To struggle in the solid ranks of truth; To clutch the monster error by the throat; To bear opinion to a loftier seat; To blot the era of oppression out, And lead a universal freedom in. And heaven wants souls—fresh and capacious souls: To taste its raptures, and expand, like flowers, Beneath the glory of its central sun. It wants fresh souls-not lean and shrivelled ones; It wants fresh souls, my brother-give it thine. If thou indeed wilt be what scholar should, If thou wilt be a hero, and wilt strive To help thy fellow and exalt thyself, Thy feet, at last, shall stand on jasper floors; Thy heart, at last, shall seem a thousand hearts-Each single heart with myriad raptures filled-While thou shalt sit with princes and with kings, Rich in the jewel of a ransomed soul ..

Character embodied in thought and deed, is of the nature of immortality. The solitary thought of a great thinker will dwell in the minds of men for centuries, until at length it works itself into their daily life and practice. It lives on through the ages, speaking as a voice from the dead, and influencing minds living thousands of years apart.

Thus, Moses and David and Solomon, Plato and Socrates and Xenophon, Seneca and Cicero and Epictetus, still speak to us as from their tombs.

The Arrow and the Song.

I shot an arrow into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For, so swiftly it flew, the sight Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For who has sight so keen and strong, That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak I found the arrow, still unbroke; And the song, from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A succession of variously gifted men in different ages-extending from Alfred to Albert—has in like manner contributed, by their life and example, to shape the multiform character of England. Of these, probably the most influential were the men of the Elizabethan and Cromwellian, and the intermediate periods-among whom we find the great names of Shakespeare, Raleigh, Burleigh, Sidney, Bacon, Milton, Herbert, Hampden, Pym, Eliot, Vane, Cromwell, and many more-some of them men of great force, and others of great dignity and purity of character. The lives of such men have become part of the public life of the world, and their deeds and thoughts are regarded as among the most cherished bequeathments from the .past.

So Washington left behind him, as one of the greatest treasures of our country, the example of a stainless life—of a great, honest, pure, and noble character—a model for the nation to form itself by in all time to come. And in the case of Washington, as in so many other great leaders of men, his greatness did not so much consist in his intellect, his skill, and his genius, as in his honor, his integrity, his truthfulness, his high and controlling sense of duty—in a word, in his genuine nobility of character.

While statesmen, philosophers, and divines represent the thinking power of society, the men who found industries and carve out new careers, as well as the common body of working-people, from whom the national strength and spirit are from time to time recruited, must necessarily furnish the vital force and constitute the real backbone of every nation.

Dollars and Calico.

Nations have their character to maintain as well as individuals; and under constitutional governments-where all classes more or less participate in the exercise of political power-the national character will necessarily depend more upon the moral qualities of the many than of the few. And the same qualities which determine the character of individuals also determine the character of nations. Unless they are high-minded, truthful, honest, virtuous, and ourageous, they will be held in light esteem by other nations, and be without weight in the world. To have character, they must needs also be reverential, disciplined, self-controlling, and devoted to duty. The nation that has no higher god than pleasure, or even dollars o calico, must needs be in a poor way. It were better to revert to Homer's gods than be devoted to these; for the heathen deities at least imaged human virtues, and were something to look up to.

As for institutions, however good in themselves, they will avail but little in maintaining the standard of national character. It is the individual men, and the spirit which actuates them, that determine the moral standing and stability of nations. Government, in the long run, is usually no better than the people governed. Where the mass is sound in conscience, morals, and habit, the nation will be ruled honestly and nobly. But where they are corrupt, self-seeking, and dishonest in heart, bound neither by truth nor by law, the rule of rogues and wire-pullers becomes inevitable.

The best start in life, therefore, is a good

character—one that has the true ring in it, that doesn't sound like a counterfeit dollar, that is made of good, solid metal throughout—a character that is not short in measure or weight, that weighs sixteen ounces to the pound every time it is put into the scales.

There is an old poem that teaches a good lesson, and it is appropriate for ending this chapter.

WEIGHING CHARACTER.

A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depths of his cell with his stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
But whether by magic or alchemy's powers
We know not; indeed, 'tis no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care, At last, that he brought his invention to bear. In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away, And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray; But success is secure, unless energy fails; And at length he produced the philosopher's scales.

"What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see;

These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.
Oh no; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could
weigh.

Together with articles small or immense, From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay, And naught so ethereal but there it would stay, And naught so reluctant but in it must go: All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire, Which retained all the wit that had ever been there. As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf, Containing the prayer of the penitent thief, When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With the garments that Dorcas had made for a
weight;

And though clad in armor from sandals to crown, The hero rose up, and the garments went down. A long row of almshouses, amply endowed By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud, Next loaded one scale; while the other was pressed By those mites the poor widow dropped into the

Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce, And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough;

A sword with gift trappings rose up in the scale, Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail; A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear, Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense;
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
One pearl to outweigh—'twas the pearl of great price,

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate, With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight, When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof! When balanced in air, it ascended on high, And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky; White the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

JANE TAYLOR.

CHAPTER IV.

MAKE THE BEST OF YOURSELF.



FATHER, writing to a son who had been sent to school in Philadelphia, said, "You must make your position in life by first making yourself. If you make something good of your-

self you will occupy a station of honor and usefulness. If you are a failure, your life will be." This advice was worthy of Ben Franklin himself, and such as he would have given to the young. To make something good and noble of yourself is the best start in life you can have, and, in fact, the only start you need.

"The best part of every man's education," said Sir Waiter Scott, "is that which he gives to himself." "Every person," says Gibbon, "has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives to himself."

Benjamin Brodie, the eminent surgeon, used to congratulate himself on the fact that professionally he was self-taught. But this is necessarily the case with all men who have acquired distinction in letters, science or art. The education received at school or college is but a beginning, and is valuable mainly inasmuch as it trains the mind and habituates it to continuous application and study. That which is put into us by others is always far less ours than that which we acquire by our own diligent and persevering effort. Knowledge conquered by labor becomes a possession—a property entirely our own.

This kind of self-culture also calls forth power and cultivates strength. The solution

of one problem helps the mastery of another; and thus knowledge is carried into faculty. Our own active effort is the essential thing; and no faculties, no books, no teachers, no amount of lessons learned by rote will enable us to dispense with it.

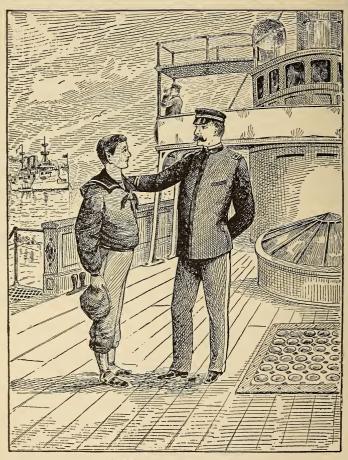
And no boy or girl is so deficient in mental power or acuteness as to render the task of self-improvement hopeless. By acting upon good teachings and models in the home, and by diligence and patient labor, even unpromising soil can be cultivated and made fruitful. Parents should never abandon a child to itself, nor discourage any endeavor to rise in the world. It has often proved to be the case that those who gave little promise in their early days happily disappointed their friends afterwards, and showed that they were capable of good things. It was only needful to wake up their slumbering powers and rightly direct them.

Something Good in Every One.

The heart has tendrils like the vine, Which round another's bosom twine, Outspringing from the living tree Of deeply planted sympathy; Whose flowers are hope, its fruits are bliss, Beneficence its harvest is.

There are some bosoms dark and drear, Which an unwatered desert are; Yet there a curious eye may trace Some smiling spot, some verdant place, Where little flowers, the weeds between, Spend their soft fragrance all unseen.

Despise them not—for wisdom's toil Has ne'er disturbed that stubborn soil :



MAKE THE BEST OF YOURSELF.

Yet care and culture might have brought The ore of truth from mines of thought; And fancy's fairest flowers had bloomed Where truth and fancy lie intombed.

Insult him not—his blackest crime May, in his Maker's eye sublime, In spite of all thy pride, be less Than e'en thy daily waywardness; Than many a sin and many a stain Forgotten and impressed again.

There is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of truth and love might grow
And flowers of generous virtue blow:
To plant, to watch, to water there—
This, as our duty, be our care!

And sweet it is, the growth to trace, Of worth, of intellect, of grace, In bosoms where our labors first Bid the young seed of spring-time burst, And lead it on from hour to hour, To ripen into perfect power.

JOHN BOWRING.

Importance of Self-Culture.

The best teachers have been the readiest to recognize the importance of self-culture, and of stimulating the student to acquire knowledge by the active exercise of his own faculties. They have relied more upon training than upon telling, and sought to make their pupils themselves active parties to the work in which they were engaged; thus making teaching something far higher than the mere passive reception of the scraps and details of knowledge.

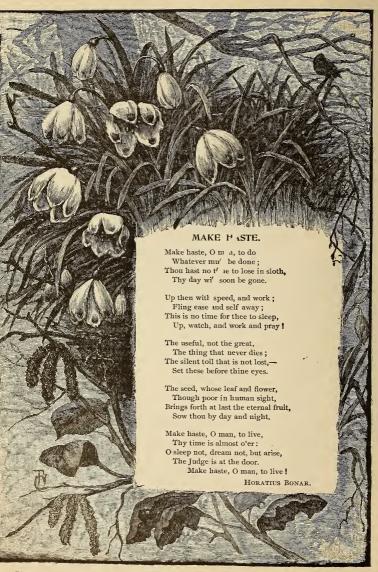
This was the spirit in which the great Dr. Arnold worked; he strove to teach his pupils to rely upon themselves, and develop their powers by their own active efforts, himself merely guiding, directing, stimulating and encouraging them. "I would far rather," he said, "send a boy to Van Diemen's Land, where he must work for his bread, than send him to Oxford to live in luxury, without any desire in his mind to avail himself of his advantages." "If there be one thing on

earth," he observes on another occasion, "which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, when they have been honestly, truly and zealously cultivated." Speaking of a pupil of this character, he said, "I would stand to that man hat in hand."

Benefits of Labor.

Practical success in life depends more upon physical health than is generally imagined. An English officer, writing home to a friend, said, "I believe if I get on well in India, it will be owing, physically speaking, to a sound digestion." The capacity for continuous working in any calling must necessarily depend in a great measure upon this; and hence the necessity for attending to health, even as a means of intellectual labor. It is perhaps to the neglect of physical exercise that we find among students so frequent a tendency toward discontent, unhappiness, inaction and reverie-displaying itself in contempt for real life and disgust at the beaten tracks of men-a tendency which in England has been called Pyronism, and in Germany Wertherism. Tr. Channing, of Boston, noted the same growth, which led him to make the remark, that "too many of our young men grow up in a school of despair." The only remedy for this green-sickness in youth is physical exercise-action, work and bodily occupation.

The great divine, Jeremy Taylor, says, "Avoid idleness and fill up all the spaces of thy time with severe and useful employment; for lust easily creeps in at those emptinesses where the soul is unemployed and the body is at ease; for no easy, healthful, idle person was ever chaste, if he could be tempted; but of all employments bodily labor is the most useful, and of the greatest benefit for driving away the devil."



The use of early labor in self-imposed mechanical employments may be illustrated by the boyhood of Sir Isaac Newton. Though comparatively a dull scholar, he was very assiduous in the use of his saw, hammer and hatchet-"knocking and hammering in his lodging room "-making models of windmills, carriages and machines of all sorts; and as he grew older, he took delight in making little tables and cupboards for his friends. Smeaton, the eminent engineer. Watt, the discoverer of the steam engine in its present form, and Stephenson, the famous builder of light-houses, were equally handy with tools when mere boys; and but for such kind of self-culture in their youth, it is doubtful whether they would have accomplished so much in their manhood. Such was also the early training of the great inventors and mechanics whose contrivance and intelligence were practically trained by the constant use of their hands in early life.

Value of Early Training.

Thomas Edison, whose discoveries in electricity have given him world-wide fame, showed in youth a passionate fondness for science and an industry no less great. He was always playing with lightning. If he had been indolent, a do-nothing, instead of a hard worker, the world would never have heard from him.

Even where men belonging to the manual labor class have risen above it, and become more purely intellectual laborers, they have found the advantages of their early training in their later pursuits. Elihu Burritt says he found hard labor necessary to enable him to study with effect; and more than once he gave up school-teaching and study, and taking to his leather apron again, went back to his blacksmith's forge and anvil for his health of body and mind's sake.

The training of young men in the use of tools would, at the same time that it educated them in "common things," teach them the use of their hands and arms, familiarize them with healthy work, exercise their faculties upon things tangible and actual, give them some practical acquaintance with mechanics, impart to them the ability of being useful, and implant in them the habit of persevering physical effort.

What a Great Preacher Said.

The success of even professional men depends in no slight degree on their physical health; and a public writer has gone so far as to say that "the greatness of our great men is quite as much a bodily affair as a mental one." One of America's greatest preachers was accustomed to say he was as much indebted for success to what was below his neck as to what was above it. He meant that a strong, sound body was something he could not dispense with, and this had been in large part the secret of his achievements. A healthy breathing apparatus is as indispensable to the successful lawyer or politician as a well-cultured intellect. The thorough aëration of the blood by free exposure to a large breathing surface in the lungs, is necessary to maintain that full vital power on which the vigorous working of the brain in so large a measure depends.

Though Sir Walter Scott, when at Edinburgh College, went by the name of "The Greek Blockhead," he was, notwithstanding his lameness, a remarkably healthy youth: he could spear a salmon with the best fisher on the Tweed, and ride a wild horse with any hunter in Yarrow. When devoting himself in after life to literary pursuits, Sir Walter never lost his taste for field sports; but while writing "Waverley" in the morning, he

would in the afternoon course hares. Professor Wilson was a very athlete, as great at throwing the hammer as in his flight of eloquence and poetry; and Burns, when a youth, was remarkable chiefly for his leaping and wrestling.

Physical Energy.

Some of the greatest divines were distinguished in their youth for their physical energies. Isaac Barrow, when at the Charterhouse School, was notorious for his pugilistic encounters, in which he got many a bloody nose; Andrew Fuller, when working as a farmer's lad at Soham, was chiefly famous for his skill in boxing; and Adam Clarke, when a boy, was only remarkable for the strength displayed by him in "rolling large stones about"—the secret, possibly, of some of the power which he subsequently displayed in rolling forth large thoughts in his manhood.

Bishop Phillips Brooks was a man of immense physique and strength. It is related of him that when traveling in Europe with two good-sized trunks, if he had any difficulty in procuring a cabman to transport him and his baggage a half mile or mile, he took a trunk in each hand and walked away as if carrying only a couple of hand-bags. The strength of his thoughts was proportioned to the strength of his body.

The lawyer in full practice, and the Congressional leader in full work, are called upon to display powers of physical endurance and activity even more extraordinary than those of the intellect—such powers as were exhibited in so remarkable a degree by Webster, John C. Calhoun and William Wirt, of Virginia.

It is astonishing how much may be accomplished in self-culture by the energetic and the persevering, who are careful to avail themselves of opportunities, and use up the fragments of spare time which the idle permit to run to waste. Thus Ferguson learned astronomy from the heavens while wrapped in a sheep-skin on the highland hills. Thus Stone learned mathematics while working as a journeyman gardener; thus Drew studied the highest philosophy in the intervals of mending shoes; thus Hugh Miller taught himself geology while working as a daylaborer in a quarry; and thus Dr. Edward Hitchcock, President of Amherst College, Mass., won his fame in science while tramping over fields and climbing mountains in pursuit of health. His vast stores of information and his brilliant discoveries were equalled only by his lofty character, of which humility and a devout spirit were the most conspicuous traits.

The Success of Drudgery.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the renowned painter, as we have already observed, was so earnest a believer in the force of industry, that he held that all men might achieve excellence if they would but exercise the power of assiduous and patient working. He held that drudgery lay on the road to genius, and that there was no limit to the proficiency of an artist except the limit of his own painstaking. He would not believe in what is called inspiration, but only in study and labor. "Excellence," he said, "is never granted to man but as the reward of labor." "If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is to be obtained without it." Sir Fowell Buxton was an equal believer in the power of study; and he entertained the modest idea that he could do as well as other men if he devoted to the pursuit double the time and labor that they

did. He placed his great confidence in ordinary means and extraordinary application.

"I have known several men in my life," says a close observer, "who may be recognized in days to come as men of genius, and they were all plodders, hard-working, intent men. Genius is known by its works; genius without works is a blind faith, a dumb oracle. But meritorious works are the result of time and labor, and cannot be accomplished by intention or by a wish. Every great work is the result of vast preparatory training. Facility comes by labor. Nothing seems easy, not even walking, that was not difficult at first. The orator whose eye flashes instantaneous fire, and whose lips pour out a flood of noble thoughts, startling by their unexpectedness and elevating by their wisdom and truth, has learned his secret by patient repetition, and after many bitter disappointments"

The Power of Application.

Thoroughness and accuracy are two principal points to be aimed at in study. Francis Horner, in laying down rules for the cultivation of his mind, placed great stress upon the habit of continuous application to one subject for the sake of mastering it thoroughly; he confined himself with this object to only a few books, and resisted with the greatest firmness "every approach to a habit of desultory reading." The value of knowledge to any man consists not in its quantity, but mainly in the good uses to which he can apply it. Hence a little knowledge of an exact and perfect character is always found more valuable for practical purposes than any extent of superficial learning.

By spreading our efforts over too large a surface we inevitably weaken our force, hinder our progress, and acquire a habit of fitfulness and ineffective working. Lord St. Leonards once communicated to Sir Fowell Buxton the mode in which he had conducted his studies, and thus explained the secret of his success: "I resolved," said he, "when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but, at the end of twelve months, my knowledge was as fresh as the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from recollection."

Have a Definite Aim.

It is not the quantity of study that one gets through, or the amount of reading, that makes a wise man; but the advantage of the study to the purpose for which it is pursued; the concentration of the mind, for the time being, on the subject under consideration: and the habitual discipline by which the whole system of mental application is regulated. Abernethy was even of opinion that there was a point of fulness in his own mind. and that if he took into it something more than it could hold, it only had the effect of pushing something else out. Speaking of the study of medicine, he said: "If a man has a clear idea of what he desires to do, he will seldom fail in selecting the proper means of accomplishing it."

The most profitable study is that which is conducted with a definite aim and object. By thoroughly mastering any given branch of knowledge we render it more available for use at any moment. Hence it is not enough merely to have books, or to know where to read for information as we want it. Practical wisdom, for the purposes of life, must be carried about with us, and be ready for use at call. It is not sufficient that we have

a fund laid up at home, but not a nickel in the pocket: we must carry about with us a store of the current coin of knowledge ready for exchange on all occasions, else we are comparatively helpless when the opportunity for using it occurs,

Decision and promptitude are as requisite in self-culture as in business. The growth of these qualities may be encouraged by accustoming young people to rely upon their own resources, leaving them to enjoy as much freedom of action in early life as is practicable. Too much guidance and restraint hinder the formation of habits of self-help. They are like bladders tied under the arms of one who has not taught himself to swim. Want of confidence is perhaps a greater obstacle to improvement than is generally imagined. It has been said that half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse while he is leaping.

Self-Confidence a Good Thing.

Dr. Johnson was accustomed to attribute his success to confidence in his own powers. True modesty is quite compatible with a due esteem of one's own merits, and does not demand the abnegation of all merit. Though there are those who deceive themselves by putting a false figure before their ciphers, the want of confidence, the want of faith in one's self, and consequently the want of promptitude in action, is a defect of character which is found to stand very much in the way of individual progress; and the reason why so little is done is generally because so little is attempted.

There is usually no want of desire on the part of most persons to arrive at the results of self-culture, but there is a great aversion to pay the inevitable price for it, of hard work. Dr. Johnson held that "impatience of study was the mental disease of the

present generation;" and the remark is still applicable. We may not believe that there is a royal road to learning, but we seem to believe very firmly in the "popular" one. In education, we invent labor-saving processes, seek short cuts to science, learn French and Latin "in twelve lessons," or "without a master." We resemble the lady of fashion, who engaged a master to teach her on condition that he did not plague her with verbs and participles. We get our smattering of science in the same way; we learn chemistry by listening to a short course of lectures enlivened by experiments, and when we have inhaled laughing-gas, seen green water turned to red, and phosphorus burned in oxygen, we have got our smattering, of which the most that can be said is, that though it may be better than nothing, it is yet good for nothing. Thus we often imagine we are being educated while we are only amused.

Charles Dudley Warner makes the amusing suggestion that some enterprising Yankee will yet invent a machine whereby a young man or woman can drop a nickel in the slot and pull out an education.

Shirking Hard Work.

The faculty with which young people are thus induced to acquire knowledge, without study and labor, is not education. It occupies but does not enrich the mind. It imparts a stimulus for the time, and produces a sort of intellectual keenness and cleverness; but without an implanted purpose and a higher object than mere pleasure, it will bring with it no solid advantage. In such cases knowledge produces but a passing impression; a sensation, but no more. Thus the best qualities of many minds, those which are evoked by vigorous effort and independent action, sleep a deep sleep, and

are often never called to life, except by the rough awakening of sudden calamity or suffering, which, in such cases, comes as a blessing if it serves to rouse up a courageous spirit that, but for it, would have slept on.

Accustomed to acquire information under the guise of amusement, young people will soon reject that which is presented to them under the aspect of study and labor. Learning their knowledge and science in sport, they will be too apt to make sport of both; while the habit of intellectual dissipation, thus engendered, cannot fail, in course of time, to produce a thoroughly emasculating effect both upon their mind and character. "Multifarious reading," said Robertson of Brighton, "weakens the mind like smoking, and is an excuse for its lying dormant. It is the idlest of all idlenesses, and leaves more of impotency than any other."

The evil is a growing one, and operates in various ways. Its least mischief is shallowness; its greatest, the aversion to steady labor which it induces, and the low and feeble tone of mind which it encourages. If we would be really wise, we must diligently apply ourselves, and confront the same continuous application which our forefathers did; for labor is still, and ever will be, the inevitable price set upon everything which is valuable. We must be satisfied to work with a purpose, and wait the result with patience.

Shallow Knowledge.

A little learning is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring; There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain, And drinking largely sobers us again. Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts, In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts, While from the bounded level of our mind Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind: But more advanced, behold the strange surprise, New distant scenes of endless science rise!

So pleased at first the towering Alps we try, Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky; Th' eternal snows appear already past, And the first clouds and mountains seem the last: But those attained, we tremble to survey The growing labors of the lengthened way; Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes, Hills creep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

ALEXANDER POPE.

All progress, of the best kind, is slow; but to him who works faithfully and zealously the reward will, doubtless, be vouchsafed in good time. The spirit of industry, embodied in man's daily life, will gradually lead him to exercise his powers on objects outside himself, of greater dignity and more extended usefulness. And still we must labor on; for the work of self-culture is never finished. "To be employed," said the poet Gray, "is to be happy." "It is better to wear out than rust out," said Bishop Cumberland. "Have we not all eternity to rest in?" exclaimed Arnauld.

The Use of One Talent.

It is the use we make of the powers intrusted to us, which constitutes our only just claim to respect. He who employs his one talent aright is as much to be honored as he to whom ten talents have been given. There is really no more personal merit attaching to the possession of superior intellectual powers than there is in the succession to a large estate. How are those powers used—how is that estate employed? The mind may accumulate large stores of knowledge without any useful purpose; but the knowledge must be allied to goodness and wisdom, and embodied in upright character, else it is naught.

Pestalozzi, the great educational reformer, even held intellectual training by itself to be pernicious; insisting that the roots of all knowledge must strike and feed in the soil of the rightly-governed will. The acquisition of knowledge may, it is true, protect a man against the meaner felonies of life; but not in any degree against its selfish vices, unless fortified by sound principles and habits. Hence do we find in daily life so many instances of men who are well-informed in intellect, but utterly deformed in character; filled with the learning of the schools, vet possessing little practical wisdom, and offering examples for warning rather than imitation. An often quoted expression at this day is that "Knowledge is power;" but so, also, are fanaticism, despotism and ambition. Knowledge of itself, unless wisely directed, might merely make bad men more dangerous, and the society in which it was regarded as the highest good, little better than a pandemonium.

Pernicious Education.

All knowledge is not uourishment. The mind May pine upon its food. In reckless thirst The scholar sometimes kneels beside the stream Polluted by the lepers of the mind. The sceptic, with his doubts of all things good And faith in all things evil, has been there, And, as the stream was mingled, he has strown The shore with all bright flowers to tempt the eye, And sloped the banks down gently for the feet; And Genius, like a fallen child of light, Has filled the place with magic, and compelled Most beautiful creations into forms And images of license, and they come And tempt you with bewildering grace to kneel, And drink of the wild waters; and behind Stand the strong Passions, pleading to go iu; And the approving world looks silent ou; Till the pleased mind conspires against itself, Aud finds a subtle reason why 'tis good.

We are deceived, though; even as we drink,
We taste the evil. In his sweetest tone,
The lying Tempter whispers in our ear,
"Though it may stain, 'twill strengthen your proud
wing;'

And in the wild ambition of the soul We drink anew, and dream like Lucifer To mount upon our daring draught to heaven.

our ear, engthen your proud soul Lucifer ght to heaven. N. P. WILLIS.

The possession of the mere materials of knowledge is something very different from wisdom and understanding, which are reached through a higher kind of discipline than that of reading-which is often but a mere passive reception of other men's thoughts; there being little or no active effort of mind in the transaction. Then how much of our reading is but the indulgence of a sort of intellectual dram-drinking, imparting a grateful excitement for a moment, without the slightest effect in improving and enriching the mind or building up the character. Thus many indulge themselves in the conceit that they are cultivating their minds, when they are only employed in the humbler occupation of killing time, of which perhaps the best that can be said is, that it keeps them from doing worse things.

It is also to be borne in mind that the experience gathered from books, though often valuable, is but of the nature of *learning;* whereas the experience gained from actual life is of the nature of *vvisdom;* and a small store of the latter is worth vastly more than any stock of the former. Some one has truly said that "Whatever study tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men and citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, and the knowledge we acquire by it only a creditable kind of ignorance—nothing more."

The Great Charter of Liberty.

Useful and instructive though good reading may be, it is yet only one mode of cultivating the mind; and is much less influential than practical experience and good example in the formation of character. There were wise, valiant and true-hearted men bred in England long before the existence of a reading public. Magna Charta, that great charter of human rights, was secured by men



THE BEAUTIES OF AUTUMN.

who signed the deed with their marks. Though altogether unskilled in the art of deciphering the literary signs by which principles were denominated upon paper, they yet understood and appreciated, and boldly contended for, the things themselves. Thus the foundations of English liberty were laid by men who, though illiterate, were nevertheless of the very highest stamp of character.

The Declaration of Independence.

It is worth noting that, at the time of our American Revolution, education was so widely diffused that those who pledged "life. liberty and sacred honor" in the immortal Declaration of Independence did it, not by making their marks, but by signing their names with their own hands. They were intelligent, educated men. They could think, and could see the results of their thinking and dir action. They were not all eminent scholars, but they knew enough to make America free, and there was no call just then for any higher attainments. They had knowledge enough to do what needed to be done. which was far better than to have the profoundest learning, yet without the practical wisdom that rendered our country free and independent.

It must be admitted that the chief object of culture is, not merely to fill the mind with other men's thoughts, and to be the passive recipient of their impressions of things, but to enlarge our individual intelligence, and render us more useful and efficient workers in the sphere of life to which we may be called. Many of the most energetic and useful workers have been but sparing readers. /Brindley and Stephenson did not learn to read and write until they reached manhood, and yet they did great works and lived manly lives.

John Hunter could barely read or write when he was twenty years old, though he could make tables and chairs with any carpenter in the trade. "I never read," said the great physiologist when lecturing before his class, "this"—pointing to some part of the subject before him—"this is the work that you must study if you wish to become eminent in your profession." When told that one of his contemporaries had charged him with being ignorant of the dead languages, he said: "I would undertake to teach him concerning the human body what he never knew in any language, dead or living."

The True Object of Knowledge.

It is not then how much a man may know, that is of importance, but the end and purpose for which he knows it. The object of knowledge should be to mature wisdom and improve character, to render us better, happier and more useful; more benevolent, more energetic, and more efficient in the pursuit of every purpose in life. When people once fall into the habit of admiring and encouraging ability as such without reference to moral character—and religious and political opinions are the concrete form of moral character—they are on the highway to all sorts of degradation.

We must ourselves be and do, and not rest satisfied merely with reading and meditating over what other men have been and done. Our best light must be made life, and our best thought action. At least we ought to be able to say, as Richter did, "I have made as much out of myself as could be made of the stuff, and no man should require more;" for it is every man's duty to discipline and guide himself, with God's help, according to his responsibilities and the faculties with which he has been endowed.

Self-discipline and self-control are the beginnings of practical wisdom: and these must have their root in self-respect. Hope springs from it-hope, which is the companion of power, and the mother of success; for who hopes strongly has within him the gift of miracles. The humblest may say: "To respect myself, to develop myself-this is my true duty in life. An integral and responsible part of the great system of society, I owe it to society and to its Author not to degrade or destroy either my body, mind or instincts. On the contrary, I am bound to the best of my power to give to those parts of my constitution the highest degree of perfection possible. I am not only to suppress the evil, but to evoke the good elements in my nature. And as I respect myself, so am I equally bound to respect others, as they on their part are bound to respect me." Hence mutual respect, justice and order, of which law becomes the written record and guarantee.

Reverence Yourself.

Self-respect is the noblest garment with which a man may clothe himself—the most elevating feeling with which the mind can be inspired. One of Pythagoras' wisest maxims, in his "Golden Verses," is that with which he enjoins the pupil to "reverence himself." Borne up by this high idea, he will not defile his body by sensuality, nor his mind by servile thoughts. This sentiment carried into daily life, will be found at the root of all the virtues—cleanliness, sobriety, chastity, morality and religion.

"The pious and just honoring of ourselves," said Milton, "may be thought the radical moisture and fountain-head from whence every laudable and worthy enterprise issues forth." To think meanly of one's self, is to sink in one's own estimation as well as in the estimation of others. And as the thoughts are, so will the acts be. Man cannot aspire if he looks down; if he will rise, he must look up. The very humblest may be sustained by the proper indulgence of this feeling. Poverty itself may be lifted and lighted up by self-respect; and it is truly a noble sight to see a poor man hold himself upright amid his temptations, and refuse to demean himself by low actions.

The Best Investment,

One way in which self-culture may be degraded is by regarding it too exclusively as a means of "getting on." Viewed in this light, it is unquestionable that education is one of the best investments of time and labor. In any line of life, intelligence will enable a man to adapt himself more readily to circumstances, suggest improved methods of working, and render him more apt, skilled and effective in all respects.

He who works with his head as well as his hands, will come to look at his business with a clearer eye; and he will become conscious of increasing power—perhaps the most cheering consciousness the human mind can cherish. The power of self-help will gradually grow; and in proportion to a man's self-respect, will he be armed against the temptation of low indulgences. Society and its actions will be regarded with quite a new interest, his sympathies will widen and enlarge, and he will thus be attracted to work for others as well as for himself.



ROYAL ROAD TO SUCCESS.

CHAPTER V.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO SUCCESS.



F the home, by example and precept, teaches children what they cught to be, there is a reasonable certainty that they will succeed in after-life. All true success must be in themselves. It is not something that will

come by luck or chance—not something that they can find and pick up as a boy might find a silver dollar in the street—not something that can be made for them and thrust upon them.

But suppose your children do not gain an overwhelming amount of worldly success. It is better that they should be worthy in character and life than that they should rule nations. Henry Clay once said, "I would rather be right than to be President."

"Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed;
Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain;
For all our acts to many issues lead;
And out of earnest purpose, pure and plain,
Enforced by honest toil of hand or brain,
The Lord will fashion, in His own good time
(Be this the laborer's proudly humble creed),
Such ends as, to His wisdom, fitliest chime
With His vast love's eternal harmonies.
There is no failure for the good and wise:
What though thy seed should fall by the wayside
And the birds snatch it;—yet the birds are fed;
Or they may bear it far across the tide,
To give rich harvests after thou art dead."

Self-culture may not end in eminence. The great majority of men, in all times, however enlightened, must necessarily be engaged in the ordinary avocations of industry; and no degree of culture which can be conferred upon the community at large

will ever enable them—even were it desirable, which it is not—to get rid of the daily work of society, which must be done. But this, we think, hay also be accomplished. We can elevate the condition of labor by allying it to noble thoughts, which confer a grace upon the lowliest as well as the highest rank. For no matter how poor or humble a man may be, the great thinker of this and other days may come in and sit down with him, and be his companion for the time, though his dwelling be the meanest hut.

Society in Yourself.

It is thus that the habit of well-directed reading may become a source of the greatest pleasure and self-improvement, and exercise a gentle coercion, with the most beneficial results, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct. And even though self-culture may not bring wealth, it will at all events give one the companionship of elevated thoughts. A nobleman once contemptuously asked of a sage, "What have you got by all your philosophy?" "At least I have got society in myself," was the wise man's reply.

But many are apt to feel despondent, and become discouraged in the work of self-culture, because they do not "get on" in the world so fast as they think they deserve to do. Having planted their acorn, they expect to see it grow into an oak at once. They have perhaps looked upon knowledge in the light of a marketable commodity, and are

consequently mortified because it does not sell as they expected it would do.

To regard self-culture either as a means of getting past others in the world, or of intellectual dissipation and amusement, rather than as a power to elevate the character and expand the spiritual nature, is to place it on a very low level. To use the words of Bacon, "Knowledge is not a shop for profit or sale but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate." It is doubtless most honorable for a man to labor to elevate himself, and to better his condition in society, but this is not to be done at the sacrifice of himself. To make the mind the mere drudge of the body, is putting it to a very servile use; and to go about whining and bemoaning our pitiful lot because we fail in achieving that success in life which, after all, depends rather upon habits of industry and attention to business details than upon knowledge, is the mark of a small, and often of a sour mind

Blessings that are Undeserved.

Such a temper cannot better be reproved than in the words of Robert Southey, who thus wrote to a friend who sought his counsel: "I would give you advice if it could be of use; but there is no curing those who choose to be diseased. A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it. If a man of education, who has health, eyes, hands and leisure, wants an object, it is only because God Almighty has bestowed all those blessings upon a man who does not deserve them."

Amusement in moderation is wholesome, and to be commended; but amusement in excess vitiates the whole nature, and is a thing to be carefully guarded against. The

maxim is often quoted of "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;" but all play and no work makes him something greatly worse. Nothing can be more hurtful to a youth than to have his soul sodden with pleasure. The best qualities of his mind are impaired; common enjoyments become tasteless; his appetite for the higher kind of pleasures is vitiated; and when he comes to face the work and the duties of life, the result is usually aversion and disgust.

The Bill Comes in Later.

"Fast" men waste and exhaust the powers of life, and dry up the sources of true happiness. Having forestalled their spring, they can produce no healthy growth of either character or intellect. A child without simplicity, a maiden without innocence, a boy without truthfulness, are not more piteous sights than the man who has wasted and thrown away his youth in self-indulgence. Mirabeau said of himself, "My early years have already in a great measure disinherited the succeeding ones, and dissipated a great part of my vital powers." As the wrong done to another to-day returns upon ourselves to-morrow, so the sins of our youth rise up in our age to scourge us. When Lord Bacon says that "strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses which are owing a man until he is old," he exposes a physical as well as a moral fact which cannot be too well weighed in the conduct of life.

"I assure you," wrote Giusti, the Italian, to a friend, "I pay a heavy price for existence. It is true that our lives are not at our own disposal. Nature pretends to give them gratis at the beginning, and then sends in her account." The worst of youthful indiscretions is, not that they destroy health so much as that they sully manhood. The dissipated



THE SOWER.

youth becomes a tainted man; and often he cannot be pure, even if he would. If cure there be, it is only to be found in inoculating the mind with a fervent spirit of duty, and in energetic application to useful work.

One of the most gifted of Frenchmen, in point of great intellectual endowments, was Benjamin Constant; but, "fast" at twenty, his life was only a prolonged wail, instead of a harvest of the great deeds which he was capable of accomplishing with ordinary diligence and self-control. He resolved upon doing so many things, which he never did, that people came to speak of him as Constant the Inconstant. He was a fluent and brilliant writer, and cherished the ambition of writing works "which the world would not willingly let die." But while Constant affected the highest thinking, unhappily he practiced the lowest living. With all his powers of intellect, he was powerless, because he had no faith in virtue.

A Remarkable Career.

The career of Augustin Thierry, the author of the "History of the Norman Conquest," affords an admirable contrast to that of Constant. His entire life presented a striking example of perseverance, diligence, self-culture and untiring devotion to knowledge. In the pursuit he lost his eyesight, lost his health, but never lost his love of truth. When so feeble that he was carried from room to room, like a helpless infant, in the arms of a nurse, his brave spirit never failed him; and blind and helpless though he was, he concluded his literary career in the following noble words:

"If, as I think, the interest of science is counted in the number of great national interests, I have given my country all that the soldier, mutilated on the field of battle, gives her. Whatever may be the fate of my

labors, this example, I hope, will not be lost. I would wish it to serve to combat the species of moral weakness which is the disease of our present generation; to bring back into the straight road of life some of those enervated souls that complain of wanting faith, that know not what to do, and seek everywhere, without finding it, an object of worship and admiration. Why say, with so much bitterness, that in the world, constituted as it is, there is no air for all lungs-no employment for all minds? Is not calm and serious study there? and is not that a refuge, a hope, a field within the reach of all of us? With it, evil days are passed over without their weight being felt. Every one can make his own destiny-every one employ his life nobly. This is what I have done, and would do again if I had to recommence my career; I would choose that which has brought me where I am. Blind and suffering without hope, and almost without intermission, I may give this testimony, which from me will not appear suspicious. There is something in the world better than sensual enjoyments, better than fortune, better than health itself-it is devotion to knowledge."

All for Want of Energy.

Robert Nicoll wrote to a friend, after reading the "Recollections of Coleridge," "What a mighty intellect was lost in that man for want of a little energy—a little determination!" Nicoll himself was a true and brave spirit, who died young, but not before he had encountered and overcome great difficulties in life. At his outset, while carrying on a small business as a bookseller, he found himself weighed down with a debt of only a hundred dollars, which he said he felt "weighing like a millstone round his neck." and that "if he had it paid he never would borrow again from mortal man."

Writing to his mother at the time, he said: "Fear not for me, dear mother, for I feel myself growing firmer and more hopeful in spirit. The more I think and reflect-and thinking, not reading, is now my occupation -I feel that, whether I be growing richer or ot, I am growing a wiser man, which is far better. Pain, poverty, and all the other wild beasts of life which so affrighten others, I am so bold as to think I could look in the face without shrinking, without losing respect for myself, faith in man's high destinies, or trust in God. There is a point which it costs much mental toil and struggling to gain, but which, when once gained, a man can look down from, as a traveler from a lofty mountain, on storms raging below, while he is walking in sunshine. That I have yet gained this point in life I will not say, but I feel myself daily nearer to it."

Difficulties the Making of Men.

It is not ease, but effort—not facility, but difficulty, that makes men. There is, perhaps, no station in life, in which difficulties have not to be encountered and overcome before any decided measure of success can be achieved. Those difficulties are, however, our best instructors, as our mistakes often form our best experience. Charles James Fox was accustomed to say that he hoped more for a man who failed, and yet went on in spite of his failure, than from the buoyant career of the successful.

"It is all very well," said he, "to tell me that a young man has distinguished himself by a brilliant first speech. He may go on, or he may be satisfied with his first triumph; but show me a young man who has not succeeded at first, and nevertheless has gone on, and I will back that young man to do better than most of those who have succeeded at the first trial."

We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success. We often discover what will do, by finding out what will not do: and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery. It was the failure in the attempt to make a sucking-pump act, when the working-bucket was more than thirtythree feet above the surface of the water to be raised that led observant men to study the law of atmospheric pressure, and opened a new field of research to the genius of Galileo, Torrecelli and Boyle. John Hunter used to remark that the art of surgery would not advance until professional men had the courage to publish their failures as well as their successes. Watt, the engineer, said of all things most wanted in mechanical engineering was a history of failures: "We want," he said, "a book of blots."

Success from Failure.

When Sir Humphry Davy was once shown a dexterously manipulated experiment, he said: "I thank God I was not made a dexterous manipulator, for the most important of my discoveries have been suggested to me by failures." Another distinguished investigator in physical science has left it on record that, whenever in the course of his researches he encountered an apparently insuperable obstacle, he generally found himself on the brink of some discovery. The very greatest things—great thoughts, great discoveries inventions—have usually been nurtured in hardship, often pondered over in sorrow, and at length established with difficulty.

Beethoven said of Rossini, that he had in him the stuff to have made a good musician if he had only, when a boy, been well flogged; but that he had been spoiled by the facility with which he composed. Men who feel their strength within them need not fear to encounter adverse opinions; they have far

greater reason to fear undue praise and too friendly criticism. When Mendelssohn was about to enter the orchestra at Birmingham, on the first performance of his "Elijah," he said, laughingly, to one of his friends and critics, "Stick your claws into me! Don't tell me what you like, but what you don't like!"

The Best Training.

It has been said, and truly, that it is the defeat that tries the general more than the victory. Washington lost more battles than he gained: but he succeeded in the end-The Romans, in their most victorious campaigns, almost invariably began with defeats. Moreau used to be compared by his companions to a drum, which nobody hears of except it be beaten. Wellington's military genius was perfected by encounter with difficulties of apparently the most overwhelming character, but which only served to move his resolution, and bring out more prominently his great qualities as a man and a general. So the skilful mariner obtains his best experience amid storms and tempests, which train him to self-reliance, courage, and the highest discipline; and we probably owe to rough seas and wintry nights the best training of our race of seamen, who are certainly not surpassed by any in the world.

Necessity may be a hard school-mistress, but she is generally found the best. Though the ordeal of adversity is one from which we naturally shrink, yet, when it comes, we must bravely and manfully encounter it. Burns says truly:

"Though losses and crosses

Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, you'll get there,
You'll find no other where,"

"Sweet indeed are the uses of adversity." They reveal to us our powers, and call forth our energies. If there be real worth in the character, like sweet herbs, it will give forth, its finest fragrance when pressed. "Crosses," says the old proverb, "are the ladders that lead to heaven." "What is even poverty itself," asks Richter, "that a man should murmur under it? It is but as the pain of piercing a maiden's ear, and you hang precious jewels in the wound."

Prosperity not always Beneficial.

In the experience of life it is found that the wholesome discipline of adversity in strong natures usually carries with it a self-preserving influence. Many are found capable of bravely bearing up under privations, and cheerfully encountering obstructions, who are afterward found unable to withstand the more dangerous influences of prosperity. It is only a weak man whom the wind deprives of his cloak; a man of average strength is more in danger of losing it when assailed by the beams of a too genial sun. Thus it often needs a higher discipline and a stronger character to bear up under good fortune than under adverse. Some generous natures kindle and warm with prosperity, but thereare many on whom wealth has no such influence. Base hearts it only hardens, making those who are mean and servile. mean and proud.

But while prosperity is apt to harden the heart to pride, adversity in a man of resolution will serve to ripen it into fortitude. To use the words of Burke, "Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental Guardian and instructor, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as He loves us better too. He that wrestles us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill; our antagonist is thus our helper." Without the necessity of encountering difficulty, life might be easier,

but men would be worth less. For trials, wisely improved, train the character, and teach self-help; thus hardship itself may often prove the wholesomest discipline for us, though we recognize it not.

When the gallant young Hodson, unjustly removed from his Indian command, felt himself sore pressed down by unmerited calumny and reproach, he yet preserved the courage to say to a friend, "I strive to look the worst boldly in the face, as I would an enemy in the field, and to do my appointed work resolutely and to the best of my ability, satisfied that there is a reason for all; and that even irksome duties well done bring their own reward, and that, if not, still they are duties."

The battle of life is, in most cases, fought uphill: and to win it without a struggle were perhaps to win it without honor. If there were no difficulties there would be no success: if there were nothing to struggle for, there would be nothing to be achieved. Difficulties may intimidate the weak, but they act only as a wholesome stimulus to men of resolution and valor. All experience of life, indeed, serves to prove that the impediments thrown in the way of human advancement may, for the most part, be overcome by steady good conduct, honest zeal, activity, perseverance and, above all, by a determined resolution to surmount difficulties, and stand up manfully against misfortune.

The Hill Difficulty.

It is a weary hill
Of moving sand that still
Shifts, struggle as we will,
Beneath our tread:
Of those who went before,
And tracked the desert o'er,
The footmarks are no more,
But gone and fled.

I gaze on that bright band,

Who on the summit stand,
To order and command,
Like stars on high:
Yet with despairing pace
My way I could retrace,
Or on this desert place
Sink down and die.

As we who toil and weep,
And with our weeping steep
The path o'er which we creep,
They had not striven;
They must have taken flight
To that serenest height,
And won it by the might
Of wings from heaven.
RICHARD CHENEUX TRENCH.

Grappling with Obstacles.

The school of difficulty is the best school of moral discipline, for nations as for individuals. Indeed, the history of difficulty would be but a history of all the great and good things that have vet been accomplished by men. It is hard to say how much northern nations owe to their encounter with a comparatively rude and changeable climate, and an originally sterile soil, which is one of the necessities of their condition-involving a perennial struggle with difficulties such as the natives of sunnier climes know nothing of. And thus it may be, that though our finest products are exotic, the skill and industry which have been necessary to rear them, have issued in the production of a native growth of men not surpassed on the globe.

Wherever there is difficulty, the individual man must come out for better or for worse. Encounter with it will train his strength, and discipline his skill; heartening him for future effort, as the racer, by being trained to run up the high hill, at length courses with facility. The road to success may be steep to climb, and it puts to the proof the energies of him who would reach the summit. But by experience a man soon learns that obstacles

are to be overcome by grappling with them; that the nettle feels as soft as silk when it is boldly grasped; and that the most effective help toward realizing the object proposed is the moral conviction that we can and will accomplish it. Thus difficulties often fall away of themselves before the determination to overcome them.

"Try, Try Again."

Much will be done if we do but try Nobody knows what he can do till he has tried; and few try their best till they have been forced to do it. "If I could do such and such a thing," sighs the desponding youth. But nothing will be done if he only wishes. The desire must ripen into purpose and effort; and one energetic attempt is worth a thousand aspirations. It is these thorny "ifs"-the mutterings of impotence and despair-which so often hedge round the field of possibility, and prevent anything being done or even attempted. "A difficulty," says a well-known author, " is a thing to be overcome;" grapple with it at once; facility will come with practice, and strength and fortitude with repeated effort. Thus the mind and character may be trained to an almost perfect discipline, and enabled to act with a grace, spirit and liberty, almost incomprehensible to those who have not passed through a similar experience.

Everything that we learn is the mastery of a difficulty; and the mastery of one helps to the mastery of others. Things which may at first sight appear comparatively valueless in education—such as the study of the dead languages, and the relations of lines and surfaces which we call mathematics—are really of the greatest practical value, not so much because of the information which they yield, as because of the development which they compel. The mastery of these studies

evokes effort, and cultivates powers of application, which otherwise might have lain dormant.

Thus one thing leads to another, and so the work goes on through life—encounter with difficulty ending only when life and culture end. But indulging in the feeling of discouragement never helped anyone over a difficulty, and never will. D'Alembert's advice to the student who complained to him about his want of success in mastering the first elements of mathematics was the right one, "Go on, sir, and faith and strength will come to you."

Henry Clay's Advice to Young Men.

The danseuse who turns a pirouette, the violinist who plays a sonata, have acquired their dexterity by patient repetition and after many failures. Carissimi, when praised for the ease and grace of his melodies, exclaimed, "Ah! you little know with what difficulty this ease has been acquired." Sir Joshua Reynolds, when once asked how long it had taken him to paint a certain picture, replied, "All my life."

When Dr. Lyman Beecher was asked how long it took him to prepare one of his masterly discourses that had just electrified thousands, he promptly replied, "Forty years." Henry Clay, when giving advice to young men, said, "I owe my success in life to one circumstance, that at the age of twenty-seven I began and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made, sometimes in a corn-field, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and the ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice of the art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading im-



pulses that stimulated me onward and have shaped and moulded my whole subsequent destiny."

Curran, the Irish orator, when a youth, had a strong defect in his articulation, and at school he was known as "stuttering Jack Curran." While he was engaged in the study of the law, and still struggling to overcome his defect, he was stung into eloquence by the sarcasms of a member of a debating club, who characterized him as "Orator Mum;" for, like Cowper, when he stood up to speak on a previous occasion, Curran had not been able to utter a word. The taunt stung him and he replied in a triumphant speech.

Practice Makes Perfect.

This accidental discovery in himself of the gift of eloquence encouraged him to proceed in his studies with renewed energy. He corrected his enunciation by reading aloud, emphatically and distinctly, the best passages in literature for several hours every day, studying his features before a mirror, and adopting a method of gesticulation suited to his rather awkward and ungraceful figure. He also proposed cases to himself, which he argued with as much care as if he had been addressing a jury.

Curran began business with the qualification which Lord Eldon stated to be the first requisite for distinction, that is, "to be not worth a shilling." While working his way laboriously at the bar, still oppressed by the diffidence which had overcome him in his debating club, he was on one occasion provoked by the Judge (Robinson) into making a very severe retort. In the case under discussion, Curran observed, "that he had never met the law as laid down by his lordship in any book in his library." "That may be, sir," said the judge, in a contemptuous tone,

"but I suspect that *your* library is very small." His lordship was notoriously a furious political partisan, the author of several anonymous pamphlets characterized by unusual violence and dogmatism.

Curran, roused by the allusion to his straightened circumstances, replied thus: "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly curtailed my library; my books are not numerous but they are select, and I hope they have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession by the study of a few good works, rather than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty: but I should be ashamed of my wealth, could I have stooped to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible."

Honorable Poverty.

Be thou clad in russet weed, Be thou decked in silken stole, Grave these counsels on thy soul: Say man's true, genuine estimate, The grand criterion of his fate, Is not, art thou high or low? Did thy fortune ebb or flow? Did many talents gild the span? Or frugal nature grudge thee one? Tell them, and press it on their mind, As thou thyself must shortly find, The smile or frown of awful Heaven To virtue or to vice is given. Say, to the just, and kind, and wise, There solid self-enjoyment lies; That foolish, selfish, faithless ways, Lead to the wretched, vile, and base. ROBERT BURNS.

The extremest poverty has been no obstacle in the way of men devoted to the duty

of self-culture. Professor Alexander Murray, the linguist, learned to write by scribbling his letters on an old wool-card with the end of a burned heather stem. The only book which his father, who was a poor shepherd, possessed, was a penny Shorter Catechism; but that, being thought too valuable for common use, was carefully preserved in a cupboard for the Sunday catechizings. Professor Moor, when a young man, being too poor to purchase Newton's "Principia," borrowed the book, and copied the whole of it with his own hand. Many poor students, while laboring daily for their living, have only been able to snatch an atom of knowledge here and there at intervals, as birds do their food in winter time when the fields are covered with snow. They have struggled on, and faith and hope have come to them.

The Pleasure of Hard Work.

A well-known author and publisher, William Chambers, of Edinburgh, speaking before an assemblage of young men in that city, thus briefly described to them his humble beginnings, for their encouragement: "I stand before you," he said, "a selfeducated man. My education is that which is supplied at the humble parish schools of Scotland; and it was only when I went to Edinburgh, a poor boy, that I devoted my evenings, after the labors of the day, to the cultivation of that intellect which the Almighty has given me. From seven or eight in the morning till nine or ten at night was I at my business as a bookseller's apprentice, and it was only during hours after these, stolen from sleep, that I could devote myself to study. I did not read novels: my attention was devoted to physical science, and other useful matters. I also taught myself French. I look back to those times with great pleasure, and am almost sorry I have

not to go through the same experience again; for I reaped more pleasure when I had not a sixpence in my pocket, studying in a garret in Edinburgh, than I now find when sitting amid all the elegancies and comforts of a parlor."

Story of Elihu Burritt.

The story of the "learned blacksmith" is so interesting and instructive, and points so clearly to the true sources of success that we take pleasure in inserting it here.

Elihu Burritt was the third son of a shoemaker, the youngest of ten children. was born in New Britain, Connecticut, on the 8th of December, 1810. The parents of this distinguished man were a pious and amiable couple. When about sixteen years' of age, Elihu was apprenticed to a blacksmith and made his home with his brother Elijah, an educated man, who had been driven from Georgia because of his antislavery proclivities. At one and twenty, when Elihu's apprenticeship expired, he became a student with his brother, who was the village schoolmaster. At the close of the term he returned to the shop, determined to make up the time he had lost, which he attempted to do by performing the work of two men and getting double pay.

In 1841 Burritt made his first appearance as a public lecturer, and about that time, or shortly after, he established a weekly paper entitled "The Christian Citizen." It was a very attractive, instructive and able paper. In its columns were articles of great value, and some of them have found their way into volumes of choice selections. In 1846 he made his first visit to England, where he published "Sparks from the Anvil." During the potato famine in Ireland, his appears to his fellow-countrymen for aid met with generous responses. In 1863 Mr. Burritt

made a second visit to England, and during the summer season he walked from London to John O'Groat's, the most northern point of Scotland, and afterward gave an account of his journey in a fascinating book.

Left an Honored Name.

Two years later, resident Lincoln apapointed him to the office of U.S. Consul at Birmingham, and for five years he filled the position with honor to his country and credit to himself. His leisure was filled with literary labor and occasional speech-making in favor of temperance, peace, international arbitration, coperative employment, cheap Postage, etc. He was an emphatic and enthusiastic advocate of peace, writing essays and delivering addresses, and doing all that he could to help the cause along. In 1870 he returned to his native town, where he died on the 8th of March, 1879. In the words of Mr. Frederick Sherlock, in his beautiful book entitled "Illustrious Abstainers," "He left to his country the sweet fragrance of a name which will be ever honored as amongst the noblest of the age in which he lived, and bequeathed to the world a glorious example of self-culture, which, we doubt not, will be potential for good through all time."

What a lesson is here in the life of this good man. The son of a poor shoemaker; a blacksmith's apprentice and student; a journeyman, mastering many languages; a lecturer, editor and author; an iconoclast reformer, swinging his battle-axe with more force than he did the hammer; a representative man at home and abroad, admired and honored for his learning and culture, and for his great ability. Above and beyond all this, he was a modest, Christian gentleman, seeking in every way to proclaim the gospel of "peace on earth and goodwill to men."

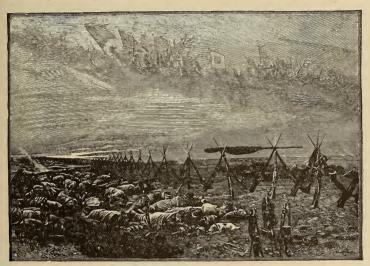
Some men are not so great in their own estimation as they are in that of others. What they have done has been the result of such a gradual preparation, that they are not conscious of their own power, and their deeds have been so long before the world that they have become household names. Some never blow their own trumpet, but keep themselves quite behind the curtain, and present their cause in a modest, yet earnest manner. Such generally succeed in their undertakings, and eventually secure lasting fame if their cause is a worthy one.

His Works Spoke for Him.

Those who talk about themselves more than about their cause are sure to fail, and they merit the contempt they have earned. It is easy to be courageous when there is no danger, but cowardly in times of great difficulty. Some spend their time in boasting in a pompous manner what they intend to do, but never commence the task while others do the work, and let it speak for itself.

Elihu Burritt's works spoke for him. remarkable man, who was a living, speaking polyglott, was also an excellent mathematician. Figures tumbled from his pencil like seeds from a sack. He commanded a graphic pen, and some of his essays and sketches are classed with the best efforts in the language. He was also a good Samaritan, a philanthropist and reformer, with a soft heart in his bosom. Believing that God made of one blood all the nations of the earth, he aimed to unite them by the fraternal links of brotherhood. He looked upon war as an inexcusable evil, and labored manfully for its extinction, He would dismantle the arsenal, disband the army, spike the cannon and reforge the sword and cutlass, turning them into agricultural implements. He would take our ships of war and lade them to the water's edge with food and clothing for the poor. He said the ballast should be round clams, or the real juahaugs, heavy as cast-iron and capital for roasting. Then he would build along up, filling every square inch with well-cured proprovisions. He would have a hogshead of bacon mounted into every porthole, each of which should discharge fifty hams a minute when the ship was brought into action, and

thrown into Keil by the besieging armies; he would barricade the low, narrow streets with loaves of bread, would throw up a breastwork clear around the market-place of barrels of flour, pork and beef, and in the middle raise a stack of salmon and codfish as large as a Methodist meeting-house, with a steeple to it, and the bell should ring to all the city bells, and the city bells should ring



THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

the state-rooms should be filled with well-made garments, and the taut cordage and the long tapering spires should be festooned with boys' jackets and trowsers.

Then, when there should be no more room for another codfish or herring or sprig of catnip, he would run up the white flag of peace. He would throw as many hams into a famine-stricken city in twenty-four hours as there were bomb-shells and cannon-balls

to all the people to come to market and buy provisions without money and without price

And white flags should everywhere wave in the breeze on the vanes of steeples, on mastheads, on flagstones along the embattled walls, on the ends of willow sticks borne by romping, laughing, trooping children. All the blood-colored drapery of war should bow and blush before the stainless standard of peace.

It is a notable fact that the great majority of American boys who have become famous had to struggle hard with poverty. It is related of Martin Van Buren that he used to learn his lessons in the evening by the light of a pine knot, blazing in the old country fireplace. This was cheaper than even a tallow candle.

A Poor, Barefooted Boy.

Sir Walter Scott was accustomed to cite the case of his young friend John Leyden as one of the most remarkable illustrations of the power of perseverance which he had ever known. The son of a shepherd in one of the wildest valleys in Roxburgshire, he was almost entirely self-educated. Like many Scotch shepherds' sons-like Hogg, who taught himself to write by copying the letters of a printed book as he lay watching his flock on the hillside-like Cairns, who from tending sheep on the Lammermoors, raised himself by dint of application and industry to the professor's chair which he filled with honor-like Murray, Ferguson and many more, Leyden was early inspired by a thirst for knowledge. When a poor barefooted boy he walked six or eight miles across the moors daily to learn reading at the little village schoolhouse of Kirkton; and this was all the education he received: the rest he acquired for himself.

He found his way to Edinburgh to attend the college there, setting the extremest penury at defiance. He was first discovered as the frequenter of a small booksellers' shop kept by Archibald Constable, afterward so well known as a publisher. He would pass hour after hour perched on a ladder in midair, with some great folio in his hand, forgetful of the scanty meal of bread and water which awaited him at his miserable lodging. Access to books and lectures comprised all

within the bounds of his wishes. Thus he toiled and battled at the gates of science until his unconquerable perseverance carried everything before it.

Before he had attained his nineteenth year he had astonished all the professors in Edinburgh by his profound knowledge of Greek and Latin, and the general mass of information he had acquired. Having turned his views to India, he sought employment in the civil service, but failed. He was, however, informed that a surgeon's assistant's commission was open to him. But he was no surgeon, and knew no more of the profession than a child. He could, however, learn, Then he was told that he must be ready to pass in six months! Nothing daunted, he took his degree with honor. Scott and a few friends helped to fit him out; and he sailed for India, after publishing his beautiful poem, "The Scenes of Infancy." In India he promised to become one of the greatest of Oriental scholars, but was unhappily cut off by fever caught by exposure, and died at an early age.

A Dull Genius.

The life of the late Dr. Lee, Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, furnishes one of the most remarkable instances in modern times of the power of patient perseverance and resolute purpose in working out an honorable career in literature. He received his education at a charity school at Lognor, Shrewsbury, but so little distinguished himself there, that his master pronounced him one of the dullest boys that ever passed through his hands.

He was put apprentice to a carpenter, and worked at that trade until he arrived at manhood. To occupy his leisure hours he took to reading; and, some of the books containing Latin quotations, he became desirous of

ascertaining what they meant. He bought a Latin grammar, and proceeded to learn Latin. As Stone, the Duke of Argyle's gardener, said, long before, "Does one need to know anything more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn everything else that one wishes." Lee rose early and sat up late, and sat up late, and he succeeded in mastering the Latin before his apprenticeship was out. While working one day in some place of worship, a copy of a Greek Testament fell in his way, and he was immediately filled with the desire to learn that language. He accordingly sold some of his Latin books. and purchased a Greek Grammar and Lexicon. Taking pleasure in learning, he soon mastered the language.

"The Learned Carpenter."

Then he sold his Greek books, and bought Hebrew ones, and learned that language, unassisted by any instructor, without any hope of fame or reward, but simply following the bent of his genius. He next proceeded to learn the Chaldee, Syriac and Samaritan dialects. But his studies began to tell upon his health, and brought on disease in his eyes through his long night-watchings with his books. Having laid them aside for a time and recovered his health, he went on with his daily work. His character as a tradesman being excellent, his business improved, and his means enabled him to marry, which he did when twenty-eight years old.

He determined now to devote himself to the maintenance of his family, and to renounce the luxury of literature; accordingly he sold all his books. He might have continued a working carpenter all his life, had not the chest of tools upon which he depended for subsistence been destroyed by fire, and destitution stared him in the face. He was too poor to buy new tools, so he

bethought him of teaching children their letters—a profession requiring the least possible capital. But though he had mastered many languages, he was so defective in the common branches of knowledge, that at first he could not teach them. Resolute of purpose, however, he assiduously set to work, and taught himself arithmetic and writing to such a degree as to be able to impart the knowledge of these branches to little children.

The Top Round of the Ladder.

His unaffected, simple and beautiful character gradually attracted friends, and the acquirements of the "learned carpenter" became bruited abroad. Dr. Scott, a neighboring clergyman, obtained for him the appointment of master of a charity school in Shrewsbury, and introduced him to a distinguished Oriental scholar. These friends supplied him with books, and Lee successively mastered Arabic, Persic and Hindostance. He continued to pursue his studies while on duty as a private in the local militia of the county; gradually acquiring greater proficiency in languages. At length his kind patron, Dr. Scott, enabled Lee to enter Queen's College, Cambridge; and after a course of study, in which he distinguished himself by his mathematical acquirements, a vacancy occurring in the professorship of Arabic and Hebrew, he was worthily elected to fill the honorable office.

Besides ably performing his duties as a professor, he voluntarily gave much of his time to the instruction of missionaries going forth to preach the Gospel to Eastern tribes in their own tongue. He also made translations of the Bible into several Asiatic dialects; and having mastered the New Zealand language, he arranged a grammar and

vocabulary for two New Zealand chiefs who were then in England, which books are now in daily use in the New Zealand schools. Such, in brief, is the remarkable history of Dr. Samuel Lee; and it is but the counterpart of numerous similarly instructive examples of the power of perseverance in self-culture, as displayed in the lives of many of the most distinguished of our literary and scientific men.

An Iron Will and a Stout Heart.

Faith, firmness, confidence, consistency—these are well allied;

Yea, let a man press on in aught, he shall not lack of honor:

For such a one seemeth as superior to the native instability of creatures;

That he doeth, he doeth as a god, and men will marvel at his courage.

Even in crimes, a partial praise cannot be denied to daring,

And many fearless chiefs have won the friendship of a foe.

Confidence is conqueror of men; victorious both over them and in them;

The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand quail:

A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will turn the tide of battle,

And rally to a nobler strife the giants that had fled: The tenderest child, unconscious of a fear, will shame the man to danger,

And when he dared it, danger died, and faith had vanquished fear. Boldness is akin to power: yea, because ignorance

Boldness is akin to power: yea, because ignorance is weakness,

Knowledge with unshrinking might will nerve the vigorous hand.

M. F. TUPPER.

There are many other illustrious names which might be cited to prove the truth of the common saying that "it is never too late to learn." Even at advanced years men can do much, if they will determine on making a beginning. Benjamin Franklin was fifty before he fully entered upon the study of Natural Philosophy. Dryden and Scott

were not known as authors until each was in his fortieth year. James Watt, when about forty, while working at his trade of an instrument-maker in Glasgow, learned French, German and Italian, to enable himself to peruse the valuable works on mechanical philosophy which existed in those languages. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. Indeed, hundreds of instances might be given of men who struck out an entirely new path, and successfully entered on new studies, at a comparatively advanced time of life. None but the frivolous or the indolent will say, "I am too old to learn."

Men who Move the World.

And here we would repeat what we have said before, that it is not men of genius who move the world and take the lead in it, so much as men of steadfastness, purpose and indefatigable industry. Notwithstanding the many undeniable instances of the precocity of men of genius, it is nevertheless true that early cleverness gives no indication of the height to which the grown man will reach. Precocity is sometimes a symptom of disease rather than of intellectual vigor.

What becomes of all the "remarkably clever children?" Where are the prodigies and prize-boys? Trace them through life, and it will frequently be found that the dull boys, who were beaten at school, have shot ahead of them. The clever boys are rewarded, but the prizes which they gain by their greater quickness and facility do not always prove of use to them. What ought rather to be rewarded is the endeavor, the struggle and the obedience; for it is the youth who does his best, though endowed with an inferiority of natural powers, that ought above all others to be encouraged.

An interesting chapter might be written



on the subject of illustrious dunces—dull boys, but brilliant men. We have room, however, for only a few instances. Isaac Newton, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowest form but one. The boy above Newton having kicked him, the dunce showed his pluck by challenging him to a fight, and beat him. Then he set to work with a will, and determined also to vanquish his antagonist as a scholar, which he did, rising to the top of his class.

Brilliant Dunces.

Many of our greatest divines have been anything but precocious. Isaac Barrow, when a boy at the Charterhouse School. was notorious chiefly for his strong temper, pugnacious habits, and proverbial idleness as a scholar; and he caused such grief to his parents that his father used to say that, if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, the least promising of them all. Adam Clarke, when a boy, was proclaimed by his father to be "a grievous dunce;" though he could roll large stones about. The well-known Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Cook, late Professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrew's, were boys together at the parish school; and they were found so stupid and mischievous, that the master, irritated beyond measure, dismissed them both as incorrigible dunces.

The brilliant Sheridan showed so little capacity as a boy, that he was presented to a tutor by his mother with the complimentary accompaniment that he was an incorrigible dunce. Walter Scott was all but a dunce when a boy. At the Edinburgh University, Professor Dalzell pronounced upon him the sentence that "Dunce he was, and dunce he would remain." Chatterton was returned on his mother's hands as "a fool, of whom nothing could be made." Burns

was a dull boy, good only at athletic exercises. Goldsmith spoke of himself as a plant that flowered late. Alfieri left college no wiser than he entered it, and did not begin the studies by which he distinguished himself until he had run half over Europe.

Robert Clive was a dunce, if not a reprobate, when a youth; but always full of energy, even in badness. His family, glad to get rid of him, shipped him off to Madras; and he lived to lay the foundations of the British power in India. Napoleon and Wellington were both dull boys, not distinguishing themselves in any way at school. A writer observes that the Duke's talents seem never to have developed themselves until some active and practical field for their display was placed immediately before him. He was long described by his Spartan mother, who thought him a dunce, as only "food for powder." He gained no sort of distinction. either at Eton or at the French Military College of Angers. It is not improbable that a competitive examination, at this day, might have excluded him from the army.

Grant and Stonewall Jackson.

Ulysses Grant, the commander-in-chief of the Federal army, was called "Useless Grant" by his mother—he was so dull and unhandy when a boy; and Stonewall Jackson, Lee's greatest lieutenant, was, in his youth, chiefly noted for his slowness. While a pupil at West Point Military Academy he was, however, equally remarkable for his indefatigable application and perseverance. When a task was set him, he never left it until he had mastered it: nor did he ever feign to possess knowledge which he had not entirely acquired. "Again and again," wrote one who knew him, "when called upon to answer questions in the recitation of the day, he would reply: 'I have not looked at it; I

have been engaged in mastering the recitation of yesterday or the day before.' The result was that he graduated seventeenth in a class of seventy. There was probably in the whole class not a boy to whom Jackson at the outset was not inferior in knowledge and attainments; but at the end of the race he had only sixteen before him, and had outstripped no fewer than fifty-three. It used to be said of him by his contemporaries, that if the course had been for ten years instead of four, Jackson would have graduated at the head of his class."

The Swift Tortoise.

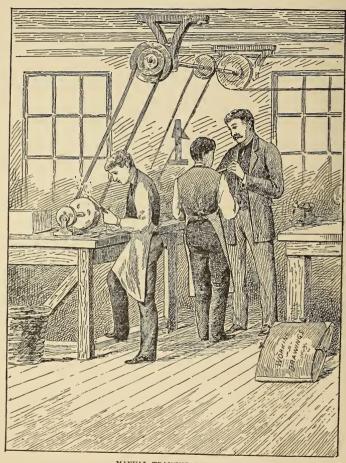
John Howard, the philanthropist, was another illustrious dunce, learning next to nothing during the seven years that he was at school. The brilliant Sir Humphry Davy was no cleverer than other boys: his teacher. Dr. Cardew, once said of him: "While he was with me I could not discern the faculties by which he was so much distinguished." Indeed, Davy himself in after life considered it fortunate that he had been left to "enjoy so much idleness" at school. Watt was a dull scholar, notwithstanding the stories told about his precocity; but he was, what was better, patient and perseverant, and it was by such qualities, and by his carefully cultivated inventiveness, that he was enabled to perfect his steam-engine.

What Dr. Arnold said of boys is equally true of men—that the difference between one boy and another consists not so much in talent as in energy. Given perseverance, and energy soon becomes habitual. Provided the dunce has persistency and application, he will inevitably head the cleverer fellow without those qualities. Slow but sure wins

the race. It is perseverance that explains how the positions of boys at school are so often reversed in real life; and it is curious to note how some who were then so clever have since become so commonplace; while others, dull boys, of whom nothing was expected, slow in their faculties but sure in their pace, have assumed the position of leaders of men.

The tortoise in the right road will beat a racer in the wrong. It matters not, though a youth be slow, if he be but diligent. Quickness of parts may even prove a defect; inasmuch as the boy who learns readily will often forget as readily; and also because he finds no need of cultivating that quality of application and perseverance which the slower youth is compelled to exercise, and which proves so valuable an element in the formation of every character. Davy said, "What I am I have made myself;" and the same holds true universally.

To conclude: the best culture is not obtained from teachers when at school or college, so much as by our own diligent self-education when we have become men. Hence parents need not be in too great haste to see their children's talents forced into bloom. Let them watch and wait patiently. letting good example and quiet training do their work, and leave the rest to Providence. Let them see to it that the youth is provided, by free exercise of his bodily powers, with a full stock of physical health; set him fairly on the road of self-culture; carefully train his habits of application and perseverance; and as he grows older, if the right stuff be in him, he will be enabled vigorously and effectively to cultivate himself, and make sure of success.



MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SCHOOL OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

OU may go to school all your life and yet be a dunce. Your head may be a library stuffed with book knowledge, yet you may not know enough to hoe a hill of beans. You may lack

that practical wisdom and tact which make a success of life. You may be like the man who invented a folding-bed, got shut up in it, set to work to invent a way to get out, while his wife with hammer and saw liberated him just as he was about smothering to death. You may have talents bright as the sun, yet be dependent on very ordinary people. You may be a know-everything and a do-nothing.

It is well to have knowledge and be famous for learning and general information. If success came from the knowing, you would be fortunate. The world is full of learned dunces. They can expound politics, foretell the weather, quote history, spin theories as long as an ocean cable, discourse on philosophy and religion, be reckoned as men of wonderful attainments, and live on what their wives earn by doing washing for their neighbors.

You may be a very successful dreamer and theorizer, yet in practical life—bread-and-butter life—you may be a big failure—a failure even compared with the dusky boot-black around the corner who can shine a pair of shoes and do it well. This is not saying knowledge and education are of no account; it is saying that you may lack a certain tact, a power of applying what you

know, and may utterly fail in the practical work of life.

Who learns and learns, but acts not what he knows, Is one who ploughs and ploughs, but never sows.

The world will not start of itself and go for you. You must make it go. It will not turn round while you look on and do nothing. It will turn round if you are at the crank to make it turn. And you must know how to do the turning. Do not stand still and look on; you may stand and stare until the heavens roll together and be no better for it. You cannot save your linen; it will get soiled. Never mind, but roll up your sleeves and go at it. Better soiled linen than none at all. You cannot play the gentleman if you ever expect to accomplish anything of importance. Of all the big fortunes in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and other cities, every one was made by hard work and "horny hands;" not one would know a pair of kid gloves without an introduction.

You Must Face the Hard Facts.

We have been speaking of practical wisdom, and practical wisdom is only to be learned in the school of experience. Precepts and instructions are useful so far as they go, but, without the discipline of real life, they remain of the nature of theory only. The hard facts of existence have to be faced, to give that touch of truth to character which can never be imparted by reading or tuition, but only by contact with the broad instincts of common men and women.

To be worth anything, character must be capable of standing firm upon its feet in the world of daily work, temptation, and trial; and able to bear the wear-and-tear of actual life. Cloistered virtues do not count for much. The life that rejoices in solitude may be only rejoicing in selfishness. Seclusion may indicate contempt for others; though more usually it means indolence, cowardice, or self-indulgence. To every human being belongs his fair share of manful toil and human duty; and it cannot be shirked without loss to the individual himself, as well as to the community to which he belongs.

You Must Know Yourself.

It is only by mixing in the daily life of the world, and taking part in its affairs, that practical knowledge can be acquired and wisdom learned. It is there that we find our chief sphere of duty, that we learn the discipline of work, and that we educate ourselves in that patience, diligence, and endurance which shape and consolidate the character. There we encounter the difficulties, trials, and temptations which, according as we deal with them, give a color to our entire after-life; and there, too, we become subject to the great discipline of suffering, from which we learn far more than from the safe seclusion of the study or the cloister.

Contact with others is also requisite to enable a man to know himself. It is only by mixing freely in the world that one can form a proper estimate of his own capacity. Without such experience, one is apt to become conceited, puffed up, and arrogant; at all events, he will remain ignorant of himself, though he may heretofore have enjoyed no other company.

Swift once said: "It is an uncontroverted truth, that no man ever made an ill-figure

who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them." Many persons, however, are readier to take measure of the capacity of others than of themselves. "Bring him to me," said a certain Dr. Tronchin, of Geneva, speaking of Rousseau—"bring him to me, that I may see whether he has got anything in him!"—the probability being that Rousseau, who knew himself better, was much more likely to take measure of Tronchin than Tronchin was to take measure of him.

A due amount of self-knowledge is, therefore, necessary for those who would be anything or do anything in the world. It is also one of the first essentials to the formation of distinct personal convictions. Frederick Perthes once said to a young friend, "You know only too well what you can do; but till you have learned what you cannot do, you will neither accomplish anything of moment nor know inward peace."

The Value of Common Sense.

Any one who would profit by experience will never be above asking help. He who thinks himself already too wise to learn of others, will never succeed in doing anything either good or great. We have to keep our minds and hearts open, and never be ashamed to learn, with the assistance of those who are wiser and more experienced than ourselves.

The man made wise by experience endeavors to judge correctly of the things which come under his observation, and form the subject of his daily life. What we call common sense is, for the most part, but the result of common experience wisely improved. Nor is great ability necessary to acquire it, so much as patience, accuracy and watchfulness. Hazlitt thought the most sensible people to be met with are intelligent men

of business and of the world, who argue from what they see and know, instead of spinning cobweb distinctions of what things ought to be.

The Tact of Women.

For the same reason, women often display more good sense than men, having fewer pretensions, and judging of things naturally, by the involuntary impression they make on the mind. Their intuitive powers are quicker, their perceptions more acute, their sympathies more lively, and their manners more adaptive to particular ends. Hence their greater tact as displayed in the management of others, women of apparently slender intellectual powers often contriving to control and regulate the conduct of men of even the most impracticable nature. Pope paid a high compliment to the tact and good sense of Mary, Oueen of William III, when he described her as possessing, not a science, but (what was worth all else) prudence.

The whole of life may be regarded as a great school of experience, in which men and women are the pupils. As in a school, many of the lessons learned there must needs be taken on trust. We may not understand them, and may possibly think it hard that we have to learn them, especially where the teachers are trials, sorrows, temptations and difficulties; and yet we must not only accept their lessons, but recognize them as being divinely appointed.

To what extent have the pupils profited by their experience in the school of life? What advantage have they taken of their opportunities for learning? What have they gained in discipline of heart and mind?—how much in growth of wisdom, courage, self-control? Have they preserved their integrity amidst prosperity, and enjoyed life in temperance and moderation? Or, has life

been with them a mere feast of selfishness, without care or thought for others? What have they learned from trial and adversity? Have they learned patience, submission and trust in God? Or have they learned nothing but impatience, querulousness and discontent?

The results of experience are, of course, only to be achieved by living; and living is a question of time. The man of experience learns to rely upon time as his helper. "Time and I against any two," was a maxim of Cardinal Mazarin. Time has been described as a beautifier and as a consoler; but it is also a teacher. It is the food of experience, the soil of wisdom. It may be the friend or the enemy of youth; and time will sit beside the old as a consoler or as a tormentor, according as it has been used or misused, and the past life has been well or ill spent.

Ing Web of Time.

Ceaselessly the weaver, Time, Sitteth at his mystic loom, Keeps his arrowy shuttle flying-Every thread anears our dying-And with melancholy chime, Very low and sad withal, Sings his solemn madrigal As he weaves our web of doom. "Mortals!" thus he, weaving, sings, "Bright or dark the web shall be, As ye will it, all the tissues Blending in harmonious issues Or discordant colorings; Time the shuttle drives, but you Give to every thread its hue, And elect your destiny."

W. H. BURLEIGH.

Making the Most of To-Day.

For To-day the lists are set, and thou must bear thee bravely,

Tilting for honor, duty, life or death without reproach:

To-day is the trial of thy fortitude, O dauntless

Mandan chief!

To-day is thy watch, O sentinel; to-day thy reprieve, O captive;

What more? To-day is the golden chance wherewith to snatch fruition.

Be glad, grateful, temperate: there are asps among the figs.

For the potter's clay is in thy hands, to mould it or to mar it at thy will,

Or idly to leave it in the sun, an uncouth lump to harden.

O bright presence of To-day, let me wrestle with thee, gracious angel;

I will not let thee go except thou bless me; bless me, then, To-day;

O sweet garden of To-day, let me gather of thee, precious Eden;

I have stolen bitter knowledge, give me fruits of life To-day;

O true temple of To-day, let me worship in thee, glorious ${\it Zion}$;

I find none other place nor time than where I am To-day,

O living rescue of To-day, let me run unto thee, ark of refuge;

I see none other hope nor chance, but standeth in To-day;

O rich banquet of To-day, let me feast upon thee, saving manna:

I have none other food nor store, but daily bread To-day!

M. F. TUPPER.

How to Meet Discouragements.

To the young, how bright the new world looks!—how full of novelty, of enjoyment, of pleasure! But as years pass, we find the world to be a place of sorrow as well as of joy. As we proceed through life, many dark vistas open upon us—of toil, suffering, difficulty, perhaps misfortune and failure. Happy they who can pass through and amidst such trials with a firm mind and pure heart, encountering trials with cheerfulness, and standing erect beneath even the heaviest burden!

A little youthful ardor is a great help in life, and is useful as an energetic motivepower. It is gradually cooled down by time, no matter how glowing it has been, while it is trained and subdued by experience. But it is a healthy and hopeful indication of character—to be encouraged in a right direction, and not to be sneered down and repressed. It is a sign of a vigorous, unselfish nature, as egotism is of a narrow and selfish one; and to begin life with egotism and self-sufficiency is fatal to all breadth and vigor of character. Life, in such a case, would be like a year in which there was no spring.

The Spring-Time of Life.

Without a generous seed-time, there will be an unflowering summer and an unproductive harvest. And youth is the springtime of life, in which, if there be not a fair share of enthusiasm, little will be attempted, and still less done. It also considerably helps the working quality, inspiring confidence and hope, and carrying confidence and hope are the con

Joseph Lancaster, when a boy only fourteen years of age, formed the resolution of leaving his home and going out to the West Indies to teach the poor blacks to read the Bible. And he actually set out with a Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress" in his bundle, and only a few shillings in his purse. He even succeeded in reaching the West Indies, doubtless very much at a loss how to set about his proposed work; but in the mean time his distressed parents, having discovered whither he had gone, had him speedily brought back, yet with his enthusiasm unabated; and from that time forward he unceasingly devoted himself to the truly philanthropic work of educating the desitute poor.

He was only twenty years of age when he opened his first school in a spare room in his father's house, which was soon filled with the destitute children of the neighborhood. The room was shortly found too small for the numbers seeking admission, and one place after another was hired, until at length Lancaster had a special building erected, capable of accommodating a thousand pupils, outside of which was placed the following notice: "All that will, may send their children here and have them educated freely; and those that do not wish to have education for nothing may pay for it, if they please."

Perseverance of Columbus.

There needs all the force that enthusiasm can give to enable a man to succeed in any great enterprise of life. Without it, the obstruction and difficulty he has to encounter on every side might compel him to succumb; but with courage and perseverance, inspired by enthusiasm, a man feels strong enough to face any danger, to grapple with any difficulty. What an enthusiasm was that of Columbus, who, believing in the existence of a new world, braved the dangers of unknown seas; and when those about him despaired and rose up against him, threatening to cast him into the sea, still stood firm upon his hope and courage until the great new world at length rose upon the horizon!

The brave man will not be baffled, but tries and tries again until he succeeds. The tree does not fall at the first stroke, but only by repeated strokes and after great labor. We may see the visible success at which a man has arrived, but forget the toil and suffering and peril through which it has been achieved. When a friend of Marshal Lefevre was complimenting him on his possessions and good fortune, the marshal said: "You envy me, do you? Well, you shall have these things at a better bargain than I had. Come into the field: I'll fire at you with a gun twenty times at thirty paces, and if I

don't kill you, all shall be your own. What! you won't! Very well; recollect, then, that I have been shot at more than a thousand times, and much nearer, before I arrived at the state in which you now find me!"

The apprenticeship of difficulty is one which the greatest of men have had to serve. It is usually the best stimulus and discipline of character. It often evokes powers of action that, but for it, would have remained dormant. As comets are sometimes revealed by eclipses, so heroes are brought to light by sudden calamity. It seems as if, in certain cases, genius, like iron struck by the flint, needed the sharp and sudden blow of adversity to bring out the divine spark. There are natures which blossom and ripen amidst trials, which would only wither and decay in an atmosphere of ease and comfort.

Difficulties are Blessings.

Thus it is good for men to be roused into action and stiffened into self-reliance by difficulty, rather than to slumber away their lives in useless apathy and indolence. It is the struggle that is the condition of victory. If there were no difficulties, there would be no need of efforts; if there were no temptations, there would be no training in self-control, and but little merit in virtue; if there were no trial and suffering, there would be no education in patience and resignation. Thus difficulty, adversity, and suffering are not all evil, but often the best source of strength, discipline, and virtue.

For the same reason, it is often of advantage for a man to be under the necessity of having to struggle with poverty and conquer it. "He who has battled," says Carlyle, "were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the provision wagons, or

even rest unwatchfully 'abiding by the stuff.'"

Scholars have found poverty tolerable compared with the privation of intellectual food. Riches weigh much more heavily upon the mind. "I cannot but say to poverty," said Richter, "Be welcome! so that thou come not too late in life."

Poverty Makes the World Rich.

The Spaniards are even said to have meanly rejoiced in the poverty of Cervantes, but for which they supposed the production af his great works might have been prevented. When the Archbishop of Toledo visited the French ambassador at Madrid, the gentlemen in the suite of the latter expressed their high admiration of the writings of the author of "Don Quixote," and intimated their desire of becoming acquainted with one who had given them so much pleasure. The answer they received was, that Cervantes had borne arms in the service of his country, and was now old and poor. "What!" exclaimed one of the Frenchmen. "is not Señor Cervantes in good circumstances? Why is he not maintained, then, out of the public treasury?" "Heaven forbid!" was the reply, "that his necessities should be ever relieved, if it is those which make him write; since it is his poverty that makes the world rich!"

It is not prosperity so much as adversity, not wealth so much as poverty, that stimulates the perseverance of strong and healthy natures, rouses their energy and develops their character. Burke said of himself: "I was not rocked and swaddled and dandled into a legislator. 'I strive against opposition' is the motto for a man like you." Some men only require a great difficulty set in their way to exhibit the force of their character and genius; and that difficulty,

once conquered, becomes one of the greatest incentives to their farther progress.

It is a mistake to suppose that men succeed through success; they much oftener succeed through failure. Soon after Dr. Stephen H. Tyng took charge of his first church in North Carolina he was to have a number of prominent men, lawyers, judges and others, in his congregation one Sabbath morning, and attempted, as usual, to deliver an unwritten sermon. The result was a flat failure. On the way home his wife said, "I trust you will now give up the idea of ever becoming an extempore preacher; better stick to your notes." The prompt, emphatic reply was, "I will become an extempore speaker." The early failures ended in brilliant successes, and afterward for many years, while settled in New York, Dr. Tyng was considered the most gifted and eloquent platform orator of his time. On every great occasion his presence was eagerly sought, and thousands hung upon his lips with delight. He was a man whom failures could not defeat.

Success Through Failure.

By far the best experience of men is made up of their remembered failures in dealing with others in the affairs of life. Such failures, in sensible men, incite to better selfmanagement, and greater tact and self-control, as a means of avoiding them in the future. Ask the diplomatist, and he will tell you that he has learned his art through being baffled, defeated, thwarted and circumvented, far more than from having succeeded. Precept, study, advice and example could never have taught them so well as failure has done. It has disciplined them experimentally, and taught them what to do as well as what not to do-which is often still more important.



GRANDMOTHER'S THOUGHTS.

HAT happy thoughts are flitting
(While Grandmamma sits knitting)
Throughout the aged heart still true and strong?

"For like stitches on my needles," says this happy Grandma Gray,
"So He multiplies my blessings and increases them each day." Ah! 'tis just the same old story, She is giving Christ the glory For the mercies which have blessed her life so long.

Many have to make up their minds to encounter failure again and again before they succeed: but if they have pluck, the failure will only serve to rouse their courage, and stimulate them to renewed efforts. Talma, the greatest of actors, was hissed off the stage when he first appeared on it. Lacordaire, one of the greatest preachers of modern times, only acquired celebrity after repeated failures. Montalembert said of his first public appearance in the Church of St. Roch: "He failed completely, and, on coming out, every one said, 'Though he may be a man of talent, he will never be a preacher." Again and again he tried, until he succeeded: and only two years after his first appearance, Lacordaire was preaching in Notre Dame to audiences such as few French orators have addressed since the time of Bossuet and Massillon

Rising Above Failures.

When Mr. Cobden first appeared as a speaker, at a public meeting in Manchester he completely broke down, and the chairman apologized for his failure. Sir James Graham and Mr. Disraeli failed and were derided at first, and only succeeded by dint of great labor and application. At one time Sir James Graham had almost given up public speaking in despair. He said to his friend Sir Francis Baring: "I have tried it every way-extempore, from notes, and committing all to memory-and I can't do it. I don't know why it is, but I am afraid I shall never succeed." Yet, by dint of perseverance, Graham, like Disraeli, lived to become one of the most effective and impressive parliamentary speakers.

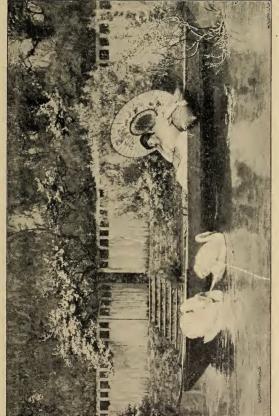
Failures in one direction have sometimes had the effect of forcing the far-seeing student to apply himself in another. When Boileau, educated for the bar, pleaded his

first cause, he broke down amidst shouts of laughter. He next tried the pulpit, and failed there too. And then he tried poetry. and succeeded. Fontenelle and Voltaire both failed at the bar. So Cowper, through his diffidence and shyness, broke down when pleading his first cause, though he lived to revive the poetic art in England. Montesquieu and Bentham both failed as lawyers. and forsook the bar for more congenial pursuits-the latter leaving behind him a treasury of legislative procedure for all time. Goldsmith failed in passing as a surgeon; but he wrote the "Deserted Village" and the "Vicar of Wakefield."

The Blind Chaplain.

Even the privation of some important bodily sense, such as sight or hearing, has not been sufficient to deter courageous men from zealously pursuing the struggle of life. Milton, when struck by blindness, "still bore up and steered right onward." His greatest works were produced during that period of his life in which he suffered most—when he was poor, sick, old, blind, slandered and persecuted.

Rev. W. H. Milburn was blind from early childhood, yet this did not prevent him from becoming one of the most popular preachers in America. By his retentive memory he could repeat a considerable part of the Bible, and in the pulpit would repeat long chapters instead of reading them as preachers do who have eyesight. His remarkable gifts elevated him to the chaplaincy of the House of Representatives at Washington, and afterward to that of the Senate. Obstacles that many persons would consider insurmountable only spur on a man of will and perseverance. and often such men achieve greater distinction than they do who have everything in their favor.



AMONG THE FLOWERS



The lives of some of the greatest men have been a continuous struggle with difficulty and apparent defeat. Dante produced his greatest work in penury and exile. Banished from his native city by the local faction to which he was opposed, his house was given up to plunder, and he was sentenced, in his absence, to be burned alive. When informed by a friend that he might return to Florence, if he would consent to ask for pardon and absolution, he replied: "No! This is not the way that shall lead me back to my country. I will return with hasty steps if you, or any other, can open to me a way that shall not derogate from the fame or the honor of Dante: but if by no such way Florence can be entered, then to Florence I shall never return." His enemies remaining implacable, Dante, after a banishment of twenty years, died in exile.

Disastrous Adventures.

Camoens also wrote his great poems mostly in banishment. Tired of solitude at Santarem, he joined an expedition against the Moors, in which he distinguished himself by his bravery. He lost an eye when boarding an enemy's ship in a sea-fight. At Goa, in the East Indies, he witnessed with indignation the cruelty practised by the Portuguese on the natives, and expostulated with the governor against it. He was in consequence banished from the settlement, and sent to China. In the course of his subsequent adventures and misfortunes, Camoens suffered shipwreck, escaping only with his life and the manuscript of his "Lusiad." Persecution and hardship seemed everywhere to pursue him. At Macao he was thrown into prison. Escaping from it, he set sail for Lisbon, where he arrived, after sixteen vears' absence, poor and friendless. His "Lusiad," which was shortly after published, brought him much fame, but no money.

But for his old Indian slave Antonio, who begged for his master in the streets, Camoens must have perished. As it was he died in a public alms-house, worn out by disease and hardship. An inscription was placed over his grave: "Here lies Luis de Camoens: he excelled all the poets of his time: he lived poor and miserable; and he died so." This record, disgraceful but truthful, has since been removed; and a lying and pompous epitaph, in honor of the great national poet of Portugal, has been substituted in its stead.

Men of Spite and Meanness.

Tasso, also, was the victim of almost continual persecution and calumny. After lying in a mad-house for seven years, he became a wanderer over Italy; and when on his death-bed, he wrote: "I will not complain of the malignity of fortune, because I do not choose to speak of the ingratitude of men who have succeeded in dragging me to the tomb of a mendicant."

But time brings about strange revenges. The persecutors and the persecuted often change places; it is the latter who are great—the former who are infamous. Even the names of the persecutors would probably long ago have been forgotten, but for their connection with the history of the men whom they have persecuted. Thus, who would now have known of Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, but for his imprisonment of Tasso? Or, who would have heard of the existence of the Grand Duke of Wurtemburg of some hundred years back, but for his petty persecution of Schiller?

Science also has had its martyrs, who have fought their way to light through difficulty, persecution, and suffering. We need not refer again to the cases of Bruno, Galileo, and others, persecuted because of the supposed heterodoxy of their views. But there have been other unfortunates among men of science, whose genius has been unable to save them from the fury of their enemies.

Priestley's House was Burned.

Thus Bailly, the celebrated French astronomer (who had been mayor of Paris), and Lavoisier, the great chemist, were both guillotined in the first French Revolution. When the latter, after being sentenced to death by the Commune, asked for a few days' respite, to enable him to ascertain the result of some experiments he had made during his confinement, the tribunal refused his appeal, and ordered him for immediate execution, one of the judges saying that "the Republic had no need of philosophers." In England also, about the same time, Dr. Priestley, the father of modern chemistry, had his house burned over his head, and his library destroyed, amidst shouts of "No philosophers!" and he fled from his native country to lay his bones in a foreign land.

The work of some of the greatest discoverers has been done in the midst of persecution, difficulty and suffering. Columbus, who discovered the New World and gave it as a heritage to the Old, was in his lifetime persecuted, maligned and plundered by those whom he had enriched. Mungo Park's drowning agony in the African river he had discovered, but which he was not to live to describe; Clapperton's perishing of fever on the banks of the great lake, in the heart of the same continent, which was afterwards to be rediscovered and described by other explorers; Franklin's perishing in the snowit might be after he had solved the longsought problem of the Northwest Passageare among the most melancholy events in the history of enterprise and genius. Success and suffering often go together.

Courageous men have often turned enforced solitude to account in executing works of great pith and moment. It is in solitude that the passion for spiritual perfection best nurses itself. The soul communes with itself in loneliness until its energy often becomes intense. But whether a man profits by solitude or not will mainly depend upon his own temperament, training and character. While, in a large-natured man, solitude will make the pure heart purer, in the small-natured man it will only serve to make the hard heart still harder; for though solitude may be the nurse of great spirits, it is the torment of small ones.

John Bunyan in Jail.

During his thirteen years imprisonment in the Tower, Raleigh wrote his "History of the World," a project of vast extent, of which he was only able to finish the first five books. Luther occupied his prison hours in the Castle of Wartburg in translating the Bible, and in writing the famous tracts and treatises with which he inundated all Germany.

It was to the circumstance of John Bunyan having been cast into jail that we probably owe the "Pilgrim's Progress." He was thus driven in upon himself; having no opportunity for action, his active mind found vent in earnest thinking and meditation; and indeed, after his liberation, his life as an author virtually ceased. His "Grace Abounding" and the "Holy War" were also written in prison. Bunyan lay in Bedford Jail, with a few intervals of precarious liberty, during not less than twelve years; and it was most probably to his prolonged imprisonment that we owe what

Macaulay has characterized as the finest allegory in the world.

A Quaker called on Bunyan one day with "a message from the Lord," saying he had been to half the jails of England, and was glad at last to have found him. To which Bunyan replied: "If the Lord sent thee, you would not have needed to take so much trouble to find me out, for He knew that I have been in Bedford Jail these seven years past."

William Penn in Prison.

Charles II imprisoned Baxter, Harrington (the author of "Oceana"), William Penn, and many more. All these men solaced their prison hours with writing. Baxter wrote some of the most remarkable passages of his "Life and Times" while lying in the King's Bench Prison; and Penn wrote his "No Cross, no Crown" while imprisoned in the Tower. In the reign of Queen Anne, Matthew Prior was in confinement, on a vamped-up charge of treason, for two years, during which he wrote his "Alma, or Progress of the Soul."

Since then, political prisoners of eminence in England have been comparatively few in number. Among the most illustrious were De Foe, who, besides standing three times in the pillory, spent much of his time in prison, writing "Robinson Crusoe" there, and many of his best political pamphlets. There, also, he wrote his "Hymn to the Pillory," and corrected for the press a collection of his voluminous writings.

Louis Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot, orator and statesman, was imprisoned two years at Buda. He got hold of a copy of Shakespeare and occupied his time ilearning the English language, so that during a subsequent visit to America, where he received immense ovations from our entire

people, he surprised all who heard him by his wonderful command of our language and by his amazing eloquence. He stepped from prison to a position compared with which thrones were cheap.

Men who, like these, suffer the penalty of law, and seem to fail, at least for a time, do not really fail. Many, who have seemed to fail utterly, have often exercised a more potent and enduring influence upon their race than those whose career has been a course of uninterrupted success. The character of a man does not depend on whether his efforts are immediately followed by failure or by success. The martyr is not a failure if the truth for which he suffered acquires a fresh lustre through his sacrifice.

To Lose Life is to Save It.

The patriot who lays down his life for his cause may thereby hasten its triumph; and those who seem to throw their lives away in the van of a great movement often open a way for those who follow them, and pass over their dead bodies to victory. The triumph of a just cause may come late; but when it does come, it is due as much to those who failed in their first efforts as to those who succeeded in their last.

The example of a great death may be an inspiration to others, as well as the example of a good life. A great act does not perish with the life of him who performs it, but lives and grows up into like acts in those who survive the doer thereof and cherish his memory. Of some great men, it might almost be said that they have not begun to live until they have died.

The names of the men who have suffered in the cause of religion, of science, and of truth, are the men, of all others, whose memories are held in the greatest esteem and reverence by mankind. They perished, but their truth survived. They seemed to fail, and yet they eventually succeeded. Prisons may have held them, but their thoughts were not to be confined by prisonwalls. They have burst through, and defed the power of their persecutors. It was Lovelace, a prisoner, who wrote:

"Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage; Minds innocent and quiet take That for a hermitage."

It was a saying of Milton that, "who best can suffer best can do." The work of many of the greatest men, inspired by duty, has been done amidst suffering and trial and difficulty. They have struggled against the tide, and reached the shore exhausted, only to grasp the sand and expire. They have done their duty, and been content to die. But death hath no power over such men; their hallowed memories still survive, to soothe and purify and bless us. "Life," said Goethe, "to us all is suffering. Who save God alone shall call us to our reckoning? Let not reproaches fall on the departed. Not what they have failed in, nor what they have suffered, but what they have done. ought to occupy the survivors,"

Adversity Shows What we are Made Of.

Thus, it is not ease and facility that tries men and brings out the good that is in them, so much as trial and difficulty. Adversity is the touch-stone of character. As some herbs need to be crushed to give forth their sweetest odor, so some natures need to be tried by suffering to evoke the excellence that is in them. Hence trials often unmask virtues, and bring to light hidden graces. Men apparently useless and purposeless, when placed in positions of difficulty and responsibility, have exhibited powers of character before unsuspected; and where we

before saw only pliancy and self-indulgence, we now see strength, valor, and self-denial.

As there are no blessings which may not be perverted into evils, so there are no trials which may not be converted into blessings. All depends on the manner in which we profit by them or otherwise. Perfect happiness is not to be looked for in this world. If it could be secured, it would be found profitless. The hollowest of all gospels is the gospel of ease and comfort.

Difficulty, and even failure, are far better teachers. Sir Humphry Davy said: "Even in private life, too much prosperity either injures the moral man, and occasions conduct which ends in suffering, or it is accompanied by the workings of envy, calumny, and malevolence of others."

A Poor Arabian Woman.

Failure improves tempers and strengthens the nature. Even sorrow is in some mysterious way linked with joy and associated with tenderness. John Bunyan once said, "if it were lawful, he could even pray for greater trouble, for the greater comfort's sake." When surprise was expressed at the patience of a poor Arabian woman under heavy affliction, she said, "When we look on God's face we do not feel His hand."

Suffering is doubtless as divinely appointed as joy, while it is much more influential as a discipline of character. It chastens and sweetens the nature, teaches patience and resignation, and promotes the deepest as well as the most exalted thought.

"What is it," says Mr. Helps, "that promotes the most and the deepest thought in the human race? It is not learning; it is not the conduct of business; it is not even the impulse of the affections. It is suffering; and that, perhaps, is the reason why there is so much suffering in the world. The angel



"NO NIGHT SO DARK, NO DAY SO DREAR, BUT WE MAY SING OUR SONG OF CHEER."

who went down to trouble the waters and to make them healing, was not, perhaps, intrusted with so great a boon as the angel who benevolently inflicted upon the sufferers the disease from which they suffered."

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about Him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

Suffering may be the appointed means by which the highest nature of man is to be disciplined and developed. Assuming happiness to be the end of being, sorrow may be the indispensable condition through which it is to be reached. Hence St. Paul's noble paradox descriptive of the Christian life—"As chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

Pain Loses its Sting.

Even pain is not all painful. On one side it is related to suffering, and on the other to happiness. For pain is remedial as well as sorrowful. Suffering is a misfortune as viewed from the one side, and a discipline as viewed from the other. But for suffering, the best part of many men's nature would sleep a deep sleep. Indeed, it might almost be said that pain and sorrow were the indispensable conditions of some men's success, and the necessary means to evoke the highest development of their genius. Shelley has said of poets:

"Most wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong,

They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Does any one suppose that Burns would have sung as he did had he been rich, respectable and "kept a gig;" or Byron, if he had been a prosperous, happily-married Postmaster-General?

Sometimes a heart-break rouses an impassive nature to life. "What does he know," said a sage, "who has not suffered?" When Dumas asked Reboul, "What made you a poet?" his answer was, "Suffering!" It was the death, first, of his wife, and then of his child, that drove him into solitude for the indulgence of his grief, and eventually led him to seek and find relief in verse. It was also to a domestic affliction that we owe the beautiful writings of Mrs. Gaskell. "It was as a recreation, in the highest sense of the word," says a recent writer, speaking from personal knowledge, "as an escape from the great void of a life from which a cherished presence had been taken, that she began that series of exquisite creations which has served to multiply the number of our acquaintances and to enlarge even the circle of our friendships."

How the Best Work is Done.

Much of the best and most useful work done by men and women has been done amidst affliction-sometimes as a relief from it sometimes from a sense of duty overpowering personal sorrow. "If I had not been so great an invalid," said Dr. Darwin to a friend, "I should not have done nearly so much work as I have been able to accom-So Dr. Donne, speaking of his illnesses, once said: "The advantage you and my other friends have by my frequent fevers is, that I am so much the oftener at the gates of Heaven; and by the solitude and close imprisonment they reduce me to, I am so much the oftener at my prayers, in which you and my other dear friends are not forgotten."

Schiller produced his greatest tragedies in the midst of physical suffering almost amounting to torture. Handel was never greater than when, warned by palsy of the approach of death, and struggling with distress and suffering, he sat down to compose the great works which have made his name immortal in music. Mozart composed his great operas, and last of all his "Requiem," when oppressed by debt, and struggling with a fatal disease. Beethoven produced his greatest works amidst gloomy sorrow, when oppressed by almost total deafness.

Heroism in Suffering.

And poor Schubert, after his short but brilliant life, laid it down at the early age of thirty-two; his sole property at his death consisting of his manuscripts, the clothes he wore, and twenty-two dollars in money. Some of Charles Lamb's finest writings were produced amidst deep sorrow; and Hood's apparent gayety often sprang from a suffering heart. As he himself wrote,

"There's not a string attuned to mirth, But has its chord in melancholy."

Again, in science, we have the noble instance of the suffering Wollaston, even in the last stages of the mortal disease which afflicted him, devoting his numbered hours to putting on record, by dictation, the various discoveries and improvements he had made, so that any knowledge he had acquired calculated to benefit his fellow-creatures might not be lost.

One of the finest examples of heroism and patience under suffering was afforded by General Grant during his protracted illness. Fatal disease had attacked him and death had clutched him by the throat, yet for weary months he labored incessantly to complete his Memoirs that he might have a legacy to leave to his family. Happily it proved to be a fortune, but the merit of the

work, its historical value and addition to our war literature, are not so remarkable as the patient perseverance that produced it while the last darkness was shadowing the eyes of the great commander. The heroism he displayed in his painful sickness dwarfed any he showed on the field of battle, and put the crown upon his remarkable career.

Afflictions often prove but blessings in disguise. "Fear not the darkness," said the Persian sage; it "conceals perhaps the springs of the waters of life." Experience is often bitter, but wholesome; only by its teaching can we learn to suffer and be strong. Character, in its highest forms, is disciplined by trial, and "made perfect through suffering." Even from the deepest sorrow the patient and thoughtful mind will gather richer wisdom than pleasure ever yielded.

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,

Lets in new light through chinks that time has

made,"

We are Pupils in School.

"Consider," said Jeremy Taylor, "that sad accidents and a state of afflictions is a school of virtue. It reduces our spirits to soberness, and our counsels to moderation; it corrects levity, and interrupts the confidence of sinning. God, who in mercy and wisdom governs the world, would never have suffered so many sadnesses, and have sent them, especially, to the most virtuous and the wisest men, but that He intends they should be the seminary of comfort, the nursery of virtue, the exercise of wisdom, the trial of patience, the venturing for a crown, and the gate of glory."

And again: "No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity. That man is not tried, whether he be good or bad; and God never crowns those virtues which are only faculties and dispositions; but every

act of virtue is an ingredient unto reward."

Prosperity and success of themselves do not confer happiness; indeed, it not unfrequently happens that the least successful in life have the greatest share of true joy in it. No man could have been more successful than Goethe—possessed of splendid health, honor, power and sufficiency of this world's goods-and vet he confessed that he had not, in the course of his life, enjoyed five weeks of genuine pleasure. So the Caliph Abdalrahman, in surveying his successful reign of fifty years, found that he had enjoyed only fourteen days of pure and genuine happiness. After this, might it not be said that the pursuit of mere happiness is an illusion?

Whining is of no Use.

Life, all sunshine without shade, all happiness without sorrow, all pleasure without pain, were not life at all—at least not human life. Take the lot of the happiest—it is a tangled yarn. It is made up of sorrows and joys; and the joys are all the sweeter because of the sorrows; bereavements and blessings, one following another, making us sad and blessed by turns. Even death itself makes life more loving; it binds us more closely together while here.

Dr. Thomas Browne has argued that death is one of the necessary conditions of human happiness, and he supports his argument with great force and eloquence. But when death comes into a household, we do not philosophize—we only feel. The eyes that are full of tears do not see; though in course of time they come to see more clearly and brightly than those that have never known sorrow.

The wise person gradually learns not to expect too much from life. While he strives for success by worthy methods, he will be prepared for failures. He will keep his mind open to enjoyment, but submit patiently to suffering. Wailings and complainings of life are never of any use; only cheerful and continuous working in right paths are of real avail.

All in Need of Charity.

Nor will the wise man expect too much from those about him. If he would live at peace with others, he will bear and forbear. And even the best have often foibles of character which have to be endured, sympathized with, and perhaps pitied. Who is perfect? Who does not suffer from some thorn in the flesh? Who does not stand in need of toleration, of forbearance, of forgiveness? What the poor imprisoned Queen Caroline Matilda, of Denmark, wrote on her chapel-window ought to be the prayer of all—"Oh! keep me innocent! make others great."

Then, how much does the disposition of every human being depend upon their innate constitution and their early surroundings; the comfort or discomfort of the homes in which they have been brought up; their inherited characteristics and the examples, good or bad, to which they have been exposed through life! Regard for such considerations should teach charity and forbearance to all men.

At the same time, life will always be to a large extent what we ourselves make it. Each mind makes its own little world. The cheerful mind makes it pleasant, and the discontented mind makes it miserable. "My mind to me a kingdom is," applies alike to the peasant as to the monarch. The one may be in his heart a king, as the other may be a slave. Life is for the most part but the mirror of our own individual selves.

Our mind gives to all situations, to all



THE UNINVITED VISITOR.

fortunes, high or low, their real characters. To the good, the world is good; to the bad, it is bad. If our views of life be elevated—if we regard it as a sphere of useful effort, of high living and high thinking, of working for others' good as well as our own—it will be joyful, hopeful and blessed. If, on the contrary, we regard it merely as affording opportunities for self-seeking, pleasure and aggrandizement, it will be full of toil, anxiety and disappointment.

There is much in life that, while in this state, we can never comprehend. There is, indeed, a great deal of mystery in life—much that we see "as in a glass darkly." But though we may not apprehend the full meaning of the discipline of trial through which the best have to pass, we must have faith in the completeness of the design of which our little individual lives form a part.

We have each to do our duty in that | put on.

sphere of life in which we have been placed. Duty alone is true; there is no true action but in its accomplishment. Duty is the end and aim of the highest life; the truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfillment. Of all others, it is the one that is most thoroughly satisfying, and the least accompanied by regret and disappointment. In the words of George Herbert, the consciousness of duty performed "gives us music at midnight."

And when we have done our work on earth—of necessity, of labor, of love, or of duty—like the silk-worm that spins its little cocoon and dies, we too depart. But, short though our stay in life may be, it is the appointed sphere in which each has to work out the great aim and end of his being to the best of his power; and when that is done, the accidents of the flesh will affect but little the immortality we shall at last put on.

THE BRIGHT DAY WILL DAWN.

What though before me it is dark,
Too dark for me to see?
I ask but light for one step more;
'Tis quite enough for me.

Each little, humble step I take,
The gloom clears from the next;
So, though 'tis very dark beyond,
I never am perplexed.

And if sometimes the mist hangs close, So close I fear to stray, Patient I wait a little while, And soon it clears away,

I would not see my further path,
For mercy veils it so;
My present steps might harder be
Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,
Thorny, and hard, and steep;
And knowing this, my strength might fail
Through fear and terror deep.

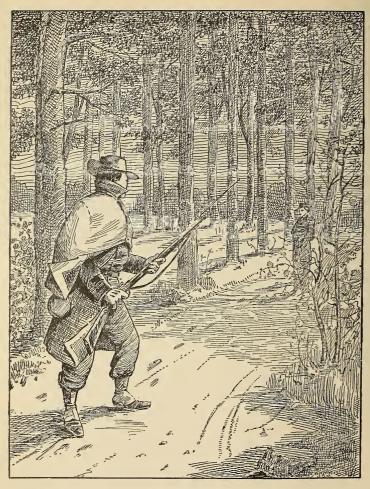
It may be that it winds along A smooth and flowery way; But seeing this I might despise The journey of to-day.

Perhaps my path is very short,
My journey nearly done,
And I might tremble at the thought
Of ending it so soon.

Or, if I saw a weary length
Of road that I must wend,
Fainting, I'd think, "My feeble powers
Will fail me ere the end."

And so I do not wish to see
My journey or its length;
Assured that, through my Father's love,
Each step will bring its strength.

Thus step by step I onward go,
Not looking far before;
Trusting that I shall always have
Light for just "one step more."



THE PATH OF DUTY,

CHAPTER VII.

THE PATH OF DUTY.



O not turn away from this plain, old-fashioned word "duty." It is one of the grandest words in the English language. "England expects every man to do his duty." was what Lord Nelson sig-

naled to all the battle-ships of his fleet at the beginning of the battle of Trafalgar. May war cease, but if there must be war, "duty" is the watchword that is rivalled only by courage. Nelson lost his life in that battle, but "duty" won the victory.

Duty embraces our whole existence. It begins in the home, where there is the duty which children owe to their parents on the one hand, and the duty which parents owe to their children on the other. There are, in like manner, the respective duties of husbands and wives, of masters and servants; while outside the home there are the duties which men and women owe to each other as friends and neighbors, as employers and employed, as governors and governed.

"Render, therefore," says St. Paul, "to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor. Owe no man anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law."

Thus duty rounds the whole of life, from our entrance into it until our exit from it—duty to superiors, duty to inferiors, and duty to equals—duty to man, and duty to God. Wherever there is power to use or to direct, there is duty. For we are but as stewards,

appointed to employ the means intrusted to us for our own and for others' good.

The abiding sense of duty is the very crown of character. It is the upholding law of man in his highest attitudes. Without it, the individual totters and falls before the first puff of adversity or temptation; whereas inspired by it, the weakest becomes strong and full of courage. "Duty," says Mrs. Jameson, "is the cement which binds the whole moral edifice together; without which, all power, goodness, intellect, truth, happiness, love itself, can have no permanence; but all the fabric of existence crumbles away from under us, and leaves us at last sitting in the midst of a ruin, astonished at our own desolation."

How Duty Shows Itself.

Duty is based upon a sense of justice—justice inspired by love, which is the most perfect form of goodness. Duty is not a sentiment, but a principle pervading the life: and it exhibits itself in conduct and in acts, which are mainly determined by man's conscience and freewill.

The voice of conscience speaks in duty done; and without its regulating and controlling influence, the brightest and greatest intellect may be merely as a light that leads astray. Conscience sets a man upon his feet, while his will holds him upright. Conscience is the moral governor of the hearthe governor of right action, of right thought, of right faith, of right life—and only through its dominating influence can the noble and

upright character be fully developed and made to shine upon others.

The conscience, however, may speak never so loudly, but without energetic will it may speak in vain. The will is free to choose between the right course and the wrong one, but the choice is nothing unless followed by immediate and decisive action. If the sense of duty be strong, and the course of action clear, the courageous will, upheld by the conscience, enables a man to proceed on his course bravely, and to accomplish his purposes in the face of all opposition and difficulty. And should failure be the issue, there will remain at least this satisfaction, that it has been in the cause of duty.

Daily Duty.

Each day its duty brings. The undone task Of yesterday cannot be now fulfilled Without some current work's displacement. "Time And tide will wait for none," Then let us act So that they need not wait, and keep abreast With them by the discharge of each day's claim: For each new dawn, like a prolific tree, Blossoms with blessings and with duties which So interwoven grow that he who shirks The latter, fails the first. You cannot pick The dainty and refuse the task. To win The smile of Him who did His Father's will In the great work assigned Him, while 'twas day, With love self-sacrificing, His high course We must with prayerful footsteps imitate; And, knowing not what one day may bring forth, Live so that Death, come when he may, shall find Us not defaulters in arrears with Time, Mourning, like Titus, "I have lost a day!" But busily engaged on something which Shall cast a blessing on the world, rebound With one to our own breasts, and tend to give To man some benefit, to God some praise.

"Be and continue poor, young man," said Heinzelmann, "while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have in your own cause grown gray with unbleached honor, bless God and die!" St. Paul, inspired by duty and faith, declared himself as not only "ready to be bound, but to die at Jerusalem."

"Remember Your Honor."

When the Marquis of Pescara was entreated by the princes of Italy to desert the Spanish cause, to which he was in honor bound, his noble wife, Vittoria Colonna, reminded him of his duty. She wrote to him: "Remember your honor, which raises you above fortune and above kings; by that alone, and not by the splendor of titles, is glory acquired-that glory which it will be your happiness and pride to transmit unspotted to your posterity." Such was the dignified view which she took of her husband's honor; and when he fell at Pavia, though young and beautiful, and besought by many admirers, she betook herself to solitude, that she might lament over her husband's loss and celebrate his exploits.

To live really is to act energetically. Life is a battle to be fought valiantly. Inspired by high and honorable resolve, a man must stand to his post, and die there, if need be. Like the old Danish hero, his determination should be, "to dare nobly, to will strongly, and never to falter in the path of duty." The power of will, be it great or small, which God has given us, is a divine gift; and we ought neither to let it perish for want of using, on the one hand, nor profane it by employing it for ignoble purposes, on the other. Robertson, of Brighton, has truly said, that man's real greatness consists not in seeking his own pleasure, or fame, or

advancement—"not that every one shall save his own life, not that every man shall seek his own glory—but that every man shall do his own duty."

Duty in the Face of Danger.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay,
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the Captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein, All eyes were turned on high! There stood the boy, with dizzy brain, Between the sea and sky; Nor hold had he above, below: Alone he stood in air; To that far height none dared to go, No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak; With horror all aghast, In groups, with pallid brow and cheek, We watched the quivering mast. The atmosphere grew thick and hot, And of a lurid hue, As riveted unto the spot, Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck; he gasped,
"O God! Thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son.
"Jump, far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I fire," he said;
"That only chance your life can save;
Jump, jump, my boy!" He obeyed.

He sank,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,— And for the ship struck out, On board we hailed the lad beloved, With many a manly shout. His father drew, in silent joy, Those wet arms round his neck, And folded to his heart his boy, Then fainted on the deck.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The sense of duty is a sustaining power even to a courageous man. It holds him upright,

and makes him strong. It was a noble saying of Pompey, when his friends tried to dissuade him from embarking for Rome in a storm, telling him that he did so at the great peril of his life: "It is necessary for me to go," he said; "it is not necessary for me to live." What it was right that he should do, he would do, in the face of danger and in defiance of storms.

Did Not Count the Cost.

As might be expected of the great Washington, the chief motive power in his life was the spirit of duty. It was the regal and commanding element in his character which gave it unity, compactness, and vigor. When he clearly saw his duty before him, he did it at all hazards, and with inflexible integrity. He did not do it for effect; nor did he think of glory, or of fame and its rewards; but of the right thing to be done, and the best way of doing it.

Yet Washington had a most modest opinion of himself; and when offered the chief command of the American patriot army, he hesitated to accept it until it was pressed upon him. When acknowledging in Congress the honor which had been done him in selecting him to so important a trust, on the execution of which the future of his country in a great measure depended, Washington said: "I beg it may be remembered, lest some unlucky event should happen unfavorable to my reputation, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with."

And in his letter to his wife, communicating to her his appointment as commander-inchief, he said: "I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being

a trust too great for my capacity; and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But, as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed for some good purpose. It was utterly out of my power to refuse the appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem."

A Noble Resolve.

Washington pursued his upright course through life, first as commander-in-chief, and afterwards as president, never faltering in the path of duty. He had no regard for popularity, but held to his purpose through good and through evil report, often at the risk of his power and influence.

Thus, on one occasion, when the ratification of a treaty, arranged by Mr. Jay with Great Britain, was in question, Washington was urged to reject it. But his honor, and the honor of his country, was committed, and he refused to do so. A great outcry was raised against the treaty, and for a time Washington was so unpopular that he is said to have been actually stoned by the mob. But he, nevertheless, held it to be his duty to ratify the treaty; and it was carried out in despite of petitions and remonstrances from all quarters. "While I feel," he said, in answer to the remonstrants, "the most lively gratitude for the many instances of approbation from my country, I can no otherwise deserve it than by obeying the dictates of my conscience."

Wellington's watch-word, like Washington's, was duty; and no man could be more loyal to it than he was. Wellington, like Washington, had to pay the penalty of his adherence to the cause he thought right, in his loss of "popularity." He was mobbed in the streets of London, and had his windows smashed by the mob, while his wife lay dead in the house. "There is little or nothing," he once said, "in this life worth living for; but we can all of us go straight forward and do our duty."

Faithful Service.

None recognized more cheerfully than he did the duty of obedience and willing service; for unless men can serve faithfully, they will not rule others wisely. There is no motto that becomes the wise man better than *Ich dien*, "I serve;" and "They also serve who only stand and wait."

When the mortification of an officer, because of his being appointed to a command inferior to what he considered to be his merits, was communicated to the duke, he said: "In the course of my military career, I have gone from the command of a brigade to that of my regiment, and from the command of an army to that of a brigade or a division, as I was ordered, and without any feeling of mortification."

While commanding the allied army in Portugal, the conduct of the native population did not seem to Wellington to be either becoming or dutiful. "We have enthusiasm in plenty," he said, "and plenty of cries of 'Viva!' We have illuminations, patriotic songs, and fêtes everywhere. But what we want is, that each in his own station should do his duty faithfully, and pay implicit obedience to legal authority."

This abiding ideal of duty seemed to be the governing principle of Wellington's character. It was always uppermost in his mind, and directed all the public actions of his life. Nor did it fail to communicate itself to those under him, who served him in the like spirit. When he rode into one of his infantry squares at Waterloo, as its diminished numbers closed up to receive a charge of French cavalry, he said to the men, "Stand steady, lads; think of what they will say of us in England;" to which the men replied, "Never fear, sir—we know our duty."

Sensible Advice.

Nelson's companion and friend—the brave, sensible, homely-minded Collingwood—he who, as his ship bore down into the great sea-fight, said to his flag-captain, "Just about this time our wives are going to church in England"—Collingwood too was, like his commander, an ardent devotee of duty. "Do your duty to the best of your ability," was the maxim which he urged upon many young men starting on the voyage of life. To a midshipman he once gave the following manly and sensible advice:

"You may depend upon it, that it is more in your own power than in anybody else's to promote both your comfort and advancement. A strict and unwearied attention to your duty, and a complacent and respectful behavior, not only to your superiors but to everybody, will insure you their regard, and the reward will surely come; but if it should not, I am convinced you have too much good sense to let disappointment sour you.

"Guard carefully against letting discontent appear in you. It will be sorrow to your friends, a triumph to your competitors, and cannot be productive of any good. Conduct yourself so as to deserve the best that can come to you, and the consciousness of your own proper behavior will keep you in spirits if it should not come. Let it be your ambi-

tion to be foremost in all duty. Do not be a nice observer of turns, but ever present yourself ready for everything, and, unless your officers are very inattentive men, they will not allow others to impose more duty on you than they should."

Man does not live for himself alone. He lives for the good of others as well as of himself. Every one has his duties to perform—the richest as well as the poorest. To some life is pleasure, to others suffering. But the best do not live for self-enjoyment, or even for fame. Their strongest motive power is hopeful, useful work in every good cause.

Hierocles says that each one of us is a centre, circumscribed by many concentric circles. From ourselves the first circle extends—comprising parents, wife, and children. The next concentring circle comprises relations; then fellow-citizens; and lastly, the whole human race.

The Sentinel Dead at His Post.

The sphere of duty is infinite. It exists in every station of life. We have it not in our choice to be rich or poor, to be happy or unhappy; but it becomes us to do the duty that everywhere surrounds us. Obedience to duty, at all costs and risks, is the very essence of the highest civilized life. Great deeds must be worked for, hoped for, died for, now as in the past.

We often connect the idea of duty with the soldier's trust. We remember the pagan sentinel at Pompeii, found dead at his post, during the burial of the city by the ashes of Vesuvius, some eighteen hundred years ago. This was the true soldier. While others fled, he stood to his post. It was his duty. He had been set to guard the place, and he never flinched. He was suffocated by the sulphurous vapor of the falling ashes. His



body was resolved to dust, but his memory survives. His helmet, lance and breastplate are still to be seen in a museum at Naples.

This soldier was obedient and disciplined. He did what he was appointed to do. Obedience, to the parent, to the master, to the officer, is what every one who would do right should be taught to learn. Childhood should begin with obedience. Yet age does not absolve us. We must be obedient even to the end. Duty, in its purest form, is so constraining that one never thinks, in performing it, of one's self at all. It is there. It has to be done without any thought of self-sacrifice.

Sinking of a Naval Ship.

To come to a much later date than that of the Roman soldier at Pompeii. When the naval ship Birkenhead went down off the coast of Africa, with her brave soldiers on board firing guns in token of joy as they sank beneath the waves, the Duke of Wellington, after the news arrived in England, was entertained at the Banquet of the Royal Academy. Macaulay says: "I remarked (and Mr. Lawrence, the American Minister, remarked the same thing) that in his eulogy of the poor fellows who were lost, the Duke never spoke of their courage, but always of their discipline and subordination. He repeated it several times over. The courage, I suppose, he treated as a matter of course."

Duty is se-devoted. It is not merely fearlessness. The gladiator who fought the lion with the rourage of a lion was urged on by the ardor of the spectators, and never forgot himself and his prizes. Pizarro was full of hardihood. But he was actuated by his love of rold in the midst of his terrible hardships.

"Do you wish to be great?" asks St. Augustic. "Then begin by being little.

Do you desire to construct a vast and lofty fabric? Think first about the foundations of humility. The higher your structure is to be, the deeper must be its foundation. Modest humility is beauty's crown."

The best kind of duty is done in secret, and without sight of men. There it does its work devotedly and nobly. It does not follow the routine of worldly wise morality. It does not advertise itself. It adopts a larger creed and a loftier code, which to be subject to and to obey is to consider every human life, and every human action, in the light of an eternal obligation to the race. Our evil or our careless actions incur debts every day, that humanity, sooner or later, must discharge.

Many duties are performed privately. Our public life may be well known, but in private there is that which no one sees—the inner life of the soul and spirit. We have it in our choice to be worthy or worthless. No one can kill our soul, which can perish only by its own suicide. If we can only make ourselves and each other a little better, holier, and nobler, we have perhaps done the most that we could.

Davenport, of Stamford.

Here is the manner in which one of our American legislators stood to his post:

An eclipse of the sun happened in New England about a century ago. The heavens became very dark, and it seemed to many that the day of judgment was at hand. The Legislature of Connecticut happened then to be in session, and on the darkness coming on, a member moved the adjournment of the House, on which an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, rose up and said that if the last day had come, he desired to be found in his place and doing his duty; for which reasons he moved that candles

should be brought, so that the House might proceed with its business. Waiting at the post of duty was the maxim of the wise man, and he carried his motion.

There was a man of delicate constitution, who devoted a great deal of his time to philanthropic work. He visited the sick, he sat by them in their miserable homes, he nursed them and helped them in all ways. He was expostulated with by his friends for neglecting his business, and threatened with the illness he was sure to contract by visiting the fevered and the dying. He replied to his friends with firmness and simplicity, "I look after my business for the sake of my wife and my children, but I hold that a man's duty to society requires him to have a care for those who are not of his own household "

These were the words of a willing servant to duty. It is not the man who gives his money that is the true benefactor of his kind, but the man who gives his money is advertised; The man who gives his time, strength, and soul, is beloved. The one may be remembered, while the other may be forgotten, though the good influence he has sown will never die.

The Golden Rule.

There is a sentence in the Evangelists which comes back to us without ceasing, and which ought to be written on every page of a book of morality—"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." "In life," says Wilhelm von Humboldt, "it is worthy of special remark, that when we are not too anxious about happiness and unhappiness, but devote ourselves to the strict and unsparing performance of duty, then happiness comes of itself—nay, even springs from the midst of a life of troubles and anxieties and privations."

"What is your duty?" asks Goethe. "The carrying out of the affairs of the day that lies before you." But this is too narrow a view of duty. "What again," he asks, "is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves." Plutarch said to the Emperor Trajan, "let your government commence in your own breast, and lay the foundation of it in the command of your own passions." Here come in the words self-control, duty, and conscience. "There will come a time," said Bishop Hooker, when three words, uttered with charity and meekness, shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with the disdainful sharpness of wit."

Deeds of Love.

It is well for the soul to look on actions done for love, not for selfish objects, but for duty, mercy, and loving-kindness. There are many things done for love which are a thousand times better than those done for money. The former inspire the spirit of heroism and self-devotion. The latter die with the giving. Duty that is bought is worth little. "I consider," said Dr. Arnold, "beyond all wealth, honor, or even health, is the attachment due to noble souls; because to become one with the good, generous, and true, is to be in a manner good, generous, and true yourself."

Every man has a service to do, to himself as an individual, and to those who are near him. In fact, life is of little value unless it be consecrated by duty. "Show those qualities, then," said Marcus Aurelis Antoninus, "which are altogether in thy power—sincerity, gravity, endurance of labor, aversion to pleasure, contentment with thy portion, and with few things, benevolence, frankness, and magnanimity."

The greatest intellectual power may exist

without a particle of magnanimity. The latter comes from the highest power in man's mind—conscience, and from the highest faculty, reason, and capacity for faith—that by which man is capable of apprehending more than the senses supply. It is this which makes man a reasonable creature—more than a mere animal. Mr. Darwin has truly said, "that the motives of conscience, as connected with repentance and the feelings of duty, are the most important differences which separate man from the animal."

Doctor Parr's Answer.

We are invited to believe in the all powerful potentcy of matter. We are to believe only in what we can see with our eyes and touch with our hands. We are to believe in nothing that we do not understand. But how very little do we absolutely know and understand! We see only the surfaces of things, "as in a glass darkly." How can matter help us to understand the mysteries of life? We know absolutely nothing about the causes of volition, sensation, and mental action. We know that they exist, but we cannot understand them.

When a young man declared to Dr. Parr that he would believe nothing he did not understand, "Then, sir," said the doctor, "your creed would be the shortest of any man whom I ever knew."

We must believe a thousand things that we do not understand. Matter and its combinations are as great a mystery as life is. Look at those numberless far-off worlds majestically wheeling in their appointed orbits; or at this earth on which we live, performing its diurnal motion on its own axis, during its annual circle round the sun. What do we understand about the causes of such motions? What can we ever know

about them beyond the fact that such things are?

"The circuit of the sun in the heavens," says Pascal, "vast as it is, is itself only a delicate point when compared with the vaster circuit that is accomplished by the stars. Beyond the range of sight, this universe is but a spot in the ample bosom of nature. We can only imagine of atoms as compared with the reality, which is an infinite sphere, of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere. What is man in the midst of this infinite?

"But there is another prospect not less astounding; it is the Infinite beneath him. Let him look to the smallest of the things which come under his notice—a mite. It has limbs, veins, blood circulating in them, globules in that blood, humors and serum. Within the inclosure of this atom I will show you not merely the visible universe, but the very immensity of nature. Whoever gives his mind to thoughts such as this will be terrified at himself—trembling where nature has placed him—suspended, as it were, between infinity and nothingness. The Author of these wonders comprehends them; none but he can do so."

Song of Nature.

The harp at nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand, As kneels the human knee, Their white locks bowing to the sand, The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth, Their gifts of pearl they bring, And all the listening hills of earth Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up From many a mountain shrine; From folded leaf and dewy cup She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud, Or low with sobs of pain, The thunder-organ of the cloud, The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed, The twilight forest grieves, Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost From all its sunlit leaves,

The blue sky is the temple's arch, Its transept earth and air, The music of its starry march, The chorus of a prayer.

So nature keep's the reverent frame With which her years began, And all her signs and voices shame The prayerless heart of man.

J. G. WHITTIER.

A Tongue in Every Leaf.

There is a solemn hymn goes up
From nature to the Lord above;
And offerings from her incense cup
Are poured in gratitude and love;
And from each flower that lifts its eye
In modest silence in the shade,
To the strong woods that kiss the sky,
A thankful song of praise is made.

There is no solitude on earth,
"In every leaf there is a tongue,"
In every glen the voice of mirth,
From every hill a hymn is sung.
And every wild and hidden dell,
Where human footsteps never trod,
Is wafting songs of joy which tell
The praises of their Maker—God.

Each mountain gives an altar birth, And has a shrine to worship given; Each breeze that rises from the earth
Is loaded with a song of heaven;
Each wave that leaps along the main
Sends solemn music on the air;
And winds that swept o'er ocean's plain
Bear off their voice of grateful prayer.

All the laws of nature are dutiful; they obey the command of their great Author. Here is the pattern for man. We cannot do just what we please to do unless we please to do the right. The highest aim of multitudes of persons is to have a "good time" regardless of consequences. The end is selfish and the life is mean and wicked. No man acting on this principle ever made the world any better. He has his "good time" for a little while, passes out of sight, and is remembered only as a failure, dead wood to which the world says "good riddance."

What the Chinese Sage Taught.

Confucius taught his disciples to believe that conduct is three-fourths of life. "Ponder righteousness, and practice virtue. Knowledge, magnanimity, and energy, are universally binding. Gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness, constitute perfect virtue." These words come to us as the far-off echo of the great teacher of ten thousand ages, as his disciples called him—the holy and prescient Chinese sage Confucius.

But all these virtues come from the innate monitor conscience. From this first principle all rules of behavior are drawn. It bids us do what we call right, and forbids us doing what we call wrong. At its fullest growth it bids us do what makes others happy, and forbids us doing what makes others unhappy. The great lesson to be learned is, that man must strengthen himself to perform his duty and do what is right, seeking his happiness and inward peace in objects that cannot be

taken away from him. Conscience is the helper by which we get the mastery over our own failings. It is a silent working of the inner man, by which he proves his peculiar power of the will and spirit of God.

We have also something to learn from the noble old Greeks as to the virtue of duty. Socrates is considered by some as the founder of Greek philosophy. It was his belief that he was specially charged by the Deity to awaken moral conscience in men. He was born at Athens 468 years before Christ. He received the best education which an Athenian could obtain. He first learned sculpture, in which he acquired some reputation. He then served his country as a soldier, according to the duty of all Athenian citizens. The oath which he took, in common with all other youths, was as follows: "I will not disgrace the sacred arms intrusted to me by my country; nor will I desert the place committed to me to defend."

The Highest Prize of Valor.

He displayed much fortitude and valor in all the expeditions in which he was engaged. In one of the engagements which took place before Potidæa, Alcibiades fell wounded in the midst of the enemy. Socrates rushed forward to rescue him, and carried him back, together with his arms. For this gallant performance he was awarded the civic crown as the highest prize of valor. His second campaign was no less honorable. At the disastrous battle of Delium he saved the life of Xenophon, whom he carried from the field on his shoulder, fighting his way as he went. He served in another campaign, after which he devoted himself for a time to the civil service of his country.

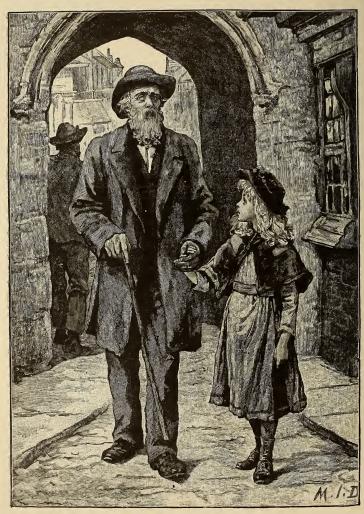
He was as brave as a senator as he had been as a soldier. He possessed that high moral courage which can brave not only death but adverse opinion. He could defy a tyrant, as well as a tyrannical mob. When the admirals were tried after the battle of Arginusæ, for not having rescued the bodies of the slain, Socrates stood alone in defending them. The mob were furious. He was dismissed from the Council, and the admirals were condemned.

Taught Obedience to Duty.

Socrates then devoted himself to teaching. He stood in the market-places, entered the workshops, and visited the schools, in order to teach the people his ideas respecting the scope and value of human speculation and action. He appeared during a time of utter scepticism. He endeavored to withdraw men from their metaphysical speculation about nature, which had led them into the inextricable confusion of doubt. "Is life worth living?" was a matter of as much speculation in these days as it is in ours. Socrates bade them look inward. While men were propitiating the gods, he insisted upon moral conduct as alone guiding man to happiness here and hereafter.

Socrates went about teaching. Wise men and pupils followed him. Aristippus offered him a large sum of money, but the offer was at once declined. Socrates did not teach for money, but to propagate wisdom. He declared that the highest reward he could enjoy was to see mankind benefiting by his labors.

He did not expound from books; he merely argued. "Books," he said, cannot be interrogated, cannot answer, therefore they cannot teach. We can only learn from them what we knew before." He endeavored to reduce things to their first elements, and to arrive at certainty as the only standard of truth. He believed in the unity of virtue, and averred that it was teachable as a matter



THE BLIND MAN'S DUTIFUL CHILD.

of science. He was of opinion that the only valuable philosophy is that which teaches us our moral duties and religious hopes. He hated injustice and folly of all kinds, and never lost an occasion of exposing them. He expressed his contempt for the capacity for governent assumed by all men. He held that only the wise were fit to govern, and that they were the few.

Condemned to Die.

In his seventy-second year he was brought before the judges. The accusers stated their charge as follows: Socrates is an evil-doer, and corrupter of the youth; he does not receive the gods whom the state receives, but introduces new divinities. He was tried on these grounds, and condemned to die. He was taken to his prison, and for thirty days he conversed with his friends on his favorite topics. Crito provided for him the means of escaping from prison, but he would not avail himself of the opportunity. He conversed about the immortality of the soul, about courage and virtue and temperance, about absolute beauty and absolute good, and about his wife and children.

He consoled his weeping friends, and gently upraided them for their complaints about the injustice of his sentence. He was about to die. Why should they complain? He was far advanced in years. Had they waited a short time, the thing would have happened in the course of nature. No man ever welcomed death as a new birth to a higher state of being with greater faith. The time at length came when the jailer presented him with the cup of hemlock. He drank it with courage, and died in complete calmness. "Such was the end," said Phædo, "of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest and justest and best of all the men whom I have ever known."

After ages have cherished the memory of his virtues and of his fate, but without profiting much by his example, and without learning tolerance from his story. His name has become a moral thesis for school-boys and rhetoricians. Would that it could become a moral influence!

The New Testament gives a glorified ideal of a possible human life; but hard are his labors who endeavors to keep that ideal uppermost in his mind. We feel that there is something else that we would like to do, much better than the thing that is incumbent upon us. But duty is there, and it must be done, without dreaming or idling. How much of the philosophy of moral health and happiness is involved in the injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." He that does his best, whatever his lot may be, is on the sure road to advancement.

No Right to be Useless.

It is related of one, who in the depths of his despair cried, "It is of no use to be good, for you cannot be good, and if you were, it would do you no good." It is hopeless, truthless and faithless, thus to speak of the goodness of word and work. Each one of us can do a little good in our own sphere of life. If we can do it, we are bound to do it. We have no more right to render ourselves useless than to destroy ourselves.

We have to be faithful in small things as well as in great. We are required to make as good a use of our one talent as of the many talents that have been conferred upon others. We can follow the dictates of our conscience, and walk, though alone, in the paths of duty. We can be honest, truthful, diligent, were it only out of respect for one's self. We have to be faithful even to the end. Who is not struck with the answer of the

slave who, when asked by an intending purchaser, "Wilt thou be faithful if I buy thee?" "Yes," said the slave, "whether you buy me or not."

Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed—of self-denials, of self-sacrifices, of kindly acts of love and duty. The backbone of character is laid at home; and whether the constitutional tendencies be good or bad, home influences will as a rule fan them into activity. "He that is faithful in little is faithful in much; and he that is unfaithful in little is unfaithful also in much."

Kindness begets kindness, and truth and trust will bear a rich harvest of truth and trust. There are many little trivial acts of kindness which teach us more about a man's character than many vague phrases. These are easy to acquire, and their effects will last much longer than this very temporary life.

Duty of Kindness.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then 'midst our dejection
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness returned!
When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps!

Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove;
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love!
Nor change with to-morrow
Should fortune take wing;
But the deeper the sorrow
The closer still cling!
Oh, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

CHARLES SWAIN.

No good thing is ever lost. Nothing dies, not even life, which gives up one form only to resume another. No good action, no good example, dies. It lives forever in our While the frame moulders and disappears, the deed leaves an indelible stamp, and moulds the very thought and will of future generations. Time is not the measure of a noble work; the coming age will share our joy. A single virtuous action has elevated a whole village, a whole city, a whole nation. "The present moment," says Goethe, " is a powerful deity." Man's best products are his happy and sanctifying thoughts, which, when once formed and put in practice, extend their fertilizing influence for thousands of years, and from generation to generation. It is from small seeds dropped into the ground that the finest productions grow; and it is from the inborn dictates of conscience and the inspired principle of duty that the finest growths of character have arisen.

Struggling Upward.

The sense of duty smooths our path through life. It helps us to know, to learn, and to obey. It gives us the power of overcoming difficulties, of resisting temptations, of doing that for which we strive; of becoming honest, kind and true. All experience teaches us that we become that which we make ourselves. We strive against inclinations to do wrong, we strive for the inclination to do right, and little by little we become that for which we strive. Every day's effort makes the struggle easier. We reap as we have sown.

The true way to excel in any effort is to propose the brightest and most perfect example for imitation. We improve by the attempt, even though we fall short of the full perfection. Character will always operate. There may be little culture, slender abilities, no property, no position in "society;" yet, if there be a character of sterling excellence, it will command influence and secure respect. The edge of our facul- which is actuated by a sense of duty.

ties is seldom worn out by use, but it is very often rusted away by sloth. It is fervor and industry alone which give the beauty and the brightness to human life, and that life is noble

ODE TO DUTY.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God! O Duty, if that name thou love, Who art a light to guide, a rod To check the erring, and reprove; Thou, who art victory and law When empty terrors overawe, From vain temptations dost set free, And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye Be on them: who in love and truth, Where no misgiving is, rely Upon the genial sense of youth: Glad hearts! without reproach or blot; Who do thy work, and know it not : Oh! if through confidence misplaced They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright, And happy will our nature be, When love is an unerring light, And joy its own security. And they a blissful course may hold Even now, who, not unwisely bold, Live in the spirit of this creed; Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried, No sport of every random gust, Yet being to myself a guide, Too blindly have reposed my trust: And oft, when in my heart was heard Thy timely mandate. I deferred The task, in smoother walks to stray: But thee I now would serve more strictly if I may.

Though no disturbance of my soul. Or strong compunction in me wrought, I supplicate for thy control; But in the quietness of thought: Me this unchartered freedom tires: I feel the weight of chance desires: My hopes no more must change their name, I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear The Godhead's most benignant grace; Nor know we anything so fair As is the smile upon thy face: Flowers laugh before thee on their beds, And fragrance in thy footing treads; Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong, And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power! I call thee: I myself commend Unto thy guidance from this hour; O let my weakness have an end! Give unto me, made lowly wise, The spirit of self-sacrifice; The confidence of reason give; And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live! WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT, THEN GO AHEAD.—David Crockett.

CHAPTER VIII.

BE RIGHT, THEN GO AHEAD.



YRUS Field said: "It has been a long and hard struggle to lay the Atlantic telegraph nearly thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil. Often has my heart been ready

to sink. I have sometimes almost accused myself of madness for sacrificing all my home comforts for what might, after all, prove a dream. I have seen my companions one after another fall by my side, and feared that I, too, might not live to see the end. I have often prayed that I might not taste of death till this work was accomplished. That prayer is now answered."

A friend once said to President Lincoln: "Do you expect to end this war during your administration?" Mr. Lincoln replied: "I do not know, sir." "But Mr. Lincoln, what do you mean to do?" "Peg away, sir; peg away, keep pegging away!" Pegging away did it.

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead," is a saying full of practical wisdom. If you are wrong, better not go ahead; if you are right, do not waste a moment in going ahead. Consider before you act, but having considered and made sure that you are on the right track, action is now a solemn duty. And what you know to be right is the only thing to be done. To do the wrong is to sow the wind; if you sow the wind, you must reap the whirlwind.

To do right has no risks about it; you are on the safe side. There is no law in heaven or earth that sends a man to state-

prison for doing right. The trouble is, many men who ought to be in state-prison are not there. This is their luck; they have escaped, but it is still true that wrong-doing means dishonor, the criminal's cell and the hangman's rope.

Dare to do Right.

Dare to do right! dare to be true! You have a work that no other can do; Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well, Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!

Other men's failures can never save you.

Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;

Stand like a hero and battle till death.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!

Love may deny you its sunshine and dew.

Let the dew fail, for then showers shall be given;

Dew is from earth, but the showers are from heaven.

Dare to do right! dare to be true! God, who created you, cares for you too, Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed, Counts and protects every hair of your head.

Dare to do right! dare to be true! Cannot Omnipotence carry you through? City and mansion and throne all in sight, Can you not dare to be true and be right?

Dare to do right! dare to be true! Keep the great judgment-seat always in view; Look at your work as you'll look at it then, Scanned by Jehovah and angels and men.

Dare to do right! dare to be true! Prayerfully, lovingly, firmly pursue The path by apostles and martyrs once trod, The path of the just to the city of God.

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

I once heard a poor man say to a rich man, "I would not condescend to tell you a lie for all you are worth." The other replied, "No one expects you to tell a lie, and if money would buy falsehood, every cent I am worth might perish before I would give it for that purpose." In this conversation, heard incidentally, we get a glimpse of the true standard of living.

Afraid of Lions.

He who has well considered his duty will at once carry his convictions into action. Our acts are the only things that are in our power. They not only form the sum of our habits, but of our character. We can do right; we are not only to think right and talk right; this is not enough. Says Charles Kingsley:

Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever, one
grand, sweet song.

At the same time, the course of duty is not always the easy course. It has many oppositions and difficulties to surmount. We may have the sagacity to see, but not the strength of purpose to do. To the irresolute there is many a lion in the way. He thinks and moralizes and dreams, but does nothing. "There is little to see," said a hard worker, "and little to do; it is only to do it."

The man whose first question, after a right course of action has presented itself, is "What will people say?" is not the man to do anything at all. But if he asks, "Is it my duty?" he can then proceed in his noble achievements, and be ready to incur men's censure, and even to brave their ridicule. "Let us have faith in fine actions," says a good writer, "and let us reserve doubt and incredulity for bad. It is even better to be deceived than to distrust."

Duty is first learned at home. The child comes into the world helpless and dependent on others for its health, nurture, and moral and physical development. The child at length imbibes ideas; under proper influences he learns to obey, to control himself, to be kind to others, to be dutiful and happy. He has a will of his own; but whether it will be well or ill directed depends very much upon parental influences.

You should have a strong will, and never so strong as in doing the right. When the true man, bent on good, holds by his purpose, he places but small value on the rewards or praises of the world; his own approving conscience, and the "well done" which awaits him is his best reward.

Alexander and Napoleon.

Unless the direction of the character be right, the strong will may be merely a power for mischief. In great tyrants it is a demon; with power to wield, it knows no bounds nor It holds millions subject to it; inflames their passions, excites them to military fury, and is never satisfied but in conquering, destroying, and tyrannizing. The strong will produces an Alexander or a Napoleon. Alexander cried because there were no more kingdoms to conquer: and Bonaparte, after overrunning Europe, spent his force amid the snows of Russia. "Conquest has made me," he said, "and conquest must maintain me." But he was a man of no moral principle, and Europe cast him aside when his work of destruction was done.

The strong will, allied to right motives, is as full of blessings as the other is of mischief. The man thus influenced moves and inflames the minds and consciences of others. He bends them to his views of duty, carries them with him in his endeavors

to secure worthy objects, and directs opinion to the suppression of wrong and the establishment of right. The man of strong will stamps power upon his actions. His energetic perseverance becomes habitual. He gives a tone to the company in which he is, to the society in which he lives, and even to the nation in which he is born. He is a joy to the timid, and a perpetual reproach to the sluggard. He sets the former on their feet by giving them hope. He may even inspire the latter to good deeds by the influence of his example.

Blown About by Every Wind.

Besides the men of strong bad wills and strong good wills, there is a far larger number who have very weak wills, or no wills at all. They are characterless. They have no strong will for vice, yet they have none for virtue. They are the passive recipients of impressions, which, however, take no hold They seem neither to go forward nor backward. As the wind blows, so their vane turns round; and when the wind blows from another quarter, it turns round again. Any instrument can write on such spirits; any will can govern theirs. They cherish no truth strongly, and do not know what earnestness is. Such persons constitute the mass of society everywhere-the careless, the passive, the submissive, the feeble, and the indifferent.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that attention should be directed to the improvement and stengthening of the will; for without this there can neither be independence, nor firmness, nor individuality of character. Without it we cannot give truth its proper force, nor morals their proper direction, nor save ourselves from being machines in the hands of worthless and designing men. Intellectual cultivation will not give decision

of character. Philosophers discuss; decisive men act. "Not to resolve," says Bacon, "is to resolve"—that is, to do nothing.

On the summit of a hill in a Western State is a court house, so situated that the rain-drops which fall on one side of the roof descend into Lake Erie and thence through the St. Lawrence into the Atlantic. The rain-drops which fall on the other side, trickle down from rivulet to rivulet until they reach the Ohio and Mississippi, and finally enter the ocean by the Gulf of Mexico. A faint breath of wind determines the destination of these rain-drops for three thousand miles. A single act determines, sometimes, a human destiny for all time and for eternity.

When Kossuth was an exile in Turkey, the government was strongly pressed by Russia and Austria to give him up. The expedient was resorted to of making his protection contingent on his embracing Mohammedanism. Hear his reply: "My answer admits of no hesitation. Between death and shame, the choice can neither be dubious nor difficult. I know what I owe to my country; I know my duty as a private individual. I am prepared to die."

Patrick Henry's Courage.

When Patrick Henry, who gave the first impulse to the ball of the American Revolution, introduced his celebrated resolution on the Stamp Act into the House of Burgesses of Virginia (May, 1765), he exclaimed, when descanting on the tyranny of the obnoxious act: "Caesar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third"—"Treason!" cried the speaker. "Treason! treason!" echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker

an eye flashing with fire, continued—"may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

These examples of decision of character, being sure of the right and then going ahead, will never cease to be read, for they point to the highest type of man. Men cannot be raised in masses, as the mountains were in the early geological states of the world. They must be dealt with as units; for it is only by the elevation of individuals that the elevation of the masses can be effectually secured. Teachers and preachers may influence them from without, but the main action comes from within. Individual men must exert themselves and help themselves, otherwise they never can be effectually helped by others.

Home is the Cradle of Virtue.

Mere cultivation of the intellect has hardly any influence upon conduct. Creeds posted upon the memory will not eradicate vicious propensities. The intellect is merely an instrument, which is moved and worked by forces behind it—by emotions, by self-restraint, by self-control, by imagination, by enthusiasm, by everything that gives force and energy to character.

The most of these principles are implanted at home, and not at school. Where the home is miserable, worthless, and unprincipled—a place rather to be avoided than entered—then school is the only place for learning obedience and discipline. At the same time, home is the true soil where virtue grows. The events of the household are more near and affecting to us than those of the school and the academy. It is in the study of the home that the true character and hopes of the times are to be consulted.

To train up their households is the business of the old; to obey their parents and

to grow in wisdom is the business of the young. Education is a work of authority and respect. Christianity, according to Guizot, is the greatest school of respect that the world has ever seen. Religious instruction alone imparts the spirit of self-sacrifice, great virtues, and lofty thoughts. It penetrates to the conscience, and makes life bearable without a murmur against the mystery of human conditions.

The Object of Training.

"The great end of training," says a great writer, "is liberty; and the sooner you can get a child to be a law unto himself, the sooner you will make a man of him. I will respect human liberty in the smallest child even more scrupulously than in a grown man; for the latter can defend it against me, while the child cannot. Never will I insult the child so far as to regard him as material to be cast into a mould, to emerge with the stamp given by my will."

Paternal authority and family independence is a sacred domain; and, if momentarily obscured in troublous times. Christian sentiment protests and resists until it regains its authority. But liberty is not all that should be struggled for; obedience, self-restraint, and self-government, are the conditions to be chiefly aimed at. The latter is the principal end of education. It is not imparted by teaching, but by example. The first instruction for youth, says Bonald, consists in habits, not in reasonings, in examples rather than in direct lessons. Example preaches better than precept, and that too because it is so much more difficult. At the same time. the best influences grow slowly, and in a gradual correspondence with human needs.

To act rightly, then, is the safety-valve of our moral nature. Good-will is not enough; it does not always produce good deeds. Persevering action does most. What is done with diligence and toil imparts to the spectator a silent force, of which we cannot say how far it may reach.

Noble work is the true educator. Idleness is a thorough demoralizer of body, soul, and conscience. Nine-tenths of the vices and miseries of the world proceed from idleness. Without work there can be no active progress in human welfare.

Base Idleness.

I waste no more in idle dreams
My life, my soul away;
I wake to know my better self—
I wake to watch and pray.
Thought, feeling, time, on idols vain,
I've lavished all too long:
Henceforth to holier purposes
I pledge myself, my song!

I shut mine eyes in grief and shame Upon the dreary past— My heart, my soul poured recklessly On dreams that could not last: My bark was drifted down the stream, At will of wind or wave— An idle, light and fragile thing, That few had cared to save.

Henceforth the tiller Truth shall hold, And steer as conscience tells, And I will brave the storms of fate, Though wild the ocean swells. I know my soul is strong and high, If once I give it sway: I feel a glorious power within, Though light I seem and gay.

Oh, laggard soul! unclose thine eyes—
No more in luxury soft
Of joy ideal waste thyself:
Awake and soar aloft!
Unfurl this hour those falcon wings
Which thou dost fold too long;
Raise to the skies thy lightning gaze,
And sing thy loftiest song!
FRANCES SARGENT OSCOOD.

☼ Have we difficulties to contend with? Then work through them. No exorcism charms like labor. Idleness of mind and body re-

sembles rust. It wears more than work. "I would rather work out than rust out," said a noble worker. Schiller said that he found the greatest happiness in life to consist in the performance of some mechanical duty. He was also of opinion that "the sense of beauty never furthered the performance of a single duty." The highest order of being is that which loses sight in resolution, and feeling in work.

The greatest of difficulties often lie where we are not looking for them. When painful events occur, they are, perhaps, sent only to try and prove us. If we stand firm in our hour of trial, the firmness gives serenity to the mind, which always feels satisfaction in acting conformably to duty. "The battles of the wilderness," said Norman Macleod, "are the sore battles of everyday life. Their giants are our giants, their sorrows our sorrows, their defeats and victories ours also. As they had honors, defeats and victories, so have we."

How to Meet Difficulties.

The school of difficulty is the best school of moral discipline. When difficulties have to be encountered, they must be met with courage and cheerfulness. Did not Aristotle say that happiness is not so much in our objects as in our energies? Grappling with difficulties is the surest way of overcoming them. The determination to realize an object is the moral conviction that we can and will accomplish it. Our wits are sharpened by our necessity, and the individual man stands forth to meet and overcome the difficulties which stand in his way.

Robert Bruce had been defeated twelve times by Edward. His troops were scattered and he had taken shelter in a barn. While in the barn he saw a spider trying to climb a beam of the roof. It fell down twelve times. The thirteenth time it climbed to the top. Bruce said to himself, "Why should I not persevere also?" He rallied his troops, defeated Edward, and was crowned king.

Mr. Disraeli failed in his first speech in the House of Commons. As he took his seat he uttered the prediction, "The day will come when you will be glad to hear me." Robert Hall, the great non-conformist preacher, broke down in his first sermon, George Stephenson was laughed at when he first talked of a locomotive and a railway. Mr. Thackeray had great difficulty in finding a publisher willing to publish "Vanity Fair." Bishop Simpson failed in his first sermon. His earliest pulpit efforts were so poor that his friends advised him not to enter the ministry. History is full of such examples. Don't be discouraged. "If at first you don't succeed, try again."

A Sign of Weakness.

The memoirs of men who have thrown their opportunities away would constitute a painful but a memorable volume for the world's instruction. "No strong man, in good health," says Ebenezer Elliot, "can be neglected, if he be true to himself. For the benefit of the young, I wish we had a correct account of the number of persons who fail of success, in a thousand who resolutely strive to do well. I do not think it exceeds one per cent." Men grudge success, but it is only the last term of what looked like a series of failures. They failed at first, then again and again, but at last their difficulties vanished, and success was achieved.

The desire to possess, without being burdened with the trouble of acquiring, is a great sign of weakness and laziness. Everything that is worth enjoying or possessing can only be got by the pleasure of working. This is the great secret of practical strength.

One may very distinctly prefer industry to indolence, the healthful exercise of all one's faculties to allowing them to rest unused in drowsy torpor. In the long run we shall proably find that the exercise of the faculties has of itself been the source of a more genuine happiness than has followed the actual attainment of what the exercise was directed to procure.

Seizing Opportunities.

It has been said of a great judge that he never threw a legitimate opportunity away, but that he never condescended to avail himself of one that was unlawful. What he had to do, at any period of his career, was done with his whole heart and soul. If failure should result from his labors, self-reproach could not affect him, for he had tried to do his best.

We must work, trusting that some of the good seed we throw into the ground will take root and spring up into deeds of well-doing. What man begins for himself God finishes for others. Indeed, we can finish nothing. Others begin where we leave off, and carry on our work to a stage nearer perfection. We have to bequeath to those who come after us a noble design, worthy of imitation. Well done, well doing, and well to do, are inseparable conditions that reach through all the ages of eternity.

Very few people can realize the idea that they are of no use in the world. The fact of their existence implies the necessity for their existence. The world is before them. They have their choice of good and evil—of usefulness and idleness. What have they clone with their time and means? Have they shown the world that their existence has been of any use whatever? Have they made any one the better because of their life? Has their career been a mere matter of idle-



CATHARINE OF ARAGON FACING HER ACCUSERS,

ness and selfishness, of laziness and indifference? Have they been seeking pleasure? Pleasure flies before idleness. Happiness is out of the reach of laziness. Pleasure and happiness are the fruits of work and labor, never of carelessness and indifference.

A resolute will is needed not only for the performance of difficult duties, but in order to go promptly, energetically, and with self-possession, through the thousand difficult things which come in almost everybody's way. Thus courage is as necessary as integrity in the performance of duty. The force may seem small which is needed to carry one cheerfully through any of these things singly, but to encounter one by one the crowding aggregate, and never to be taken by surprise, or thrown out of temper, is one of the last attainments of the human spirit.

Up and At It.

Every generation has to bear its own burden, to weather its peculiar perils, to pass through its manifold trials. We are daily exposed to temptations, whether it be of idleness, self-indulgence, or vice. The feeling of duty and the power of courage must resist these things at whatever sacrifice of worldly interest. When virtue has thus become a daily habit, we become possessed of an individual character, prepared for fulfilling, in a great measure, the ends for which we were created.

How much is lost to the world for want of a little courage! We have the willingness to do, but we fail to do it. The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action that everything seems to say loudly to every man, "Do something; do it, do it." The poor country parson, fighting against evil in his parish, against wrong-doing, injustice, and iniquity, has nobler ideas of

duty than Alexander the Great ever had. Some men are mere apologies for workers, even when they pretend to be up and at it. They stand shivering on the brink, and have not the courage to plunge in. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who, if they had had the courage to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of well-doing.

No Place for Cowards.

Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, in teaching his students, almost put foremost the sense of duty; moreover, of duty in action. His lectures deeply influenced the characters of those who listened to him. He sent them forth to fight the battle of life valiantly; like the old Danish hero—"to dare nobly, to will strongly, and never to falter in the path of duty." Such was his creed.

There is a great deal of trimming in the world, for the most part arising from the want of courage. When Luther said to Erasmus, "You desire to walk upon eggs without crushing them, and among glasses without breaking them," the timorous, hesitating Erasmus replied, "I will not be unfaithful to the cause of Christ, at least so far as the age will permit me." Luther was of a very different character. go to Worms though devils were combined against me as thick as the tiles upon the housetops," Or like St. Paul, "I am ready, not only to be bound, but to die at Jerusalem."

A very successful man once said, "One trait of my character is thorough seriousness. I am indifferent about nothing that I undertake. In fact, if I undertake to do a thing, I cannot be indifferent." This makes all the difference between a strong man and weak man. The brave men are often killed, the talkers are left behind, the cowards run

away. Deeds show what we are, words only what we should be. Every moment of a working life may be a decisive victory.

The joy of creation more than returns all the pains of labor; and, as the conscious labor against external obstacles is the first joy of awakening life, so the completed work is the most intense of pleasures, bringing to full birth in us the sense of personality, and consecrating our triumph, if only partial and momentary, over nature. Such is the true character of effort or will in action.

Actions Conquer.

A man is a miracle of genius because he has been a miracle of labor. Strength can conquer circumstances. The principle of action is too powerful for any circumstances to resist. It clears the way, and elevates itself above every object, above fortune and misfortune, good and evil. The joys that come to us in this world are but to strengthen us for some greater labor that is to succeed. Man's wisdom appears in his actions; for every man is the son of his own work. Richter says that "good deeds ring clear through heaven like a bell."

Active and sympathetic contact with man in the transactions of daily life is a better preparation for healthy, robust action than any amount of meditation and seclusion. What Swedenborg said about vowing poverty and retiring from the world in order to live more to heaven seems reasonable and true. "The life that leads to heaven," he said, "is not a life of retirement from the world, but of action in the world. A life of charity, which consists in acting sincerely and justly in every enjoyment and work, in obedience to the divine law, is not difficult; but a life of piety alone is difficult, and it leads away from heaven as much as it is commonly believed to lead to it."

With many people religion is merely a matter of words. So far as words go, we do what we think right. But the words rarely lead to action, thought and conduct, or to purity, goodness and honesty. There is too much playing at religion, and too little of enthusiastic hard work. There is a great deal of reading about religion; but true religion, embodied in human character and action, is more instructive than a thousand doctrinal volumes. If a man possesses not a living and strong will that leads the way to good, he will either become a plaything of sensual desires, or pass a life of shameless indolence.

One of the greatest dangers that at present beset the youth of our country is laziness. What is called "culture" amounts to little. It may be associated with the meanest moral character, abject servility to those in high places, and arrogance to the poor and lowly. The fast, idle youth believes nothing, venerates nothing, hopes nothing; no, not even the final triumph of good in human hearts.

Not All the Same.

There are many Mr. Tootses in the world, saying, "It's all the same," "It's of no consequence." It is not all the same, nor will it be all the same a hundred years hence. The life of each man tells upon the whole life of society. Each man has his special duty to perform, his special work to do. If he does it not, he himself suffers, and others suffer through him. His idleness infects others, and propagates a bad example. A useless life is only an early death.

There is far too much croaking among young men. Instead of setting to work upon the thing they dream of, they utter querulous complaints which lead to no action. Is life worth living? Certainly not, if it be wasted in idleness. Even

reading is often regarded as a mental dissipation. It is only a cultivated apathy. Hence you find so many grumbling, indifferent, "loud" youths, their minds polished into a sort of intellectual keenness and cleverness, breaking out into sarcasm upon the acts of others, but doing nothing themselves. They sneer at earnestness of character. A lamentable indifference possesses these intellectual vagrants. Their souls, if they are conscious of possessing them, are blown about by every passing wind. They understand without believing. The thoughts which such minds receive produce no acts. They hold no principles or convictions. The religious element is ignored. creed is nothing, out of which nothing comes; no aspirations after the higher life, no yearnings after noble ideas or a still nobler character.

A Living Book.

And yet we have plenty of intellect, but no faith: plenty of knowledge, but no wisdom; plenty of "culture," but no lovingkindness. A nation may possess refinement, and possess nothing else. Knowledge and wisdom, so far from being one, have often no connection with each other. It may be doubted whether erudition tends to promote wisdom or goodness. Fénelon says it is better to be a good living book than to love good books. A multifarious reading may please, but does not feed the mind. St. Anselm said that "God often works more by the life of the illiterate, seeking the things which are God's, than by the ability of the learned seeking the things that are their own."

Here is the portrait which a great French writer has drawn of his contemporaries: "What do you perceive on all sides but a profound indifference as to creeds and duties,

with an ardor for pleasure and for gold, which can procure everything you desire? Everything can be bought—conscience, honor, religion, opinion, dignities, power, consideration, respect itself; vast shipwrecks of all truths and of all virtues! All philosophical theories, all the doctrines of impiety, have dissolved themselves and disappeared in the devouring system of indifference, the actual tomb of the understanding, into which it goes down alone, naked, equally stripped of truth and error; an empty sepulchre, where one cannot find even bones."

The Riches of the Heart.

It is this state of society that breeds anarchy and confusion. Moral restraint is ignored, law is despised, human life is cheap, and the assassination of a Russian Czar, one or two American Presidents, a Mayor of Chicago, and a President of the French Republic, are the legitimate fruit of the seed that has been sown. There are those who change the title of this chapter and say, "Be wrong, then go ahead."

And there are those who sneer at the old-fashioned virtues of industry and self-denial, energy and self-help. Theirs is a mere creed of chilling negations, in which there is nothing to admire, nothing to hope for. They are sceptics in everything, doing no work themselves, but denying the works of others. They believe in nothing except in themselves. They are their own little gods.

Oh, the vain pride of mere intellectual ability! how worthless, how contemptible, when contrasted with the riches of the heart! What is the understanding of the hard dry capacity of the brain and body? A mere dead skeleton of opinions, a few dry bones tied up together, if there be not a soul to add moisture and life, substance and reality, truth

and joy. Every one will remember the modest saying of Newton—perhaps the greatest man who ever lived—the discoverer of the method of Fluxions, the theory of universal gravitation, and the decomposition of light—that he felt himself but as a child playing by the seashore, while the immense ocean of truth lay all unexplored before him! Have we any philosophers who will make such a confession now?

Pursuit of Knowledge.

What is its earthly victory? Press on! For it hath tempted angels. Yet press on ! For it shall make you mighty among men; And from the evry of your eagle thought Ye shall look down on monarchs. O press on ! For the high ones and powerful shall come To do you reverence: and the beautiful Will know the purer language of your brow, And read it like a talisman of love! Press on! for it is god-like to unloose The spirit, and forget yourself in thought; Bending a pinion for the deeper sky, And, in the very fetters of your flesh, Mating with the pure essence of heaven! Press on !-" for in the grave there is no work, And no device."-Press on! while yet ye may! N. P. WILLIS.

What We Should Know.

What is true knowledge? Is it with keen eye
Of lucre's sons to thread the mazy way?
Is it of civic rights, and royal sway,
And wealth political, the depths to try?
Is it to delve the earth, or soar the sky?
To marshal nature's tribes in just array?
To mix, and analyze, and mete, and weigh
Her elements, and all her powers descry?
These things, who will may know them, if to know
Breed not vain glory. But o'er all to scan
God, in His works and word shown forth below;
Creation's wonders, and Redemption's plan;
Whence came we, what to do, and whither go:
This is true knowledge, and "the whole of man."
BISHOP MANT.

"There are truths," said a well known author, "which man can only attain by the spirit of his heart. A good man is often astonished to find persons of great ability resist proofs which appear clear to him. These persons are deficient in a certain faculty; that is the true meaning. When the cleverest man does not possess a sense of religion, we cannot only not conquer him, but we have not even the means of making him understand us." Again, Sir Humphry Davy said, "Reason is often a dead weight in life, destroying feeling, and substituting for principle only calculation and caution."

But the widest field of duty lies outside the line of literature and books. Men are social beings more than intellectual creatures. The best part of human cultivation is derived from social contact; hence courtesy, selfrespect, mutual toleration, and self-sacrifice for the good of others. Experience of men is wider than literature. Life is a book which lasts one's lifetime, but it requires wisdom to understand its difficult pages.

What Hugh Miller Said.

In the old times boys had duty placed before them as an incentive. To fail was to disgrace one's self, and to succeed was merely to do one's duty. "As for the dream," said Hugh Miller, "that there is to be some extraordinary elevation of the general platform of the human race achieved by means of education, it is simply the hallucination of the age—the world's present alchemical expedient for converting farthings into guineas, sheerly by dint of scouring."

What spectacle can be sadder than to see men, and even women, passing their lives in theorizing and gossiping over the great principles which their forefathers really believed; and by believing which, they secured for their generation the gifts of faith, of goodness, and of well-doing? There are two thoughts which, if once admitted to the mind, change our whole course of life—the belief that this

world is but the vestibule of an endless state of being, and the thought of Him in whom man lives here, or shall live hereafter. We each have the choice of following good or following evil. Who shall say which shall prove the mightier? It depends upon ourselves—on our awakened conscience and enlightened will."

Troubles and sorrows may have to be

encountered in performing our various duties. But these have to be done, and done cheerfully, because it is the will of God. Good actions give strength to ourselves, and inspire good actions in others. They prove treasures guarded for the doer's need. Let us therefore strengthen our mind, and brace up our soul, and prepare our heart for the future. The race is for life.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming, bell,
Ne curséd knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band,
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
With wines high flavored and rich viands crowned:
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this Earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen those silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses
played.

Each sound, too, here, to languishment inclined, Lulled the weak bosom, and induced ease: Aerial music in the warbling wind, At distance rising oft, by small degrees, Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs As did, alas! with soft perdition please: Entangled deep in its enchanting snares, The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lulled the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined,
From which, with airy-flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight,
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus its hight.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace,
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That played, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face,
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
With fleecy clouds, the pure ethereal space;
Nor could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-faced court;
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort;
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, poured out in ease and luxury;
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labor was to kill the time;
And labor dire it is, and weary woe:
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,
And court the vapory god soft-breathing in the wind.

But, ah! too late, as shall full soon be shown.

A place here was, deep, dreary, underground,
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Discased, and loathsome, privily were thrown.

Far from the light of heaven, they languished there,
Unpitied, uttering many a bitter groan;
For of these wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses

Now must I mark the villany we found;

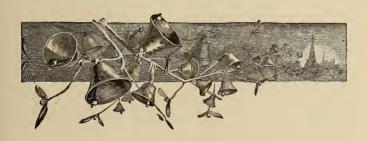
Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest, To this dark den, where Sickness tossed alway. Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep opprest, Stretched on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay, Heaving his sides, and snoring night and day; To stir him from his trance it was not eath, And his half-opened eyes he shut straightway; He led, I wot, the softest way to death, And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the hreath

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound, Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy: Unweildy man! with belly monstrous round, Forever fed with watery supply: For still he drank, and yet he still was dry, And moping here did Hypochondria sit, Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye, Who vexed was full oft with an ugly fit; And some her frantic deemed, and some her deemed

A lady proud she was of ancient blood, Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low; She felt, or fancied, in her fluttering mood, All the diseases which the spitals know, And sought all physic which the shops bestow, And still new leaches and new drugs would try, Her humor ever wavering to and fro; For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry, Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pined, With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings; Pale, bloated, cold, she seemed to hate mankind, Yet loved in secret all forbidden things. And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings; The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks; A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings; Whilst Apoplexy crammed Intemperance knocks Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

JAMES THOMSON.





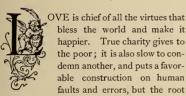
CHARITY.

BOOK II.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY."



of these actions is love in the heart. The spirit of kindness, of philanthropy, of goodwill, is what we wish to urge upon all who

read these pages.

Are we growing wiser? Do we begin to see that if we would make men better and happier we must resort to that grandest of all forces—gentleness? Such a method of treating human beings has never in any case produced resistance or rebellion; has never made them worse, but in all cases made them better. Love is a constraining power; it elevates and civilizes all who come under its influence. It indicates faith in man, and without faith in man's better nature no methods of treatment will avail in improving him.

Kindness draws out the better part of every nature—disarming resistance, dissipating angry passions, and melting the hardest heart. It overcomes evil, and strengthens good. Extend the principle to nations, and

it still applies. It has already banished feuds between clans, between provinces; let it have free play, and war between nations will also cease. Though the idea may seem absurd now, future generations will come to regard war as a crime too horrible to be perpetrated.

Love to Our Fellow-Men.

Abou Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase, Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw within the moonlight in his room, Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom, An angel, writing in a book of gold. Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, And to the presence in his room he said : "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head, And with a look, made all of sweet accord, Answered, "The names of those that love the Lord." "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so," Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low, But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then, Write me as one that loves his fellow-men." The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night He came again with a great waking light, And showed the names whom love of God had blest, And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest. LEIGH HUNT.

"Love," says Emerson, "would put a new face on this weary old world, in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long; and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies and navies, and lines of defence, would be superseded by this unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go; will accomplish that, by imperceptible methods—being its own fulcrum, lever and power—which force could never achieve.

"Have you not seen in the woods, in a late autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom, a plant without any solidity, nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush or jelly, by its constant, bold and inconceivably gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift a hard crust on its head? This is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society, in application to great interests, is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried, in illustrious instances, with signal success. This great, overgrown, dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive, at least, the name of a lover of mankind. But one day all men will be lovers, and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine."

"Each for Himself."

There are many families, the members of which are, without doubt, dear to each other. If sickness or sudden trouble falls on one, all are afflicted, and make haste to sympathize, help, and comfort. But in their daily life and ordinary intercourse there is not only no expression of affection, none of the pleasant and fond behavior that has, perhaps, little dignity, but which more than makes up for that in its sweetness; but there is an absolute hardness of language and actions which is shocking to every sensitive and tender feeling.

Between father and mother, and brother and sister, pass rough and hasty words; yes, and angry words, far more frequently than words of endearment. To see and hear them, one would think that they hated, instead of loved each other. It does not seem to have

entered into their heads that it is their duty, as it should be their best pleasure, to do and say all that they possibly can for each other's good and happiness. "Each one for himself, and bad luck take the hindermost."

The father orders and growls, the mother frets, complains, and scolds, the children snap, snarl, and whine, and so goes the day. Alas for it, if this is a type of heaven!—as "the family"—is said to be—at least, it is said to be the nearest thing to heaven of anything on earth. But the spirit of selfishness, of violence, renders it more like the other place—yes, and this too often, even when all the members of the household are members of the Church. Where you see—when you know it—one family where love and gentleness reign, you see ten where they only make visits, and this among Christian families as well as others.

A Family Bear-Garden.

Now, it is a sad and melancholy thing to "sit solitary" in life, but give me a cave in the bowels of earth, give me a lodge in any waste, howling wilderness, where foot nor face of human being ever came, rather than an abode with parents, friends, or kindred, in which I must hear or utter language which causes pain, or where I must see conduct which is not born of love.

No wealth, no advantage of any kind, would induce me to live with people whose intercourse was of such a nature. The dearer they were to me, the less would I remain among them, if they did not do all they could to make each other happy. With mere strangers one might endure, even under such circumstances, to remain for a time; for what they say or do has but limited effect upon one's feelings; but how members of the same family, children of the same parents, can remain together, year after year, when

every day they hear quarreling, if they do not join in it, and when hard words fly on all sides of them, thick as hail, and the very visitors in their house are rendered uncomfortable by them, is indeed a mystery.

"Count life by virtues these will last
When life's lame, foiled, race is o'er;
And these, when earthly joys are past,
Shall cheer us on a brighter shore."

There is an old song that is so beautiful and pathetic, and teaches such a wholesome lesson, that it is worthy of being reproduced here as a gentle admonition to all who read these pages.

Kindness at Home.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wast young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee:
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and bold:

Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh! well mayst thon cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind she hath been:
Remember thy mother! for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then cheer her lone way,

Thy father is passing away.

E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother! his heart will have dearth

If the smiles of thy joy be withdrawn;

The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,
If love and affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are; The love of a brother shall be An ornament purer and richer, by far, Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister! not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above;
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway shall crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,

More precious than wealth or renown.

Says a well-known writer: "Affection does not beget weakness, nor is it effeminate for a brother to be tenderly attached to his sisters. That boy will make the noblest, the brayest man. On the battle-field, in many terrible battles during our late horrible war, I always noticed that those boys who had been reared under the tenderest home culture always made the best soldiers. They were always brave, always endured the severe hardships of camp, the march, or on the bloody field most silently, and were most dutiful at every call. More, much more, they resisted the frightful temptations that so often surrounded them, and seldom returned to their loved ones stained with the sins incident to war.

"Another point, they were always kind and polite to those whom they met in the enemy's country. Under their protection, woman was always safe. How often I have heard one regiment compared with another, when the cause of the difference was not comprehended by those who drew the comparison! I knew the cause—it was the home education.

Manly Affection.

"We see the same every day in the busy life of the city. Call together one hundred young men in our city, and spend an evening with them, and we will tell you their home education. Watch them as they approach young ladies, and converse with them, and we will show you who have been trained under the influence of home affection and politeness, and those who have not.

"That young man who was accustomed to kiss his sweet, innocent, loving sister night and morning as they met, shows its influence upon him, and he will never forget it; and when he shall take some one to his heart as his wife, she shall reap the golden fruit thereof. The young man who was in the habit of giving his arm to his sister as they



"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD-WILL TO MEN."

walked to and from church, will never leave his wife to find her way as best she can. The young man who has been taught to see that his sister had a seat before he sought his, will never mortify a neglected wife in the presence of strangers. And that young man who always handed his sister to her chair at the table, will never have cause to blush as he sees some gentleman extend to his wife the courtesy she knows is due from him.

"Mothers and daughters, wives and sisters, remember that, and remember that you have the making of the future of this great country, and rise at once to your high and holy duty. Remember that you must make that future, whether you will or not. We are all what you make us. Ah! throw away your weakening follies of fashion, and soul-famine, and rise to the level where God intended you should be, and make every one of your homes, from this day, schools of true politeness and tender affection.

"Take those little curly-headed boys, and teach them all you would have men to be, and my word for it, they will be just such men, and will go forth to bless the world, and crown you with a glory such as queens and empresses never dreamed of. Wield your power now, and you shall reap the fruit in your ripe age."

Home Teaching.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought, To teach the young idea how to shoot, To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind, To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix The generous purpose in the glowing breast. JAMSS THOMSON,

The Happiest Home.

Where is the happiest home on earth? Tis not 'mid scenes of noisy mirth; But where God's favor, sought aright, Fills every breast with joy and light.

The richest home? It is not found Ware wealth and splendor most abound; But wheresoe'er, in hall or cot, Men live contented with their lot.

The fairest home? It is not placed In scenes with outward beauty graced; But where kind words and smiles impart A constant sunshine to the heart.

On such a home of peace and love God showers his blessing from above; And angels, watching o'er it, cry, "Lo! this is like our home on high!"

A good story of two neighbors living in New Jersey is told by one of them, and shows how a soft answer will turn away wrath and how kindness will soften a surly spirit.

Those Troublesome Hens.

"I once owned," he says, "a large flock of hens. I generally kept them shut up. But one spring, I concluded to let them run in my yard, after I had clipped their wings so that they could not fly. One day when I came home to dinner, I learned that one of my neighbors had been there full of wrath, to let me know that my hens had been in his garden, and that he had killed several of them, and thrown them over into my yard. I was greatly enraged because he had killed my beautiful hens that I valued so much. I determined at once to be revenged, to sue him, or in some way to get redress.

"I sat down and ate my dinner as calmly as I could. By the time I had finished my meal, I became more cool, and thought that perhaps it was not best to fight with my neighbor about hens, and thereby make him my bitter enemy. I concluded to try another way, being sure that it would be better. After dinner, I went to my neighbor's. He was in his garden. I went out, and found him in pursuit of one of my hens with a club, trying to kill it. I accosted him.

"He turned upon me, his face inflamed with wrath, and broke out in a great fury, 'You have abused me. I will kill all of your hens, if I can get them. I never was so abused. My garden is ruined."

"'I am sorry for it,' said I; 'I did not wish to injure you; and now see that I have made a great mistake in letting out my hens. I ask your forgiveness, and am willing to pay you six times the damage.'

"The man seemed confounded. He did not know what to make of it. He looked up to the sky, then down at the earth, then at his neighbor, then at his club, and then at the poor hen he had been pursuing, and said nothing.

"'Tell me now,' said I, 'what is the damage, and I will pay you sixfold; and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely to you to say what I shall do. I cannot afford to lose the love and goodwill of my neighbors, and quarrel with them, for hens or anything else.'

The Quarrel Settled.

"'I am a great fool!' said my neighbor.
'The damage is not worth talking about; and I have more need to compensate you than you me, and to ask your forgiveness than you mine.'"

This incident shows that there is a better way of settling quarrels than by resentment and retaliation. The just and generous spirit softens hatred and hard-heartedness. It is a remarkable fact that multitudes of persons do business all their lives and never have disagreements with others, never incur the censure of their neighbors and never have to go into court to settle disputes, while there are many who never seem to be able to keep out of court and are always in trouble with someone who, they imagine, has injured them. There will be a good crop of

lawyers so long as such persons act out their native disposition. They appear to enjoy a lawsuit; they are porcupines with the quills always erect and bristling.

B.n Franklin knew how to conquer an enemy. He never attempted to do it with a cudgel. In 1736 he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania—his first promotion, as he calls it in his narrative. The choice was annual, and the year following a new member made a long speech against his re-election. We copy what he relates on this occasion, because it is every way characteristic:

Kindness Conquered.

"As the place was highly desirable for me on many accounts, I did not like the opposition of this new member, who was a gentleman of fortune and education, with talents that were likely to give him in time great influence in the House, which indeed afterwards happened. I did not, however, aim at gaining his favor by paying any servile respect to him, but after sometime took this other method. Having heard that he had in his library a certain very scarce and curious book, I wrote a note to him expressing my desire of perusing that book, and requesting that he would do me the favor of lending it to me for a few days.

"He sent it immediately, and I returned it in about a week with another note, strongly expressing my sense of the favor. When we next met in the House, he spoke to me—which he had never done before—and with great civility; and he ever after manifested a readiness to serve me on all occasions, so that we became great friends, and our friendship continued to his death. This is another instance of the truth of an old maxim I had learned, which says, 'He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you

another than he whom you yourself have obliged." And it shows how much more profitable it is prudently to remove, than to resent, return and continue inimical proceedings.

Speaking to the young on this point, Horace Mann says: "You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger and stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fist."

An Act of Kindness.

The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing To give a cup of water; yet its draught Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips, May give a thrill of pleasure to the frame More exquisite than when nectarean juice Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

It is a little thing to speak a phrase Of common comfort which by daily use Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear Of him who thought to die unmourned 'twill fall Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye With gentle tears, relax the knotted hand To know the bonds of fellowship again, And shed on the departing soul a sense More precious than the benison of friends About the honored death-bed of the rich, To him who else were lonely, that another Of the great family is near and feels.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

Men are very slow to give up their faith in physical force, as necessary for the guidance, correction and discipline of others. Force is the short way of settling matters, without any weighing of arguments. It is the summary logic of the barbarians, among whom the best man is he who strikes the heaviest blow or takes the surest aim.

Coaxing Rather than Driving.

Even civilized nations have been very slow to abandon their faith in force. Until very recent times, men of honor, who chanced to fall out, settled their quarrels by the duel; and governments, almost without exception, have resorted to arms to settle their quarrels as to territory or international arrangements. Indeed, we have been so trained and educated into a belief in the efficacy of forcewar has become so identified in history with honor, glory and all sorts of high-sounding names-that we can scarcely imagine it possible that the framework of society could be held together, were the practice of force discarded, and that of love, benevolence and justice substituted in its place.

And yet doubts are widely entertained as to the efficacy of the policy of force. It is suspected that force begets more resistance than it is worth, and that if men are put down by violent methods, a spirit of rebellion is created, which breaks out from time to time in violent deeds, in hatred, in vice and in crime. Such, indeed, has been the issue of the policy of force in all countries and in all times. The history of the world is, to a great extent, the history of the failure of physical force.

On two great occasions America and Great Britain have taught the rest of the world that it is possible to settle disputes by arbitration. When claims were made by our government against Great Britain for depredations committed on the high seas during our civil war, instead of settling the difficulty by an appeal to the sword, a court of arbitration assembled at Geneva, Switzerland, discussed the whole matter in a friendly spirit, and came to a conclusion that was binding upon both nations. And later a similar course was pursued in the dispute concerning the seal fisheries in Bering Sea. Let this thing go on and some so-called Christian nations may become civilized and not rush into war on every pretext like a gang of barbarians. Peace has finer victories than war.

Inhuman Cruelty.

The principle of force has, in past times, been dismally employed in the treatment of lunatics, lepers, galley slaves and criminals. Lunatics were chained and put in cages like wild beasts. The lepers were banished from the towns, and made to live in some remote quarter, away from human beings-though themselves human. The galley slaves were made to tug at the oar until they expired in misery. Criminals were crowded together without regard to age or sex, until the prisons of Europe became the very sink of iniquity. Some four hundred years ago criminals were given over to be vivisected alive by the surgeons of Florence and Pisa. Their place has now been taken by dumb brutes.

We hear of the dungeons and chains in the castles of chivalry; but what tales of misery and of cruelty are unfolded before the legal tribunals of the moderns! Search the annals of the poor in our great cities, and how often will you have to say with Jeremy Taylor, "This is an uncharitableness next to the cruelties of savages, and an infinite distance from the mercies of Jesus!"

The benevolent spirit of John Howard was

first directed to the reform of prisons by a personal adventure of a seemingly accidental nature. He was on a voyage to Portugal at a time when Lisbon was an object of painful interest-still smoking in ruins from the effects of the memorable earthquake. He had not proceeded far on his voyage when the packet in which he had embarked was captured by a French privateer. He was treated with great cruelty. He was allowed no food or water for forty-eight hours; and after landing at Brest he was imprisoned in the castle with the rest of the captives. They were cast into a filthy dungeon, and were kept for a considerable time longer without food.

At length a joint of mutton was flung into the den, which the unhappy men were forced to tear in pieces, and gnaw like wild beasts. The prisoners experienced the same cruel treatment for a week, and were compelled to lie on the floor of the horrible dungeon, with nothing but straw to shelter them from the noxious and pestilential damps of the place.

Every Prison Was a Hell.

Howard was at last set at liberty, and returned to England; but he gave himself no rest until he had succeeded in liberating many of his fellow-prisoners. He then opened a correspondence with English prisoners in other jails and fortresses on the Continent; and found that sufferings as bad, or even greater than his own, were the common lot of the captives.

Shortly after his attention was called to the state of English prisons, in the course of his duties as High Sheriff of the County of Bedford. This office is usually an honorary one, leading merely to a little pomp and vain show. But with Howard it was different. To be appointed to an office was with

him to incur the obligation to fulfil its duties. He sat in court and listened attentively to the proceedings. When the trials were over he visited the prison in which the criminals were confined. There he became acquainted with the shameful and brutal treatment of malefactors. The sight that met his eyes in prison revealed to him the nature of his future life-mission.

The prisons of England, as well as of other countries, were then in a frightful state. The prisoners were neither separated nor classified. The comparatively innocent and the abominably guilty were herded together; so that common jails became the hotbeds of crime. The hungry man who stole a loaf of bread found himself in contact with the burglar or the murderer. The debtor and the forgerthe petty thief and the cut-throat-the dishonest girl and the prostitute-were all mixed together. Swearing, cursing, and blaspheming pervaded the jail. Religious worship was unknown. The place was made over to Beelzebub. The devil was king.

Disease and Death.

Howard thus simply tells his impressions as to the treatment of prisoners: "Some who by the verdict of juries were declared not guilty—some on whom the grand jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to a trial—and some whose prosecutors did not appear against them—after having been confined for months, were dragged back to jail, and locked up again until they should pay sundry fees to the jailer, the clerk of assize, and such like."

He also remarked that the "hard-hearted creditors," who sometimes threatened their debtors that they should rot in jail, had indeed a very truthful significance; for that in jail men really did rot—literally sinking and festering from filth and malaria. Howard

estimated that, numerous as were the lives sacrificed on the gallows, quite as many fell victims to cold and damp, disease and hunger.

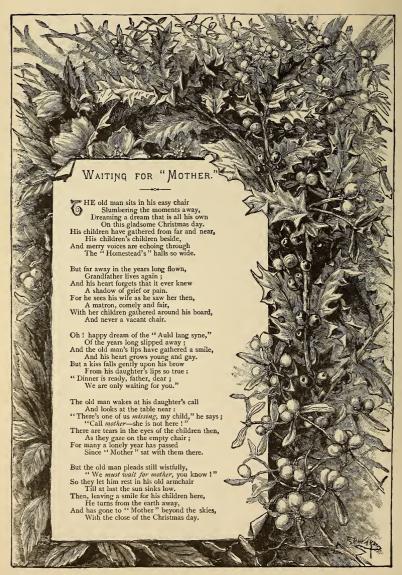
The jailers' salaries were not paid by the public, but by the discharged innocents. Howard pleaded with the justices of the peace that a salary should be paid to the jailer. He was asked for a precedent. He said he would find one. He mounted his horse, and rode throughout the country for the precedent. He visited county jails far and near. He did not find a precedent for the payment of a salary to the jailer, but he found an amount of wretchedness and misery prevailing among the prisoners, which determined him to devote himself to the reformation of the jails of England and of the world.

Chained on their Backs.

At Gloucester he found the castle in the most horrible condition. The castle had become the jail. It had a common court for all the prisoners, male and female. The debtors' ward had no windows. The night room for men felons was close and dark. A fever had prevailed in the jail, which carried off many of the prisoners. The keeper had no salary. The debtors had no allowance of food.

In the city of Ely the accommodation was no better. To prevent the prisoners' escape they were chained on their backs to the floor. Several bars of iron were placed over them, and an iron collar covered with spikes was fastened round their necks. At Norwich the cells were built under ground, and the prisoners were given an allowance of straw, which cost a guinea a year. The jailer not only had no salary, but he paid two hundred dollars a year to the under-sheriff for his situation! He made his income by extortion,

Howard went on from place to place.



inspired by his noble mission. The idea of ameliorating the condition of prisoners engrossed his whole thoughts, and possessed him like a passion. No toil, nor danger, nor bodily suffering could turn him from the great object of his life. He went from one end of England to the other, in order to drag forth to the light the disgusting mysteries of the British prison-houses. In many cases he gave freedom to such as were confined for some petty debt, and to many others who were utterly guiltless of crime.

Light in the Dungeons.

Upon the conclusion of his survey the House of Commons resolved itself into a committee, in order to ascertain the actual state of the case. He appeared before it, laden with his notes. In the course of the inquiry a member, surprised at the extent and minuteness of his information, inquired at whose expense he had travelled. Howard was almost choked before he could reply.

The thanks of the Legislature were given him at the close of his evidence. They followed in the track which he had pointed out. Bills were passed abolishing all fees, providing salaries for the jailers, and ordering all prisoners to be discharged immediately upon acquittal. It was also directed that all jails should be cleansed, whitewashed, and ventilated; that infirmaries should be erected for the healing and maintenance of prisoners; and that proper jails should be built. Howard was confined to his bed while the bills passed: but so soon as he had recovered from the illness and fatigue to which his selfimposed labors had subjected him, he rose again, and revisited the jails, for the purpose of ascertaining that the Acts were duly carried out.

Having exhausted England, Howard proceeded into Scotland and Ireland, and in-

spected the jails in those countries. He found them equally horrible, and published the results of his inquiries with equal success. Then he proceeded to the Continent, to inquire into the prison accommodation there. At Paris the gates of the Bastille were closed against him: but as respects the other French prisons, though they were bad enough, they were far superior to those of England. When it was ascertained that Howard was making inquiries about the Bastille, an order was issued for his imprisonment, but he escaped in time. He revenged himself by publishing an account of the State prison, translated from a work recently published which he obtained after great difficulty and trouble.

His Errand of Love.

Howard travelled onward to Belgium, Holland and Germany. He made notes everywhere, and obtained a large amount of information—the result of enormous labor. After returning to England, to see that the work of prison reform had taken root, he proceeded to Switzerland, on the same errand of love. He there found the science of prison discipline revealed. The prisoners were made to work, not only for their own benefit, but to diminish the taxes levied for the maintenance of prisons.

After three years of indefatigable work, during which he travelled more than thirteen thousand miles, Howard published his great work on "The State of Prisons." It was received with great sensation. He was again examined by the House of Commons as to the further measures required for the reformation of prisoners. He recommended houses of correction. He had observed one at Amsterdam, which he thought might be taken as a model.

He again proceeded thither to ascertain

its method of working. From Holland he went to Prussia; crossed Silesia, through the opposing ranks of the armies of Austria and Prussia. He spent some time at Vienna, and proceeded to Italy. At Rome he applied for admission to the dungeons of the Inquisition. But, as at the Bastille in France, the gates of the Inquisition were closed against him. All others were opened. He returned home through France, having travelled four thousand six hundred miles during this tour.

A Man and Woman Whipped.

Wherever he went he was received with joy. The blessings of the imprisoned followed him. He distributed charity with an open hand. But he did more. He opened the eyes of the thoughtful and the charitable of all countries to the importance of prison reform.

He never rested. He again visited the prisons in Great Britain, travelling nearly seven thousand miles. He found that his previous efforts had done some good. The flagrant abuses which he had before observed had been removed; and the jails were cleaner, healthier and more orderly. He made another foreign tour to amplify his knowleage. He had visited the jails of the southern countries of Europe. He now resolved to visit those of Russia. entered Petersburg alone and on foot. police discovered him, and he was invited to visit the Empress Catharine at Court. He respectfully informed her Majesty that he had come to Russia to visit the dungeons of the captives and the abodes of the wretched, not the palaces and courts of kings and queens.

Armed with power, he went to see the infliction of the knout. A man and woman were brought out. The man received sixty strokes, and the woman twenty-five. "I

saw the woman," says Howard, "in a very weak condition some days after, but could not find the man any more." Determined to ascertain what had become of him. Howard visited the executioner. "Can you," he said, "inflict the knout so as to occasion death in a very short time?" "Yes!" "In how short a time?" "In a day or two." "Have you ever so inflicted it?" "I have!" "Have you lately?" "Yes! the last man who was punished by my hand with the knout died of the punishment." "In what manner do you thus render it mortal?" "By one or two strokes on the sides, which carry off large pieces of flesh." "Do you receive orders thus to inflict the punishment?" "I do!"

Thus the boast of Russia that capital punishments had been abolished throughout the empire was effectually exposed.

The Prisoners' Friend.

He wrote from Moscow that "no less than seventy thousand recruits for the army and navy have died in the Russian hospitals during a single year." Now, Howard was an accurate man, incapable of saying anything but the truth; and therefore, this horrible fact cannot but heighten our detestation both of war and of despotism. From Russia he travelled home by way of Poland, Prussia, Honover, and the Austrian Netherlands. He also travelled for the same purpose through Spain and Portugal. He published the results of his travels in a second appendix to his great work.

Twelve years had now passed since Howard had given himself up to the absorbing pursuit of his life. He had travelled upward of forty-two thousand miles in visiting the jails of the chief towns and cities of Europe; and he had expended upward of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in relieving

the prisoners, the sick and the friendless. He had not, however, finished his work. He determined to visit the countries where the plague prevailed, in order, if possible, to discover a remedy for this frightful disease. His object was to go, in the first place, to Marseilles, through France.

He set out for Paris. The French, remembering his pamphlet on the Bastille, prohibited him from appearing on the soil of France. He disguised himself, and entered Paris. During the same night in which he arrived he was roused from his bed by the police. A lucky thought enabled him to dispose of them for a few minutes, during which he rose, dressed himself, escaped from the house, and was forthwith on his way to Marseilles. He there obtained admission to the Lazaretto, and obtained the information which he required.

His Last Journey.

He sailed for Smyrna, where the plague was raging. From thence the resolute philanthropist sailed to the Adriatic by an infected vessel, in order that he might be subjected to the strictest quarantine. He took the fever, and lay in quarantine for forty days—suffering fearfully, without help, alone in his misery. At length he recovered, and made his way home to England. He visited his country estate, provided for the poor of the neighborhood, and parted from his humble friends as a father from his children.

He had one more journey to make. It was his last. His intention was to extend his inquiries on the subject of the plague. He proceeded through Holland, Germany, and Russia, intending to go to Turkey, Egypt, and the States of Barbary. But he was only able to travel as far as Kherson, in Russian Tartary There, as usual, he visited

the prisoners, and caught the jail fever. Alone, among strangers, he sickened and died in his sixty-fourth year. To one who was by his bedside, he marked a spot in a churchyard in Dauphiny, where he wished to be buried. "Lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

But the noble Howard will not be forgotten so long as the memory of man lasts. He was the benefactor of the most miserable of men. He thought nothing of himself, but only of those who without him would have been friendless and unhelped. In his own time he achieved a remarkable degree of success. But his influence did not die with him, for it has continued to influence not only the legislation of England, but of all civilized nations, down to the present time.

Burke thus described him: "He visited all Europe to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend the neglected; to visit the forsaken; to compare and collect the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It is a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity; and already the benefit of his labor is felt more or less in every country."

Works of Philanthropy.

From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crowned, Where'er mankind and misery are found, O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow, Mild Howard journeying seeks the house of woe. Down many a winding step to dungeons dank, Where anguish wails aloud and fetters clank, To caves bestrewed with many a mouldering bone, And cells whose echoes only learn to groan, Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose, No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows;

He treads, inemulous of fame or wealth,
Profuse of toil and prodigal of health;
Leads stern-eyed Justice to the dark domains,
If not to sever, to relax the chains;
Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife,
To her fond husband liberty and life—
Onward he moves! disease and death retire,
And murmuring demons hate him and admire.

E. DARWIN.

The example of this great benefactor of his race is convincing proof of what may be accomplished by one brave man, acting out the law of kindness and brotherly love. Every individual may show the same spirit in the sphere he occupies, whether great or small.

Mrs. Fry in Newgate Prison.

From the time of Howard the treatment of prisoners has been greatly improved. At first it was only benevolent persons who aimed at their improvement, such as Sarah Martin, Mrs. Fry and other kindred spirits. Sydney Smith mentions that on one occasion he requested permission to accompany Mrs. Fry to Newgate Prison, London. He was so moved by the sight that he wept like a child. Referring to the subject afterward, in a sermon, he said, "There is a spectacle which this town now exhibits that I will venture to call the most solemn, the most Christian, the most affecting which any human being ever witnessed. To see that holy woman in the midst of the wretched prisoners; to see them all calling earnestly upon God, soothed by her voice, animated by her look, clinging to the hem of her garment, and worshipping her as the only being who has ever loved them, or taught them, or noticed them, or spoken to them of God! This is the sight that breaks down the pageant of the world; which tells them that the short hour of life is passing away, and that we must prepare by some good deeds to meet God; that it is time to give, to pray, to comfort; to go, like this blessed woman, and do the work of our heavenly Saviour, Jesus, among the guilty, among the broken-hearted and the sick, and to labor in the deepest and the darkest wretchedness of life."

Mrs. Fry succeeded, by her persevering efforts, in effecting a complete reformation in the state of the prison, and in the conduct of the female prisoners; insomuch that the grand jury, in their report, after a visit to Newgate, state, "that if the principles which govern her regulations were adopted toward the males as well as the females, it would be the means of converting a prison into a school of reform; and instead of sending criminals back into the world hardened in vice and depravity, they would be repentant, and probably become useful members of society."

A Friend of Boys and Girls.

Mrs. Tatnall also, a woman less known than Mrs. Fry, devoted herself to the reformation and improvement of the prisoners in Warwick jail, of which her husband was governor. Many a criminal was brought back by her from the ways of vice to those of virtue and industry. Boys and girls, being younger in iniquity, were the especial subjects of her care. She was almost invariably successful in her efforts to restore them to society.

But individual help could do but little in improving or reclaiming the mass of prisoners. It was only by the help of the Legislature that so large a question could be treated. One of the chief objects of legislation is to prevent crime by removing the inducements to commit it; and the main object of prison discipline is to reform the moral condition of the criminal, and to lead

him back to the bosom of the society against which he has sinned. This, as a matter of justice, is due to the criminal, who is too often made so by the circumstances in which he has been brought up, by his want of training, and by the unequal laws which society has enacted.

Before, society took its revenge upon criminals, and treated them like wild beasts; now, a milder treatment is adopted, with a view to their reclamation. The governors of the Sing Sing Penitentiary, in the State of New York, led the way in the reformatory treatment of criminals. Their attention was directed to the subject by the reports of Mr. Edmonds.

Sympathy and Kindness.

He said that "he had no faith whatever in the system of violence which had so long prevailed in the world—the system of tormenting criminals into what was called good order, and of never appealing to anything better than the base sentiment of fear. He had seen enough in his own experience to convince him that, degraded as they were, they had still hearts that could be touched by kindness, consciences that might be aroused by appeals to reason, and aspirations for a better course of life, which needed only the cheering voice of sympathy and hope, to be strengthened into permanent reformation."

A new system of criminal treatment was, accordingly, in conformity with Mr. Edmonds's recommendations, commenced at Sing Sing prison, and was soon attended by the happiest effects. The rule now was, to punish as sparingly as possible, and to encourage where there was any desire for improvement. Many criminals, formerly regarded as irreclaimable, were thus restored to society as useful and profitable citizens, and but a very small proportion of these

were found to relapse into their former habits.

The system was found especially successful in the case of women. One of the matrons addressed them in the chapel on the duty of self-government, and the necessity of a reformation of character if they wished to escape from misery, either in this world or the next, "The effect of this little experiment," says the matron, in an after statement, "has been manifest in the more quiet and gentle movements of the prisoners, in their softened and subdued tones of voice, and in their ready and cheerful obedience. It has deepened my conviction that, however degraded by sin, or hardened by outrage or wrong, while reason maintains its empire over the mind, there is no heart so callous or obdurate that the voice of sympathy and kindness may not reach it, or so debased as to give no responses to the tone of Christian love"

Story of Captain Pillsbury.

Captain Pillsbury, warden of Weathersfield prison, in Connecticut, was also remarkably successful in his treatment and reclamation of criminals by humane methods. He possessed a moral courage which approached almost to the sublime. Previous to his appointment the usual harsh mode of treatment was enforced, with the usual hardening and debasing effects upon the prisoners, producing in them a "deep-rooted and settled malignity." Crime was increasing in enormity, and the prison was every year running the State into deeper debt.

Captain Pillsbury completely altered the mode of treatment; he directed his efforts to the reformation of the prisoners by means of kind treatment. He encouraged them in a course of good conduct; he cheered them on in their return to virtue. He at once liberated the worst convicts from the degrada-

tion of irons, and told them he would trust them! The policy was magical in its effects. The men gave him their confidence; they

His treatment of one of the prisoners was remarkable. The man was of herculean proportions, a prison-breaker, the terror of



manifested the greatest respect for his rule; order and regularity prevailed in the prison; and the institution soon began to pay for itself by to own labor.

the country, and had plunged deeper and deeper into crime for seventeen years. Captain Pillsbury told him when he came that he hoped he would not repeat the attempts at escape which he had made elsewhere. "I will make you as comfortable as I possibly can, and shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will not get me into any difficulty on your account. There is a cell intended for solitary confinement, but we never use it; and I should be very sorry ever to turn the key upon anybody in it. You may range the place as freely as I do if you will trust me as I shall trust you."

"You Treat Me Like a Man."

The man was sulky, and for weeks showed only very gradual symptoms of softening under Captain Pillsbury's influence. At length information was given him that the man intended to break out of poison. The captain called him, and taxed him with it; the man preserved a gloomy silence. He was told that it was now necessary that he should be locked up in the solitary cell. The captain, who was a small, slight man, went before, and the giant followed. When they had reached the narrowest part of the passage the governor turned round with his lamp, and looked in the criminal's face.

"Now," said he, "I ask you whether you have treated me as I deserve? I have done everything I could think of to make you comfortable; I have trusted you, and you have never given me the least confidence in return, and have even planned to get me into difficulty. Is this kind? And yet I cannot bear to lock you up, if I had the least sign that you cared for me."

The man burst into tears. "Sir," said he, "I have been a very devil these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man."

"Come, let us go back," said the captain. The convict had the free range of the prison as before. From this hour he began to open his heart to the captain, and cheerfully fulfilled his whole term of imprisonment,

confiding to his friend, as they arose, all impulses to violate his trust, and all facilities for doing so which he imagined he saw.

Captain Pillsbury is the warden who, on being told that a desperate prisoner had sworn to murder him, speedily sent for him to shave him, allowing no one to be present. He eyed the man, pointed to the razor, and desired him to shave him. The prisoner's hand trembled, but he went through it varies well. When he had done the captain said, "I have been told you meant to murder me, but I thought I might trust you." "God bless you, sir!" replied the regenerated man. Such is the power of faith in man.

Major Goodell, governor of the State Prison at Auburn, New York, and Mr. Isaac T. Hopper, another prison inspector, were equally successful in the treatment and reclamation of criminals. Of fifty individuals whom this last-named admirable man succeeded in reclaiming, only two relapsed into bad habits—a fact which speaks volumes in favor of the power of gentleness.

A Kind Word.

"Oh! there has many a tear been shed,
And many a heart been broken,
For want of a gentle hand stretched forth,
Or a word in kindness spoken.
Then O! with brotherly regard
Greet every son of sorrow;
So from each tone of love his heart
New hope, new strength, shall borrow,"

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

Who is My Neighbor.

Thy "neighbor?" It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy "neighbor?" 'Tis the fainting poor, Whose eye with want is dim, Whom hunger sends from door to door,—
Go thou and succor him.

Thy "neighbor?" 'Tis that weary man Whose years are at their brim, Bent low with sickness, care, and pain,—Go thou and comfort him.

Thy "neighbor?" 'Tis the heart bereft Of every earthly gem, Widow and orphan helpless left,— Go thou and shelter them.

Thy "neighbor?" Yonder toiling slave, Fettered in thought and limb, Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,— Go thou and rausom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form Less favored than thy own, Remember, 'tis thy neighbor worm, Thy brother or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by! Perhaps thou canst redeem The breaking heart from misery,— Go share thy lot with him.

Randolph Bartholomay.

A circumstance is mentioned by the naturalist Audubon, as occurring within his knowledge a few years ago, of a certain individual who for many years had led the life of a pirate. On one occasion, while cruising along the cost of Florida, he landed, and was lying in the shade on the bank of a creek, when his attention was arrested by the soft and mournful note of a Zenaida dove. As he listened, each repetition of the melancholy sound seemed to him a voice of pity; it seemed to him like a voice from the past, a message from childhood's innocent and sunny hours; then it appeared like a voice of deep, sad sorrow for him, the far-off wanderer, the self-ruined, guilty prodigal; and so thoroughly did it rouse him from his long sleep of sin, that there, on that lonely spot, where no minister of mercy had ever stood, he resolved within himself to renounce his guilty life, return to virtuous society, and seek the mercy of God—a resolution which he subsequently fulfilled, as we are assured by the narrator.

There is that in the human heart which responds to the voice of gentle, pitying love, when all other agencies have lost their power; when all the thunder and lightning of Sinai itself might roll and glitter in vain. Would that there were more, among those disposed to do good, who would make full proof of the omnipotence of the spirit of kindness, pity, and love. The Spirit of Jesus must be the model of our benevolence.

What Gentleness Can Do.

Here is a tender story my eye fell on some time since. A little fellow, ten years old, was pulling a heavy cart, loaded with pieces of broken board and lath taken from some structure which had been pulled down. Such a sight is common enough in any of our large cities. He was evidently very tired. He wanted to rest himself beneath a shade-tree. The little fellow's feet were bruised and sore; his clothing was rags; his face was pinched and pale, and on it was falling that pathetic look of maturity and care you so often see shadowing the faces of children among the very poor.

The poor boy lay down on the grass beneath the tree, and in five minutes he was fast asleep. His bare feet just touched the curbstone; his old hat fell from his head and rolled on to the sidewalk. And if you had looked into that upturned face you would have seen printed on it the marks of scanty food, of insufficient clothing, of a childhood untouched of love and sunshine, of strength too early strained in this sad battle of life.

Then a curious thing took place. An old man, bowed and poor enough himself, and with a wood-saw on his arm, crossed the street for the shade of the same tree. He glanced at the boy, turned away, glanced again, seemed to read the pitiful writing on the boy's face and to interpret it from his own experience. Then he went softly on tip-toe, bent over the boy, took from his pocket his own scant dinner—a bit of bread and meat—and laid it down beside the lad, then walked quickly and quietly away, looking back every moment, but keeping himself out of sight, as though he would escape thanks.

But other passers-by had noticed now the sleeping-boy, attracted by the kindly maneuvering of the old man. He had said no word whatever. He had simply done his gentle deed and gone on.

The Old Wood-Sawyer Did it All.

But now a man walked down from his steps and left a half-dollar beside the poor man's bread and meat; a woman came and left a good hat in the place of the old one; a child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy with a coat and vest. Others of the passing throng upon the street halted, whispered, dropped dimes and quarters besides the first piece of silver.

Suddenly the little pinched-faced fellow awoke, startled, as if it were a crime to sleep there. He saw the bread, the clothing, the money, the score of people waiting with their kindly faces. He saw it was all tangible and not a dream. Then he sat down, covered his thin face with his thin hands, and sobbed aloud. From the old woodsawyer, with pocket empty of his dinner but with heart filled with beneficence, certainly had gone forth a most controlling and loving might, compelling all these helpers of the waif of the city streets; while sleep, for a time, put its blessing on the pitiful young-old face.

No Dearth of Kindness.

There's no dearth of kindness In this world of ours; Only in our blindness We gather thorns for flowers! Outward, we are spurning, Trampling one another! While we are inly yearning At the name of "Brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness Or love among mankind, But in darkling loneness Hooded hearts grow blind! Full of kindness tingling, Soul is shut from soul, When they might be mingling In one kindred whole!

There's no dearth of kindness,
Though it be unspoken,
From the heart it sendeth
Smiles of heaven, in token
That there be none so lowly
But have some angel-touch;
Yet, nursing loves unholy,
We live for self too much!

As the wild-rose bloweth, As runs the happy river, Kindness freely floweth In the heart forever; But if men will hanker Ever for golden dust, Best of hearts will canker, Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness In this world of ours; Only in our blindness We gather thorns for flowers. O cherish God's best giving, Falling from above! Life were not worth living, Were it not for love.

GERALD MASSEY.

During one of our early American wars, a company of Delaware Indians attacked a small detachment of British troops, and defeated them. As the Indians had greatly the advantage of swiftness of foot, and were eager in the pursuit, very few of the fugitives escaped; and those who fell into the enemy's hands were treated with a cruelty of which there are not many examples even in this country. Two of the Indians came up with a young officer, and attacked him with great fury. As they were armed with tomahawks, he had no hope of escape, and thought only of selling his life as dearly as he could; but just at this crisis, another Indian came up, who seemed to be advanced in years, and was armed with a bow and arrows.

The Old Indian With a Bow.

The old man instantly drew his bow; but having taken aim at the officer, he suddenly dropped the point of his arrow, and interposed between him and his pursuers, who were about to cut him to pieces. They retired with respect. The old man then took the officer by the hand, soothed him into confidence by caresses; and having conducted him to his hut, treated him with a kindness which did honor to his professions. He made him less a slave than a companion, taught him the language of the country, and instructed him in the rude arts that are practiced by the inhabitants.

They lived together in the most cordial amity: and the young officer found nothing to regret, but that sometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him, and having regarded him for some minutes with a steady and silent attention, burst into tears. In the meantime, the spring returned, and the Indians having recourse to their arms, again took the field. The old man, who was still vigorous, and well able to bear the fatigues of war, set out with them, and was accompanied by his prisoner. They marched several hundred miles across the forest, and came at length to a plain where the British forces were encamped.

The old man showed his prisoner the tents at a distance-at the same time remarked his countenance with the most diligent attention: "There," said he, "are your countrymen; there is the enemy who wait to give us battle. Remember that I have saved thy life, that I have taught thee to construct a canoe, and to arm thyself with a bow and arrow, to surprise the beaver in the forest, to wield the tomahawk, and to scalp the enemy. What wast thou when I first took thee to my hut? Thy hands were those of an infant; they were fit neither to procure thee sustenance nor safety. Thy soul was in utter darkness; thou wast ignorant of everything; and thou owest all things to me. Wilt thou then go over to thy nation, and take up the hatchet against us?"

The Captive Released.

The officer replied, that he would rather lose his own life than take away that of his deliverer. The Indian then bending down his head, and covering his face with both his hands, stood some time silent; then looking earnestly at the prisoner, he said, in a voice that was at once softened by tenderness and grief, "Hast thou a father?" "My father," said the young man, "was alive when I left my country."

"Alas," said the Indian, "how wretched he must be!" He paused a moment, and then added, "Dost thou know that I have been a father?—I am a father no more—I saw my son fall in battle—he fought by my side—I saw him expire; but he died like a man—he was covered with wounds when he fell dead at my feet—but I have revenged him."

He prononneed these words with the utmost vehemence; his body shook with a universal tremor, and he was almost stifled with sighs that he would not suffer to escape him. There was a keen restlessness in his eye, but no tear would flow to his relief. At length he became calm by degrees, and turning towards the east, where the sun was then rising, "Dost thou see," said he to the young officer, "the beauty of that sky, which sparkles with prevailing day? and hast thou pleasure in the sight?"

"Yes," replied the officer, "I have pleasure in the beauty of so fine a sky." "I have none," said the Indian; and his tears then found their way. A few minutes afterwards he showed the young man a magnolia in full bloom. "Dost thou see that beautiful tree?"

said he, "and dost thou look upon it with pleasure?" "Yes," replied the officer, "I do look with pleasure upon that beautiful tree." "I have pleasure in looking upon it no more," said the Indian hastily; and immediately added, "Go, return back, that thy father may still have pleasure when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring."

What a power is that of love! The world would be poor without it. Let love burn; let it toil and weep. It is sunshine and beauty. It is the brightest glory of any life.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

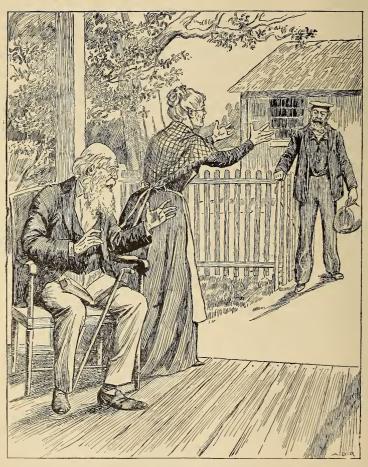
Let some noble deed be thine Before the day is ended; Ere the sun doth cease to shine, Ere on thy bed thou dost recline, Go where the fevered brow doth pine, And see its wants attended. And learn that in its restless dream It craves the pure and limpid stream, And know that in its fitful madness It drains the cooling draught with gladness; And the parched lips will bless thee For the deed of kindness shown, While some other tongue will tell thee 'Twas not done to one alone: For an Eye that never sleepeth Beheld the action from his throne.

Let some tearful eye be dried
Before the day is ended;
Take the wanderer to thy side,
But his sad folly ne'er deride;
A nultitude of sins thou'lt hide,
In some poor soul befriended,
And learn that in his reckless race
Ofttimes the pathway he will trace
To some harsh words, unkindly spoken,

And which his sobbing heart hath broken. Pour the balm of consolation; While the listening ear is shown, Wound it not by ostentation; Do thy Master's work alone, Remembering He ever keepeth A faithful record on his throne.

Let some hungry child be fed Before the day is ended; Go! the orphan cries for bread, Where squallor reigns in all its dread. And where the widow's mournful tread Should with thy steps be blended, And see where vice and misery haunt, Where shrivelled babe and woman gaunt Are stretched on beds where filth is reeking. And tottering age with ruffians greeting; Perhaps a word of thine may cheer Some sad heart whose hope had flown, And bid it cast aside its fear For a love before unknown, Seeking Him who ever meeteth A suppliant at Mercy's throne.

RICHARD PENROSE.



THE WELCOME RETURN.

CHAPTER X.

LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.



SINGLE bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household. while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the

darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers, which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions, make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell.

No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumult of the world, and it will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death; and the fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons, who come to wear his mantle and to fill his place; while, on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned, and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions and strifes and railings which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

There are people who are snapping-turtles in the form of human beings. They are sour, morose, gloomy, always looking on the dark side. They give one the chills.

Toward the cheerful home, the children gather "as clouds and as doves to their windows," while from the home which is the abode of discontent and strife and trouble. they fly forth as vultures to rend their prev.

Be of Good Cheer.

There never was a day so long It did not have an end; There never was a man so poor He did not have a friend: And when the long day finds an end It brings the time of rest, And he who has one steadfast friend Should count himself as blest.

There never was a cloud that hid The sunlight all from sight; There never was a life so sad It had not some delight. Perchance for us the sun at last May break the dark cloud through, And life may hold a happiness That never yet it knew.

So let's not be discouraged, friend, When shadows cross our way. Of trust and hope I've some to lend; So borrow from me, pray, Good friends are we, therefore not poor, Though worldly wealth we lack; Behold the sun shines forth at last. And drives the dark clouds back ! EBEN E. REXFORD.

The class of men who disturb and distress the world, are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes: but rather those whose early life has been a scene of trouble and vexationwho started wrong and whose course is one of disaster and trouble.

God bless the cheerful person—man, woman or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature, what the stars are to night, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon him, are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside. Man recognizes the magic of a cheerful influence in woman more quickly and more willingly than the potency of dazzling genius, of commanding worth, or even of enslaving beauty.

New Beauty Everywhere.

If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy, the sky more clear, the ground has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon and stars all appear more beautiful.

Cheerfulness! How sweet in infancy, how lovely in youth, how saintly in age! There are a few noble natures whose very presence carries sunshine with them wherever they go; a sunshine which means pity for the poor, sympathy for the suffering, help for the unfortunate, and benignity toward all. How such a face enlivens every other face it meets, and carries into every company vivacity and joy and gladness!

But the scowl and frown, begotten in a selfish heart, and manifesting itself in daily, almost hourly fretfulness, complaining, fault-finding, angry criticisms, spiteful comments on the motives and actions of others, how they thin the cheek, shrivel the face, sour and sadden the countenance! No joy in the heart, no nobility in the soul, no generosity in the nature; the whole character as cold as an iceberg, as hard as Alpine rock, as arid as the wastes of Sahara!

Reader, which of these countenances are you cultivating? If you find yourself losing all your confidence in human nature, you are nearing an old age of vinegar, of wormwood and of gall; and not a mourner will follow your solitary bier, not one tear-drop shall ever fall on your forgotten grave.

Look at the bright side. Keep the sunshine of a living faith in the heart. Do not let the shadow of discouragement and despondency fall on your path. However weary you may be, the promises of God will never cease to shine, like the stars at night, to cheer and strengthen. Learn to wait as well as labor. The best narvests are the longest in ripening. It is not pleasant to work in the earth plucking the ugly tares and weeds, but it is as necessary as sowing the seed.

The Silver Lining.

The harder the task, the more need of singing. A hopeful spirit will discern the silver lining of the darkest cloud, for back of all planning and doing, with its attendant discouragements and hindrances, shines the light of Divine promise and help. Ye are God's husbandmen. It is for you to be faithful. He gives the increase.

Be cheerful, for it is the only happy life. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. There is always that before or around us which should fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man.

That would be a dull sea, if always smooth, and the sailor would never get skill.



Life was meant to be joyous and glad. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can without and within him, and, above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run, the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well; what is wrong becomes right. Men are not made to hang down either heads or lips; and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right.

There is more virtue in one sunbeam than a whole hemisphere of cloud and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose. Don't neglect your duty; live down prejudice.

"Good Morning."

We always know the cheerful man by his hearty "good morning." As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor hope to cling to the sun illumined landscape, as the blues and moroseness to remain in any countenance when the cheerful one comes with a hearty "good morning." Dear reader, don't forget to say it. Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers-and say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do you good, and do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "good morning," heartily and smilingly spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and a prophecy of a good day to come after it.

And if this be true of the "good morning," it is also of all kind, cheerful greetings; they cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of time run more smoothly. Be liberal then, and let no morning pass, however dark and gloomy it may be, that you do not help at least to brighten it by your smiles and cheerful words.

The cheerful are the busy; when trouble knocks at your door or rings the bell, he will generally retire if you send him word "engaged." And a busy life cannot well be otherwise than cheerful. Frogs do not croak in running water. And active minds are seldom troubled with gloomy forebodings. They come up only from the stagnant depths of a spirit unstirred by generous impulses or the blessed necessities of honest toil.

Where Heroines are Found.

What shall we say by way of commending that sweet cheerfulness by which a good and sensible woman diffuses the oil of gladness in the proper sphere of home. The best specimens of heroism in the world were never gazetted. They play their role in common life, and their reward is not in the admiration of spectators, but in the deep joy of their own conscious thoughts. It is easy for a housewife to make arrangements for an occasional feast; but let me tell you what is greater and better: amid the weariness and cares of life; the troubles, real and imaginary, of a family; the many thoughts and toils which are requisite to make the family home of thrift, order and comfort; the varieties of temper and cross-lines of taste and inclination which are to be found in a large household-to maintain a heart full of good nature and a face always bright with cheerfulness, this is a perpetual festivity. We do not mean a mere superficial simper, which has no more character in it than the flow of a brook, but that exhaustless patience, and

self-control, and kindness, and tact which spring from good sense and brave purposes. Neither is it the mere reflection of prosperity, for cheerfulness, then, is no virtue. Its best exhibition is in the dark back-ground of real adversity. Affairs assume a gloomy aspect, poverty is hovering about the door, sickness has already entered, days of hardship and nights of watching go slowly by, and now you see the triumph of which we speak.

When the strong man has bowed himself, and his brow is knit and creased, you will see how the whole life of the household seems to hang on the frailer form, which, with solicitudes of her own, passing, it may be, under the terrible shadow of a great sorrow, has an eye and an ear for every one but herself, suggestive of expedients, hopeful in extremities, helpful in kind words and affectionate smiles, morning, noon and night, the medicine, the light, the heart of a whole household.

Choosing the Honey.

The industrious bee stops not to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with great comfort and come to the end of our journey in peace.

Let us try to be like the sunshiny member of the family, who has the inestimable art to make all duty seem pleasant, all self-denial and exertion easy and desirable, even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere throughout the home, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches, or benumbs the heart.

You have known people within whose influence you felt cheerful, amiable and hopeful, equal to anything! I do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good; to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent; not entirely a matter of great energy; but rather of earnestness and honesty, and of that quiet, constant energy which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil.

The Colt in Harness.

If any man has springs of cheerfulness and of good nature in him, in the name of the God of benevolence let him not stop them up. Let him rather keep them open, that they may be a source of joy and consolation to his fellow-men. I have sometimes heard it said of young men, that before they joined the Church they were good fellows, but that afterward there was nothing in them. It is because some men think that religion consists in tying up the natural faculties. On the contrary, it consists in untying them, in giving them a wholesome development, and so making them better.

We do not put a colt into the harness for the sake of diminishing his power, but simply for the sake of directing it; and we are putting the harness on men, not to take away their power, but to organize it for use, and to make it more facile. And in regard to good cheer, humor, buoyancy of disposition, hopefulness—if a man has it naturally, it is an inestimable gift; and religion should make it more—not less.

Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine—graceful from very gladness—beautiful because bright.

Sunny People.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure:
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to Heaven;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

If people will only notice, they will be amazed to find how much a really enjoyable

evening owes to smiles. But few consider what an important symbol of fine intellect and fine feeling they are. Yet all smiles, after childhood, are things of education. Savages do not smile; coarse, brutal, cruel men may laugh, but they seldom smile. The affluence, the benediction, the radiance, which

Fills the silence like a speech

is the smile of a full appreciative heart.

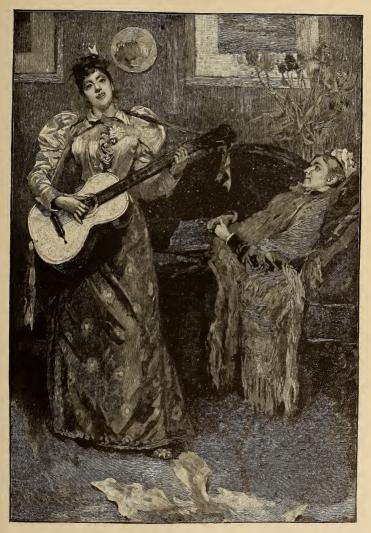
The face that grows finer as it listens, and then breaks into sunshine instead of words, has a subtle, charming influence, universally felt, though very seldom understood or acknowledged. Personal and sarcastic remarks show not only a bad heart and a bad head, but bad taste also.

Now, society may tolerate a bad heart and a bad head, but it will not endure bad taste; and it is in just such points as this that the conventional laws which they have made, represent and enforce real obligations. There are many who would not cease from evil speaking because it is wrong, who yet restrain themselves because it is vulgar.

Avoid Sarcasm.

Lord Bacon tells of a nobleman whom he knew—a man who gave lordly entertainments, but always suffered some sarcastic personality to "mar a good dinner," adding, "Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him whom we deal is more than to speak in good words; for he that hath a satirical vein, making others afraid of his wit, hath need to be afraid of another's memory."

Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards in October days



A SONG TO CHEER.

fill the air with the perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses, like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, sweeten all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. There are trees of righteousness, which are ever dropping precious fruit around them. There are lives that shine like star-beams, or charm the heart like songs sung upon a holy day.

How great a bounty and blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul, so that they shall be music to some and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to scatter sunshine where only clouds and shadows reign; to fill the atmosphere where earth's weary toilers must stand, with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves, and which they long for, enjoy and appreciate.

Finding Good in Everything.

It has been said that men succeed in life quite as much by their temper as by their talents. However this may be, it is certain that their happiness in life depends mainly upon their equanimity of disposition, their patience and forbearance, and their kindness and thoughtfulness for those about them. It is really true as Plato says, that in seeking the good of others we find our own.

There are some natures so happily constituted that they can find good in everything. There is no calamity so great but they can educe comfort or consolation from it—no sky so black but they can discover a gleam of sunshine issuing through it from some quarter or another; and if the sun be not visible to their eyes, they at least comfort themselves with the thought that it is there, though veiled from them for some good and wise purpose.

Such happy natures are to be envied. They have a beam in the eye—a beam of pleasure, gladness, religious cheerfulness, philosophy, call it what you will. Sunshine is about their hearts, and their mind gilds with its own hues all that it looks upon. When they have burdens to bear, they bear them cheerfully—not repining, nor fretting, nor wasting their energies in useless lamentation, but struggling onward manfully, gathering up such flowers as lie along their path.

The Best People Always Cheerful.

Let it not for a moment be supposed that men such as those we speak of are weak and unreflective. The largest and most comprehensive natures are generally also the most cheerful, the most loving, the most hopeful, the most trustful. It is the wise man, of large vision, who is the quickest to discern the moral sunshine gleaming through the darkest cloud. In present evil, he sees prospective good; in pain, he recognizes the effort of nature to restore health; in trials, he finds correction and discipline; and in sorrow and suffering, he gathers courage, knowledge and the best practical wisdom.

When Jeremy Taylor had lost all-when his house had been plundered, and his family driven out-of-doors, and all his worldly estate had been sequestrated-he could still write thus: "I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me; what now? Let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse, and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience, they have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my

charity to them, too; and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, if he chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns."

A Happy Disposition.

Although cheerfulness of disposition is very much a matter of inborn temperament, it is also capable of being trained and cultivated like any other habit. We may make the best of life, or we may make the worst of it; and it depends very much upon ourselves whether we extract joy or misery from it.

There are always two sides of life on which we can look, according as we choose—the bright side or the gloomy. We can bring the power of the will to bear in making the choice, and thus cultivate the habit of being happy or the reverse. We can encourage the disposition of looking at the brightest side of things, instead of the darkest. And while we see the cloud, let us not shut our eyes to the silver lining.

The beam in the eye sheds brightness, beauty, and joy upon life in all its phases. It shines upon coldness, and warms it; upon suffering, and comforts it; upon ignorance, and enlightens it; upon sorrow, and cheers it. The beam in the eye gives lustre to intellect, and brightens beauty itself. Without it the sunshine of life is not felt, flowers bloom in vain, the marvels of heaven and earth are not seen or acknowledged, and creation is but a dreary, lifeless, soulless blank,

While cheerfulness of disposition is a great source of enjoyment in life, it is also a great safeguard of character. A devotional writer of the present day, in answer to the question, How are we to overcome temptations? says: "Cheerfulness is the first thing, cheerfulness

is the second, and cheerfulness is the third." It furnishes the best soil for the growth of goodness and virtue. It gives brightness of heart and elasticity of spirit. It is the companion of charity, the nurse of patience, the mother of wisdom. It is also the best of moral and mental tonics. "The best cordial of all," said Dr. Marshall Hall to one of his patients, "is cheerfulness." And Solomon has said that "a merry heart doeth good like medicine."

The Best Remedy.

When Luther was once applied to for a remedy against melancholy, his advice was: "Gayety and courage—innocent gayety, and rational, honorable courage—are the best medicine for young men, and for old men too; for all men against sad thoughts." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. The great gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

Cheerfulness is also an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. It gives harmony of soul, and is a perpetual song without words. It is tantamount to repose. It enables nature to recruit its strength; whereas worry and discontent debilitate it, involving constant wearand-tear.

How is it that we see such men as Lord Palmerston, Gladstone, and Senator John Sherman of Ohio, growing old in harness, working on vigorously to the end? Mainly through equanimity of temper and habitual cheerfulness. They have educated themselves in the habit of endurance, of not being easily provoked, of bearing and forbearing, of hearing harsh and even unjust things said of them without indulging in undue resentment, and avoiding worrying, petty, and self-tormenting cares.

An intimate friend of Lord Palmerston,

who observed him closely for twenty years, has said that he never saw him angry, with pernaps one exception; and that was when the Ministry responsible for the calamity in Afghanistan, of which he was one, were unjustly accused by their opponents of falsehood perjury, and willful mutilation of public documents.

So far as can be learned from biography, men of the greatest genius have been for the most part cheerful, contented men—not eager for reputation, money, or power—but relishing life, and keenly susceptible of enjoyment, as we find reflected in their works.

Steering Right Onward.

Such seem to have been Homer, Horace, Virgil, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Cervantes. Healthy, serene cheerfulness is apparent in their great creations. Among the same class of cheerful-minded men may also be mentioned Luther, More, Bacon, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. Perhaps they were happy because constantly occupied, and in the pleasantest of all work—that of creating out of the fulness and richness of their great minds.

Milton, too, though a man of many trials and sufferings, must have been a man of great cheerfulness and elasticity of nature. Though overtaken by blindness, deserted by friends, and fallen upon evil days—"darkness before, and danger's voice behind''—yet did he not bate heart or hope, but "still bore up, and steered right onward."

Dr. Johnson, through all his trials and sufferings and hard fights with fortune, was a courageous and cheerful natured man. He manfully made the best of life, and tried to be glad in it. Once, when a clergyman was complaining of the dulness of society in the country, saying "they only talk of runts" (young cows), Johnson felt flattered by the

observation of Mrs. Thrale's mother, who said, "Sir, Dr. Johnson would learn to talk of runts"—meaning that he was a man who would make the most of his situation, whatever it was.

Johnson was of opinion that a man grew better as he grew older, and that his nature mellowed with age. This is certainly a much more cheerful view of human nature than that of Chesterfield, who saw life through the eyes of a cynic, and held that "the heart never grows better by age: it only grows But both sayings may be true, harder.'' according to the point from which life is viewed and the temper by which a man is governed; for while the good, profiting by experience, and disciplining themselves by self-control, will grow better, the ill-conditioned, uninfluenced by experience, will only grow worse.

The Man who can Laugh.

Sir Walter Scott was a man full of the milk of human kindness. Everybody loved him. He was never five minutes in a room ere the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lisping, had found out his kindness for all their generation.

Scott related to Captain Hall an incident of his boyhood which showed the tenderness of his nature. One day, a dog coming towards him, he took up a big stone, threw it, and hit the dog. The poor creature had strength enough left to crawl up to him and lick his feet, although he saw its leg was broken. The incident, he said, had given him the bitterest remorse in his after-life; but he added, "An early circumstance of that kind, properly reflected on, is calculated to have the best effect on one's character throughout life."

"Give me an honest laugher," Scott would say; and he himself laughed the heart's

laugh. He had a kind word for everybody, and his kindness acted all round him like a contagion, dispelling the reserve and awe which his great name was calculated to inspire. "He'll come here," said the keeper of the ruins of Melrose Abbey to Washington Irving—"he'll come here sometimes wi' great folks in his company, and the first I'll know of it is hearing his voice calling out, 'Johnny! Johnny Bower!' And when I go out I'm sure to be greeted wi' a joke or a pleasant word. He'll stand and crack and laugh wi' me just like an auld wife; and to think that of a man that has such an awfu' knowledge o' history!"

Dr. Arnold was a man of the same hearty cordiality of manner—full of human sympathy. There was not a particle of affectation or pretense of condescension about him. "I never knew such a humble man as the doctor," said the parish clerk; "he comes and shakes us by the hand as if he was one of us." "He used to come into my house," said an old woman, "and talk to me as if I were a lady." By the term "lady" she meant one of the "upper ten."

An Example of Cheerfulness.

Sydney Smith was another illustration of the power of cheerfulness. He was ever ready to look on the bright side of things; the darkest cloud had to him its silver lining. Whether working as country curate or as parish rector, he was always kind, laborious, patient, and exemplary; exhibiting in every sphere of life the spirit of a Christian, the kindness of a pastor, and the honor of agentleman. In his leisure he employed his pen on the side of justice, freedom, education, toleration, emancipation; and his writings, though full of common sense and bright humor, are never vulgar; nor did he ever pander to popularity or prejudice.

His good spirits, thanks to his natural vivacity and stamina of constitution, never forsook him; and in his old age, when borne down by disease, he wrote to a friend: "I have gout, asthma, and seven other maladies, but am otherwise very well." In one of the last letters he wrote, he said: "If you hear of sixteen or eighteen pounds of flesh wanting an owner, they belong to me. I look as if a curate had been taken out of me."

Blind, but not Gloomy.

Great men of science have for the most part been patient, laborious, cheerful-minded men. Such were Galileo, Descartes, Newton, and Laplace. Euler, the mathematician, one of the greatest of natural philosophers, was a distinguished instance. Towards the close of his life he became completely blind; but he went on writing as cheerfully as before, supplying the want of sight by various ingenious mechanical devices, and by the increased cultivation of his memory, which became exceedingly tenacious. His chief pleasure was in the society of his grandchildren, to whom he taught their little lessons in the intervals of his severer studies.

One of the sorest trials of a man's temper and patience was that which befell Abauzit, the natural philosopher, while residing at Geneva—resembling in many respects a similar calamity which occurred to Newton, and which he bore with equal resignation. Among other things, Abauzit devoted much study to the barometer and its variations, with the object of deducing the general laws which regulated atmospheric pressure. During twenty-seven years he made numerous observations daily, recording them or sheets prepared for the purpose.

One day, when a new servant was installed in the house, she immediately proceeded to display her zeal by "putting things to rights." Abauzit's study, among other rooms, was made tidy and set in order. When he entered it, he asked of the servant, "What have you done with the paper that was round the barometer?" "Oh, sir," was the reply, "it was so dirty that I burnt it, and put in its place this paper, which you will see is quite new." Abauzit crossed his arms, and after some moments of internal struggle, he said, in a tone of calmness and resignation: "You have destroyed the results of twenty-seven years' labor; in future touch nothing whatever in this room."

Long-Lived Men.

The study of natural history, more than that of any other branch of science, seems to be accompanied by unusual cheerfulness and equanimity of temper on the part of its votaries; the result of which is, that the life of naturalists is, on the whole, more prolonged than that of any other class of men of science. A member of the Linnæan Society has informed us that, of fourteen members who died in 1870, two were over ninety, five were over eighty, and two were over seventy. The average age of all the members who died in that year was seventy-five.

Adanson, the French botanist, was about seventy years old when the Revolution broke out, and amidst the shock he lost everything—his fortune, his places, and his gardens. But his patience, courage and resignation never forsook him. He became reduced to the greatest straits, and even wanted food and clothing; yet his ardor of investigation remained the same.

Once, when the Institute invited him, as being one of its oldest members, to assist at a séance, his answer was that he regretted he could not attend for want of shoes. "It was a touching sight," says Cuvier, "to see the

poor old man, bent over the embers of a decaying fire, trying to trace characters with a feeble hand on the little bit of paper which he held, forgetting all the pains of life in some new idea in natural history, which came to him like some beneficent fairy to cheer him in his loneliness."

The Government eventualy gave him a small pension, which Napoleon doubled; and at length easeful death came to his relief in his seventy-ninth year. A clause in his will, as to the manner of his funeral, illustrates the character of the man. He directed that a garland of flowers, provided by fifty-eight families whom he had established in life, should be the only decoration of his coffin—a slight but touching image of the more durable monument which he had erected for himself in his works.

Always a Boy.

Such are only a few instances of the cheerful work of great men, which might, indeed, be multiplied to any extent. All large, healthy natures are cheerful as well as hopeful. Their example is also contagious and diffusive, brightening and cheering all who come within reach of their influence. It was said of Sir John Malcolm, when he appeared in a saddened camp in India, that "it was like a gleam of sunlight; no man left him without a smile on his face. He was 'boy Malcolm' still. It was impossible to resist the fascination of his genial presence."

And so it is that there are old young men, and young old men—some who are as joyous and cheerful as boys in their old age, and others who are as morose and cheerless as saddened old men while still in their boyhood.

The true basis of cheerfulness is love, hope and patience. Love evokes love, and begets-



MERRY CHRISTMAS.

loving-kindness. Love cherishes hopeful and generous thoughts of others. It is charitable, gentle and truthful. It is a discerner of good. It turns to the brightest side of things, and its face is ever directed towards happiness. It sees "the glory in the grass, the sunshine on the flower." It encourages happy thoughts, and lives in an atmosphere of cheerfulness. It costs nothing, and yet is invaluable; for it blesses its possessor, and grows up in abundant happiness in the bosoms of others. Even its sorrows are linked with pleasures, and its very tears are sweet.

Getting by Giving.

Bentham lays it down as a principle, that a man becomes rich in his own stock of pleasures in proportion to the amount he distributes to others. His kindness will evoke kindness, and his happiness be increased by his own benevolence.

"Kind words," he says, "cost no more than unkind ones. Kind words produce kind actions, not only on the part of him to whom they are addressed, but on the part of him by whom they are employed; and this not incidentally only, but habitually, in virtue of the principle of association. It may, indeed, happen that the effort of beneficence may not benefit those for whom it was intended; but when wisely directed, it must benefit the person from whom it emanates.

"Good and friendly conduct may meet with an unworthy and ungrateful return; but the absence of gratitude on the part of the receiver cannot destroy the self-approbation which recompenses the giver, and we may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindliness around us at so little expense. Some of them will inevitably fall on good ground, and grow up into benevolence in the minds of others; and all of them will bear fruit of

happiness in the bosom whence they spring. Once blest are all the virtues always; twice blest sometimes."

A well-known author tells a story of a little girl, a great favorite with every one who knew her. Some one said to her, "Why does everybody love you so much?" She answered, "I think it is because I love everybody so much." This little story is capable of a very wide application; for our happiness as human beings, generally speaking, will be found to be very much in proportion to the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us. And the greatest worldly success, however honestly achieved, will contribute comparatively little to happiness unless it be accompanied by a lively benevolence towards every human being.

Affording Pleasure to Others.

Kindness is indeed a great power in the world. Leigh Hunt has truly said that "Power itself hath not one-half the might of gentleness." Men are always best governed through their affections. "More wasps are caught by honey than by vinegar." "Every act of kindness," says Bentham, "is in fact an exercise of power, and a stock of friendship laid up; and why should not power exercise itself in the production of pleasure as of pain?"

Kindness does not consist in gifts, but in gentleness and generosity of spirit. Men may give their money which comes from the purse, and withhold their kindness which comes from the heart. The kindness that displays itself in giving money does not amount to much, and often does quite as much harm as good; but the kindness of true sympathy, of thoughtful help, is never without beneficient results.

The good temper that displays itself in

kindness must not be confounded with softness or silliness. In its best form, it is not a merely passive but an active condition of being. It is not by any means indifferent, but largely sympathetic. It does not characterize the lowest and most gelatinous forms of human life, but those that are the most highly organized. True kindness cherishes and actively promotes all reasonable instrumentalities for doing practical good in its own time; and, looking into futurity, sees the same spirit working on for the eventual elevation and happiness of the race.

It is the kindly-dispositioned men who are the active men of the world, while the selfish and the skeptical, who have no love but for themselves, are its idlers. Buffon used to say that he would give nothing for a young man who did not begin life with an enthusiasm of some sort. It showed that at least he had faith in something good, lofty, and generous, even if unattainable.

Making a God of Self.

Egotism, skepticism, and selfishness are always miserable companions in life, and they are especially unnatural in youth. The egotist is next door to a fanatic. Constantly occupied with self, he has no thought to spare for others. He refers to himself in all things, thinks of himself, and studies himself, until his own little self becomes his own little god.

Worst of all are the grumblers and growlers at fortune—who find that "whatever is is wrong," and will do nothing to set matters right—who declare all to be barren, "from Dan even to Beersheba." These grumblers are invariably found the least efficient helpers in the school of life. The worst wheel of all is the one that creaks.

There is such a thing as the cherishing of discontent until the feeling becomes morbid.

The jaundiced see everything about them yellow. The ill-conditioned think all things awry, and the whole world out of joint. All is vanity and vexation of spirit. Many full-grown people are morbidly unreasonable. There are those who may be said to "enjoy bad health;" they regard it as a sort of property. They can speak of "my headache," "my back-ache," and so forth, until, in course of time, it becomes their most cherished possession. But perhaps it is the source to them of much coveted sympathy, without which they might find themselves of comparatively little importance in the world.

Nursing our Troubles.

We have to be on our guard against small troubles, which, by encouraging, we are apt to magnify into great ones. Indeed, the chief source of worry in the world is not real but imaginary evil—small vexations and trivial afflictions. In the presence of a great sorrow, all petty troubles disappear; but we are too ready to take some cherished misery to our bosom, and to pet it there. Very often it is the child of our fancy; and, forgetful of the many means of happiness which lie within our reach, we indulge this spoiled child of ours until it masters us.

We shut the door against cheerfulness, and surround ourselves with gloom. The habit gives a coloring to our life. We grow querulous, moody, and unsympathetic. Our conversation becomes full of regrets. We are harsh in our judgment of others. We are unsociable, and think everybody else is so. We make our breast a storehouse of pain, which we inflict upon ourselves as well as upon others.

This disposition is encouraged by selfishness: indeed, it is, for the most part, selfishness unmingled, without any admixture of sympathy or consideration for the feelings of

those about us. It is simply wilfulness in the wrong direction. It is willful, because it might be avoided. Let the necessitarians argue as they may, freedom of will and action is the possession of every man and woman. It is sometimes our glory, and very often it is our shame: all depends upon the manner in which it is used.

We can choose to look at the bright side of things or at the dark. We can follow good and eschew evil thoughts. We can be wrong-headed and wrong-hearted, or the reverse, as we ourselves determine. The world will be to each one of us very much what we make it. The cheerful are its real possessors, for the world belongs to those who enjoy it.

A Miserable Jester.

It must, however, be admitted that there are cases beyond the reach of the moralist. Once, when a miserable-looking dyspeptic called upon a leading physician, and laid his case before him, "Oh!" said the doctor, "you only want a good hearty laugh: go and see Grimaldi!" "Alas!" said the miserable patient, "I am Grimaldi!"

The restless, anxious, dissatisfied temper, that is ever ready to run and meet care half-way, is fatal to all happiness and peace of mind. How often do we see men and women encase themselves as if with chest-nut-burrs, so that one dare scarcely approach them without fear of being pricked! For want of a little occasional command over one's temper, an amount of misery is occasioned in society which is positively frightful. Thus enjoyment is turned into bitterness, and life becomes like a journey barefooted among thorns and briers and prickles.

"Though sometimes small evils," says Richard Sharp, "like invisible insects, inflict great pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us; and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases."

St. Francis de Sales treats the same topic from the Christian's point of view. "How carefully," he says, "we should cherish the little virtues which spring up at the foot of the Cross!" When the saint was asked, "What virtues do you mean?" he replied: "Humility, patience, meekness, benignity, bearing one another's burden, condescension, softness of heart, cheerfulness, cordiality, compassion, forgiving injuries, simplicity, candor—all, in short, of that sort of little virtues. They, like unobtrusive violets, love the shade; like them, are sustained by dew; and though, like them, they make little show, they shed a sweet odor on all around."

Running to Meet Trials.

Meeting evils by anticipation is not the way to overcome them. If we perpetually carry our burdens about with us, they will soon bear us down under their load. When evil comes, we must deal with it bravely and hopefully. What Perthes wrote to a young man, who seemed to him inclined to take trifles as well as sorrows too much to heart. was doubtless good advice: "Go forward with hope and confidence. This is the advice given thee by an old man, who has had a full share of the burden and heat of life's day. We must ever stand upright, happen what may, and for this end we must cheerfully resign ourselves to the varied influences of this many-colored life.

"You may call this levity, and you are partly right—for flowers and colors are but trifles light as air—but such levity is a constituent portion of our human nature, without which it would sink under the weight of time. While on earth we must still play with earth, and with that which blooms and fades upon its breast. The consciousness of this mortal life being but the way to a higher goal by no means precludes our playing with it cheerfully; and, indeed, we must do so, otherwise our energy in action will entirely fail."

Never Trouble Trouble.

My good man is a clever man,
Which no one will gainsay;
He lies awake to plot and plan
'Gainst lions in the way,
While I, without a thought of ill,
Sleep sound enough for three;
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

A holiday we never fix
But he is sure 'twill rain,
And when the sky is clear at six
He knows it won't remain.
He's always prophesying ill,
To which I won't agree,
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

The wheat will never show a top— But soon how green the field! We will not harvest half a crop— Yet have a famous yield! It will not sell, it never will! But I will wait and see, For I never trouble trouble till Trouble troubles me

He has a sort of second sight,
And when the fit is strong,
He sees beyond the good and right
The evil and the wrong,
Heaven's cup of joy he'll surely spill
Unless I with him be,
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

Granted Wishes.

Two little girls let loose from school Queried what each would be, One said "I'd be a queen and rule;" And one "The world I'd see," The years went on. Again they met,
And queried what had been:
"A poor man's wife am I, and yet,"
Said one "I am a queen.

"My realm a happy household is, My king a husband true; I rule by loving services; How has it been with you?" One answered "still the great world lies Beyond me as it laid; O'er love's and duty's boundaries My feet have never strayed.

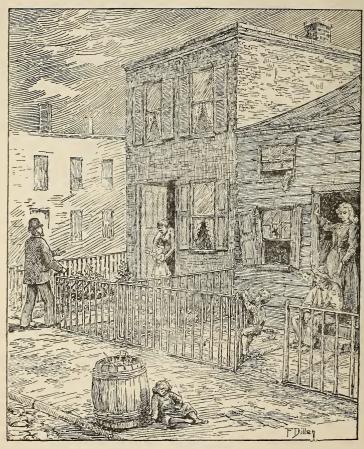
"Faint murmurs of the wide world come Unheeded to my ear;
My widowed mother's sick bedroom
Sufficeth for my sphere."
They clasped each other's hands; with tears
Of solemn joy they cried,
"God gave the wish of our young years,
And we are satisfied."

J. G. WHITTIER.

Let your cheerfulness be felt for good wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams "on the just as well as on the unjust." Such a disposition will yield a rich reward, for its happy effects will come home to you and brighten your moments of thought.

If your seat is hard to sit upon, stand up. If a rock rises up before you, roll it away, or climb over it. If you want money, earn it. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something. If you want confidence, prove yourself worthy of it. Do not be content with doing what another has done—surpass it. Deserve success, and it will come.

The boy was not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket, or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; slowly and surely it makes it round, and never tires. It is as easy to be a lead horse as a wheel horse. If the job be long, the pay will be greater; if the task be hard, the more competent you must be to do it.



INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

CHAPTER XI.

INDUSTRY.



ENJAMIN Franklin says, "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy. He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarcely overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty

soon overtakes him." Franklin was a shining illustration of industry overcoming poverty and a humble position. He rose by steady work and perseverance. In giving an account of his life he says, "I will describe my first entrance into Philadelphia, that you may be able to compare beginnings so little auspicious with the figure I have since made.

"On my arrival I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to seek a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling's worth of coppers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. As I had assisted them in rowing, they refused it at first, but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has little than when he has much money: probably because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty.

"I walked towards the top of the street, looking eagerly on both sides, till I came to Market street, where I met with a child with a loaf of bread. Often had I made my dinner (

on dry bread. I inquired where he had bought it, and went straight to the baker's shop, which he pointed out to me. I asked for some biscuits, expecting to find such as we had at Boston; but they made, it seems, none of that sort at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf. They made no loaves of that price.

"Finding myself ignorant of the prices as well as of the different kinds of bread, I desired him to let me have threepenny-worth of bread of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much: I took them, however, and, having no room in my pockets, I walked on with a roll under each arm, eating a third. In this manner I went through Market street to Fourth street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought, with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance.

Poor but Generous.

"I then turned the corner and went through Chestnut street, eating my roll all the way; and, having made this round, I found myself again on Market street wharf, near the boat in which I arrived. I stepped into it to take a draught of the river water; and, finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down with us in the boat, and was waiting to continue her journey.

"Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people, all going

the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a large Quaker meeting-house near the market-place. I sat down with the rest, and, after looking round me for some time, hearing nothing said, and being drowsy from my last night's labor and want of rest, I fell into a sound sleep. In this state I continued till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to wake me. This was consequently the first house I entered, or in which I slept, at Philadelphia."

This was Franklin's first appearance in the city where his grave is now cherished as a sacred spot. He was poor and friendless yet, by perseverance and industry, he placed himself at the tables of princes, and became a chief pillar in the councils of his country. The simple journeyman, eating his roll in the street, lived to become a philosopher and a statesman, and to command the respect of his country and of mankind. What a lesson for youth!

It has been said that no sword is too short for a brave man, for one step forward will make a short sword long enough. But few tasks are too difficult for one who is industrious and persevering. "Labor conquers all things." If the task is difficult, work a little harder.

On the Delphian temple is the motto of Periander: "Nothing is impossible to industry."

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate ability, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor: nothing is ever to be attained without it.

Benefit of Industry.

Ho, all who labor, all who strive! Ye wield a lofty power: Do with your might, do with your strength, Fill every golden hour! The glorious privilege to do

Is man's most noble dower. O, to your birthright and yourselves, To your own souls be true! A weary, wretched life is theirs Who have no work to do.

C. F ORNE.

Incentives to Work.

Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath! Who does not act is dead: absorbed entire In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath; O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,

When drooping health and spirits go amiss! How tasteless then whatever can be given! Health is the vital principle of bliss, And exercise of health. In proof of this, Behold the wretch who slugs his life away, Soon swallowed in Disease's sad abvss, While he whom Toil has braced, or manly play, Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as

Work is the law of our being-the living principle that carries men and nations onward. The greater number of men have to work with their hands, as a matter of necessity, in order to live; but all must work in one way or another, if they would enjoy life as it ought to be enjoyed.

Labor may be a burden and a chastisement, but it is also an honor and a glory. Without it nothing can be accomplished. All that is great in man comes through work, and civilization is its product. Were labor abolished, the race of Adam were at once stricken by moral death.

It is idleness that is the curse of mannot labor. Idleness eats the heart out of men as of nations, and consumes them as rust does iron. When Alexander conquered the Persians, and had an opportunity of observing their manners, he remarked that they did not seem conscious that there could be anything more servile than a life of pleasure, or more princely than a life of toil.

A close observer of men and things told us the following little history, which we hope will plough very deeply into the attention of all who plough very shallow in their soils. Two brothers settled together in the same county; one of them on a cold, ugly, clay soil, covered with black-jack oak, not one of which was large enough to make half a dozen rails. This man would never drive any but large, powerful Conastoga horses, some seventeen hands high. He always put three horses to a large plough, and plunged it in some ten inches deep. This deep ploughing he invariably practiced, and cultivated thoroughly afterward. He raised his seventy bushels of corn to an acre.

Land will not Work Itself.

This man had a brother about six miles off, settled on a rich White River bottomland farm; and while a black-jack clay soil yielded seventy bushels to an acre, this fine bottom-land would not average fifty. One brother was steadily growing rich on poor land, and the other steadily growing poor on rich land. One day the bottom-land brother came down to see the black-jack oak farmer, and they began to talk about their crops and farms, as farmers are very apt to do.

"How is it," said the first, "that you manage on this poor soil to beat me in crops?" The reply was, "I work my land." That was it exactly. Some men have such rich land that they won't work it; and they rich land that they won't work it; and they or care. Some men expect their lands to work, and some men expect their lands to work, and some men expect to work their lands; that is just the difference between a good and a bad farmer.

When we had written thus far, and read it to our informant, he said, "Three years ago

I traveled again through that section, and the only good farm I saw was this very one of which you have just written. All the others were desolate—fences down, cabins abandoned, the settlers discouraged and moved off. I thought I saw the same stable door, hanging by one hinge, that used to disgust me ten years before; and I saw no change, except for the worse, in the whole county, with the single exception of this one farm."

An Emperor's Watch-Word.

When the Emperor Severus lay on his death-bed at York, whither he had been borne on a litter from the foot of the Grampians, his final watch-word to his soldiers was, "we must work;" and nothing but constant toil maintained the power and extended the authority of the Roman generals.

In describing the earlier social condition of Italy, when the ordinary occupations of rural life were considered compatible with the highest civic dignity, Pliny speaks of the triumphant generals and their men returning contentedly to the plough. In those days the lands were tilled by the hands even of generals, the soil exulting beneath a ploughshare crowned with laurels, and guided by a husbandman graced with triumphs. It was only after slaves became extensively employed in all departments of industry that labor came to be regarded as dishonorable and servile. And so soon as indolence and luxury became the characteristics of the ruling classes of Rome, the downfall of the empire, sooner or later, was inevitable.

There is, perhaps, no tendency of our nature that has to be more carefully guarded against than indolence. An intelligent foreigner who had travelled over the greater part of the world, was asked whether he had observed any one quality which, more than

another, could be regarded as a universal characteristic of our species, his answer was, in broken English, "Me tink dat all men love lazy." It is characteristic of the savage as of the despot. It is natural to men to endeavor to enjoy the products of labor without its toils.

Indolence is equally degrading to individuals as to nations. Sloth never made its mark in the world, and never will. Sloth never climbed a hill, nor overcame a difficulty that it could avoid. Indolence always failed in life, and always will. It is in the nature of things that it should not succeed in anything. It is a burden, an incumbrance, and a nuisance—always useless, complaining, melancholy, and miserable.

The Mother of Mischief.

Burton, in his quaint and curious bookthe only one, Johnson says, that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise-describes the causes of Melancholy as hinging mainly on idleness, "Idleness," he says, "is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the chief mother of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the devil's cushion, his pillow and chief reposal. An idle dog will be mangy; and how shall an idle person escape? Idleness of the mind is much worse than that of the body: wit, without employment, is a disease-the rust of the soul, a plague, a hell itself. As in a standing pool, worms and filthy creepers increase, so do evil and corrupt thoughts in an idle person; the soul is contaminated.

"Thus much I dare boldly say: he or she that is idle, be they of what condition they will, never so rich, so well allied, fortunate, happy—let them have all things in abundance and felicity that heart can wish and desire, all contentment—so long as he, or

she, or they, are idle, they shall never be pleased, never well in body or mind, but weary still, sickly still, vexed still, loathing still, weeping, sighing, grieving, suspecting, offended with the world, with every object, wishing themselves gone or dead, or else carried away with some foolish phantasie or other."

Either Grain or Thistles.

Burton says a great deal more to the same effect; the burden and lesson of his book being embodied in the pregnant sentence with which it winds up: "Only take this for a corollary and conclusion, as thou tenderest thine own welfare in this, and all other melancholy, thy good health of body and mind, observe this short precept, Give not way to solitariness and idleness. Be not solitary—be not idle."

The indolent, however, are not wholly indolent. Though the body may shirk labor, the brain is not idle. If it do not grow corn, it will grow thistles, which will be found springing up all along the idle man's course in life. The ghosts of indolence rise up in the dark, ever staring the recreant in the face, and tormenting him:

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices, Make instruments to scourge us."

True happiness is never found in torpor of the faculties, but in their action and useful employment. It is indolence that exhausts, not action, in which there is life, health and pleasure. The spirits may be exhausted and wearied by employment, but they are utterly wasted by idleness. Hence a wise physician was accustomed to regard occupation as one of his most valuable remedial measures.

"Nothing is so injurious," said Dr. Marshall Hall, "as unoccupied time." An archbishop of Mayence used to say that "the

human heart is like a millstone: if you put wheat under it, it grinds the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat, it grinds on, but then 'tis itself it wears away."

Labor Song.

- Ah! little they know of true happiness, they whom satiety fills,
- Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury, eat of the rankness that kills.
- Ah! little they know of the blessedness toil-purchased slumber enjoys
- Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence, taste of the sleep that destroys;
- Nothing to hope for, or labor for; nothing to sigh for, or gain;
- Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like, bosom and brain;
- Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er with its breath;—
- Nothing but dullness and lethargy, weariness, sorrow and death!
- But blessed that child of humanity, happiest man among men,
- Who, with hammer or chisel or pencil, with rudder or ploughshare or pen,
- Laboreth ever and ever with hope through the morning of life,
- Winning home and its darling divinities—love-worshipped children and wife.
- Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly the sharp chisel rings,
- And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the bosom of kings—
- He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of his race,
- Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks the strong world in the face.

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

Indolence is usually full of excuses; and the sluggard, though unwilling to work, is often an active sophist. "There is a lion in the path;" or "The hill is hard to climb;" or "There is no use trying—I have tried, and failed, and cannot do it."

To the sophistries of such an excuser, a friend once wrote to a young man: "My

attack upon your indolence, loss of time, etc., was most serious, and I really think that it can be to nothing but your habitual want of exertion that can be ascribed your using such curious arguments as you do in your defense. Your theory is this: Every man does all the good that he can. If a particular individual does no good, it is a proof that he is incapable of doing it. That you don't write proves that you can't; and your want of inclination demonstrates your want of talents. What an admirable system!—and what beneficial effects would it be attended with if it were but universally received!"

Effort and Enjoyment.

It has been truly said that to desire to possess without being burdened with the trouble of acquiring is as much a sign of weakness, as to recognize that everything worth having is only to be got by paying its price is the prime secret of practical strength. Even leisure cannot be enjoyed unless it is won by effort. If it have not been earned by work, the price has not been paid for it.

Life must needs be disgusting alike to the idle rich man as to the idle poor man, who has no work to do, or, having work, will not do it. The words found tatooed on the right arm of a sentimental beggar of forty, undergoing his eighth imprisonment in the jail of Bourges in France, might be adopted as the motto of all idlers: "The past has deceived me; the present torments me; the future terrifics me."

The duty of industry applies to all classes and conditions of society. All have their work to do in their respective conditions of life—the rich as well as the poor. No right-minded man can be satisfied with being fed, clad, and maintained by the labor of others, without making some suitable return to the

society that upholds him. An honest, highminded man would revolt at the idea of sitting down to and enjoying a feast, and then going away without paying his share of the reckoning. To be idle and useless is neither an honor nor a privilege; and though persons of small natures may be content merely to consume—men of average endowment, of manly aspirations, and of honest purpose, will feel such a condition to be incompatible with real honor and true dignity.

"I don't believe," says a close observer, "that an unemployed man, however amiable and otherwise respectable, ever was, or ever can be, really happy. As work is our life, show me what you can do, and I will show you what you are. I have spoken of love of one's work as the best preventive of merely low and vicious tastes. I will go farther, and say that it is the best preservative against petty anxieties, and the annoyances that arise out of indulged self-love.

Something you cannot Shirk.

"Men have thought before now that they could take refuge from trouble and vexation by sheltering themselves, as it were, in a world of their own. The experiment has often been tried, and always with one result. You cannot escape from anxiety and labor—it is the destiny of humanity. Those who shirk from facing trouble find that trouble comes to them. The indolent may contrive that he shall have less than his share of the world's work to do, but nature, proportioning the instinct to the work, contrives that the little shall be much and hard to him.

"The man who has only himself to please finds, sooner or later, and probably sooner than later, that he has got a very hard master; and the excessive weakness which shrinks from responsibility has its own punishment too, for where great interests are excluded little matters become great, and the same wear and tear of mind that might have been at least usefully and healthfully expended on the real business of life is often wasted in petty and imaginary vexations, such as breed and multiply in the unoccupied brain."

Even on the lowest ground—that of personal enjoyment—constant useful occupation is necessary. He who labors not cannot enjoy the reward of labor. "We sleep sound," said Sir Walter Scott, "and our waking hours are happy, when they are employed; and a little sense of toil is necessary to the enjoyment of leisure, even when earned by study and sanctioned by the discharge of duty."

Work Hurts Nobody.

It is true, there are men who die of overwork; but many more die of selfishness, indulgence and idleness. Where men break down by overwork, it is most commonly from want of duly ordering their lives, and neglect of the ordinary conditions of physical health. We doubt whether hard work, steadily and regularly carried on, ever yet hurt anybody.

Then, again, length of *years* is no proper test of length of *life*. A man's life is to be measured by what he does in it, and what he feels in it. The more useful work the man does, and the more he thinks and feels, the more he really lives. The idle, useless man, no matter to what extent his life may be prolonged, merely vegetates.

The early teachers of Christianity ennobled the lot of toil by their example. "He that will not work," said the Apostle Paul, "neither shall he eat;" and he glorified himself in that he had labored with his hands, and had not been chargeable to any man. When St. Boniface landed in Britain, he came

with a Gospel in one hand and a carpenter's rule in the other; and from England he afterwards passed over into Germany, carrying thither the art of building. Luther also, in the midst of a multitude of other employments, worked diligently for a living, earning his bread by gardening, building, turning, and even clock-making.

Writing to an abbot at Nuremberg, who had sent him a store of turning-tools, Luther said: "I have made considerable progress in clock-making, and I am very much delighted at it, for these drunken Saxons need to be constantly reminded of what the real time is: not that they themselves care much about it, for as long as their glasses are kept filled, they trouble themselves very little as to whether clocks, or clock-makers, or the time itself, go right."

A Saying of Napoleon.

It was characteristic of Napoleon, when visiting a work of mechanical excellence, to pay great respect to the inventor, and, on taking his leave, to salute him with a low bow. Once at St. Helena, when walking with a lady, some servants came along carrying a load. The lady, in an angry tone, ordered them out of the way, on which Napoleon interposed, saying, "Respect the burden, madam." Even the drudgery of the humblest laborer contributes towards the general well-being of society; and it was a wise saying of a Chinese emperor that "if there was a man who did not work, or a woman that was idle, somebody must suffer cold or hunger in the empire."

The habit of constant useful occupation is as essential for the happiness and well-being of woman as of man. Without it women are apt to sink into a state of listless languor and uselessness, accompanied by sick-headache and attacks of "nerves,"

Examples of Labor.

Sweet wind, fair wind, where have you been?
"I've been sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky;
I've been grinding a grist in the mill hard by;
I've been laughing at work while others sigh;
Let those laugh who win!"

Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing?
"I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells;
I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells;
I'm swelling the torrent and brimming the wells;
Is that worth pursuing?"

Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?
"I've been watching the nest where my fledgelings
lie;

I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby; By and by I shall teach them to fly, Up and away, every one!''

Honey-bee, honey-bee, where are you going? "To fill my basket with precious pelf; To toul for my neighbor as well as myself; To find out the sweetest flower that grows, Be it a thistle or be it a rose—

A secret worth the knowing!"

Each content with the work to be done, Ever the same from sun to sun: Shall you and I be taught to work By the bee and the bird, that scorn to shirk?

Wind and rain fulfilling His word! Tell me, was ever a legend heard Where the wind, commanded to blow, deferred; Or the rain, that was bidden to fall, demurred?

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

Constant useful occupation is wholesome, not only for the body, but for the mind. While the slothful man drags himself indolently through life, and the better part of his nature sleeps a deep sleep, if not morally and spiritually dead, the energetic man is a source of activity and enjoyment to all who come within reach of his influence. Even any ordinary drudgery is better than idleness.

Fuller says of Sir Francis Drake, who was early sent to sea, and kept close to his work by his master, that such "pains and patience in his youth knit the joints of his

soul, and made them more solid and compact." Schiller used to say that he considered it a great advantage to be employed in the discharge of some daily mechanical duty—some regular routine of work, that rendered steady application necessary.

The Labor of Doing Nothing.

Thousands can bear testimony to the truth of the saying of Greuze, the French painter, that work—employment, useful occupation—is one of the great secrets of happiness. Casaubon was once induced by the entreaties of his friends to take a few days' entire rest, but he returned to his work with the remark, that it was easier to bear illness doing something than doing nothing.

When Charles Lamb was released for life from his daily drudgery of desk-work at the India Office, he felt himself the happiest of men. "I would not go back to my prison," he said to a friend, "ten years longer for ten thousand pounds." He also wrote in the same ecstatic mood to Bernard Barton: "I have scarce steadiness of head to compose a letter," he said; "I am free! free as air! I will live another fifty years. . . . Would I could sell you some of my leisure! Positively the best thing a man can do is—nothing; and next to that, perhaps, good works."

Two years—two long and tedious years—passed; and Charles Lamb's feelings had undergone an entire change. He now discovered that official, even humdrum work—"the appointed round, the daily task"—had been good for him, though he knew it not. Time had formerly been his friend; it had now become his enemy.

To Bernard Barton he again wrote: "I assure you, no work is worse than overwork; the mind preys on itself—the most unwholesome of food. I have ceased to care for

almost anything. Never did the waters of heaven pour down upon a forlorner head. What I can do, and overdo, is to walk. I am a sanguinary murderer of time."

No man could be more sensible of the practical importance of industry than Sir Walter Scott, who was himself one of the most laborious and indefatigable of men. Indeed, Lockhart says of him that, taking all ages and countries together, the rare example of indefatigable energy, in union with serene self-possession of mind and manner, such as Scott's, must be sought for in the roll of great sovereigns or great captains, rather than in that of literary genius.

You must Put in the Plow.

Scott himself was most anxious to impress upon the minds of his own children the importance of industry as a means of usefulness and happiness in the world. To his son Charles, when at school, he wrote: "I cannot too much impress upon your mind that labor is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life; there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his languor. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough.

"There is, indeed, this great difference, that chance or circumstance may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies; and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use. Labor, therefore, my dear boy, and improve the time. In

youth our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up; but if we neglect our spring, our summers will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of our old age unrespected and desolate."

Southey was as laborious a worker as Scott. Indeed, work might almost be said to form part of his religion. He was only nineteen when he wrote these words: "Nineteen years! certainly a fourth part of my life; perhaps how great a part! and yet I have been of no service to society. The clown who scares crows for twopence a day is a more useful man; he preserves the bread which I eat in idleness."

And yet Southey had not been idle as a boy—on the contrary, he had been a most diligent student. He had not only read largely in English literature, but was well acquainted, through translations, with Tasso, Ariosto, Homer, and Ovid. He felt, however, as if his life had been purposeless, and he determined to do something. He began, and from that time forward he pursued an unremitting career of literary labor down to the close of his life—"daily progressing in learning," to use his own words—"not so learned as he is poor, not so poor as proud, not so proud as happy."

The Laborer.

Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form And likeness of thy God!—who more? A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm Of daily life, a heart as warm And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man As moves the human mass among; As much a part of the great plan, That with creation's dawn began, As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high In station, or in wealth the chief? The great, who coldly pass thee by, With proud step and averted eye? Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No: uncurbed passions, low desires, Absence of noble self-respect, Death, in the breast's consuming fires, To that high nature which aspires Forever, till thus checked.

These are thine enemies—thy worst; They chain thee to thy lowly lot: Thy labor and thy life accursed. Oh, stand erect! and from them burst! And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!

The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!
Nor place—uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind!

With this, and passions under ban, True faith, and holy trust in God, Thou art the peer of any man. Look up, then, that thy little span Of life may be well trod!

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

The maxims of men often reveal their character. That of Sir Walter Scott was, "Never to be doing nothing." Robertson, the historian, as early as his fifteenth year, adopted the maxim, "Life without learning is death." Voltaire's motto was, "Always at work." When Bossuet was at college he was so distinguished by his ardor in study, that his fellow-students, playing upon his name, designated him as "The ox used to the plough."

We have spoken of work as a discipline: it is also an educator of character. Even work that produces no results, because it is work, is better than torpor—inasmuch as it educates faculty, and is thus preparatory to successful work. The habit of working teaches method. It compels economy of time, and the disposition of it with judicious forethought. And when the art of packing life with useful occupations is once acquired by practice, every minute will be turned to account; and leisure, when it comes, will be enjoyed with all the greater zest.

It is because application to business teaches method most effectually, that it is so useful as an educator of character. The highest working qualities are best trained by active and sympathetic contact with others in the affairs of daily life. It does not matter whether the business relate to the management of a household or of a nation.

The Business Woman.

Indeed, the able housewife must necessarily be an efficient woman of business. She must regulate and control the details of her home, keep her expenditure within her means, arrange everything according to plan and system, and wisely manage and govern those subject to her rule. Efficient domestic management implies industry, application, method, moral discipline, forethought, prudence, practical ability, insight into character and power of organization—all of which are required in the efficient management of business of whatever sort.

Business qualities have, indeed, a very large field of action. They mean aptitude for affairs, competency to deal successfully with the practical work of life—whether the spur of action lie in domestic management, in the conduct of a profession, in trade or commerce, in social organization, or in

political government. And the training which gives efficiency in dealing with these various affairs is of all others the most useful in practical life. Moreover, it is the best discipline of character; for it involves the exercise of diligence, attention, self-denial, judgment, tact, knowledge of and sympathy with others.

The Best Ability.

Such a discipline is far more productive of happiness, as well as useful efficiency in life, than any amount of literary culture or meditative seclusion; for in the long run it will usually be found that practical ability carries it over intellect, and temper and habits over talent. It must, however, be added that this is a kind of culture that can only be acquired by diligent observation and carefully improved experience. "To be a good blacksmith," says a well-known author, "one must have forged all his life: to be a good administrator, one should have passed his whole life in the study and practice of business."

The great commander leaves nothing to chance, but provides for every contingency. He condescends to apparently trivial details. Thus, when Wellington was at the head of his army in Spain, he directed the precise manner in which the soldiers were to cook their provisions. When in India, he specified the exact speed at which the bullocks were to be driven; every detail in equipment was carefully arranged beforehand. And thus not only was efficiency secured, but the devotion of his men, and their boundless confidence in his command.

Washington, also, was an indefatigable man of business. From his boyhood he diligently trained himself in habits of application, of study, and of methodical work. His manuscript school-books, which are still preserved, show that, as early as the age

of thirteen, he occupied himself voluntarily in copying out such things as forms of receipts, notes of hand, bills of exchange, bonds, indentures, leases, land-warrants, and other dry documents, all written out with great care. And the habits which he thus early acquired were, in a great measure, the foundation of those admirable business qualities which he afterwards so successfully brought to bear in the affairs of government.

The man or woman who achieves success in the management of any great affair of business is entitled to honor—it may be, to as much as the artist who paints a picture, or the author who writes a book, or the soldier who wins a battle. Their success may have been gained in the face of as great difficulties, and after as great struggles; and while they have won their battle, it is at least a peaceful one, and there is no blood on their hands.

The Men who Rule.

Power belongs only to the workers; the idlers are always powerless. It is the laborious and painstaking men who are the rulers of the world. There has not been a statesman of eminence but was a man of industry. "It is by toil," said even Louis XIV., "that kings govern." When Clarendon described Hampden, he spoke of him as "of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of parts not to be imposed on by the most subtle and sharp, and of a personal courage equal to his best parts."

Indeed, this living principle of constant work, of abundant occupation, of practical contact with men in the affairs of life, has in all times been the best ripener of the energetic vitality of strong natures. Business habits, cultivated and disciplined, are found alike useful in every pursuit—whether in politics, literature, science, or art. Thus, a great deal of the best literary work has been done by men systematically trained in business pursuits. The same industry, application, economy of time and labor, which have rendered them useful in the one sphere of employment, have been found equally available in the other.

The Dignity of Labor.

Labor is life!—'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon. Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens; Only the waving wing changes and brightens; Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:

Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health!—Lo! the husbandman reaping, How through his veins goes the life-current leaping! How his strong arm in its stalwart pride sweeping,

True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish are round thee;

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee! Look to you pure heaven smiling beyond thee:

Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod! Work for some good, be it ever so slowly; Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly: Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;

Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

Men of trained working faculty so contract the habit of labor that idleness becomes intolerable to them; and when driven by circumstances from their own special line of occupation, they find refuge in other pursuits. The diligent man is quick to find employment for his leisure; and he is able to make leisure when the idle man finds none. Thus many great things have been done during such "vacant times of leisure," by men to whom industry had become a second nature, and who found it easier to work than to be idle.

Respectable Hobbies.

Even hobbies are useful as educators of the working faculty. Hobbies evoke industry of a certain kind, and at least provide agreeable occupation. Not such hobbies as that of Domitian, who occupied himself in catching flies. The hobbies of the King of Macedon, who made lanterns, and of the King of France, who made locks, were of a more respectable order. Even a routine mechanical employment is felt to be a relief by minds acting under high pressure: it is an intermission of labor—a rest—a relaxation, the pleasure consisting in the work itself rather than in the result.

Genius may be brilliant, may shine as stars of the first magnitude do, but history points to the fact that men of the most commanding abilities have yet been the most persevering workers. Daniel Webster was a man of towering intellect, but never trusted to his superior powers. Labor was his strong right hand. One who knew him well said he did not doubt but others could have written and spoken as well if they had labored as hard and diligently. Most of his speeches were the result of long and laborious preparation, and he succeeded as much by honest toil as by his native gifts, although these were of the highest order. He was a great statesman because he was a great worker.

The Coral-Insect.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on—for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled;
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And the mountains exult where the wave hath been,

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field,
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up;
There's a poison-drop in man's purest cup;
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath;
And why need you sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white, From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright; The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold, And the gods of ocean have frowned to see The mariner's bed in their halls of glee; Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread The boundless sea for the thronging dead?

Ye build—ye build—but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin;
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye '
As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,
Their noteless bones in oblivion hid,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.
LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

"A noble heart," says Barrow, "will disdain to subsist, like a drone, upon others' labors; like a vermin, to filch its food out of the public granary; or, like a shark, to prey upon the lesser fry; but it will rather outdo his private obligations to other men's care and toil, by considerable service and beneficence to the public; for there is no calling of any sort, from the sceptre to the spade, the management whereof, with any good success, any credit, any satisfaction, doth not demand much work of the head, or of the hands, or of both."

Labor is not only a necessity, but it is also a pleasure. What would otherwise be a curse, by the constitution of our physical system becomes a blessing. Our life is a conflict with nature in some respects, but it is also a co-operation with nature in others. The sun, the air, and the earth are constantly abstracting from us our vital forces. Hence we eat and drink for nourishment, and clothe ourselves for warmth.

We Do not Work Alone.

Nature works with us. She provides the earth which we furrow: she grows and ripens the seeds that we sow and gather. She furnishes, with the help of human labor, the wool that we spin and the food that we eat. And it ought never to be forgotten that, however rich or poor we may be, all that we eat, all that we are clothed with, all that shelters us, from the palace to the cottage, is the result of labor.

Men co-operate with each other for the mutual sustenance of all. The husbandman tills the ground and provides food; the manufacturer weaves tissues, which the tailor and a seamstress make into clothes; the mason and the bricklayer build the houses in which we enjoy household life. Numbers of workmen thus contribute and help to create the general result.

Labor and skill applied to the vulgarest things invest them at once with precious value. Labor is indeed the life of humanity; take it away, banish it, and the race of Adam were at once stricken with death. "He that will not work," said St. Paul, "neither shall he eat;" and the justice of this judgment cannot be called in question. No one will resent it except the lazy do-nothings.

There is a well-known story of an old farmer calling his three idle sons around him when on his death-bed, to impart to them an important secret. "My sons," said he, "a great treasure lies hid in the estate which I am about to leave to you." The old man gasped. "Where is it hid?" exclaimed the sons in a breath. "I am about to tell you," said the old man; "you will have to dig for it-" But his breath failed him before he could impart the weighty secret, and he died. Forthwith the sons set to work with spade and mattock upon the long-neglected fields, and they turned up every sod and clod upon the estate. They discovered no treasure, but they learned to work; and when the fields were sown, and the harvest came, lo! the vield was prodigious, in consequence of the thorough tillage which they had undergone. Then it was that they discovered the treasure concealed in the estate, of which their wise old father had advised them.

Honor to the Workers.

Labor is at once a burden, a chastisement, an honor, and a pleasure. It may be identified with poverty, but there is also glory in it. It bears witness, at the same time, to our natural wants and to our manifold needs. What were man, what were life, what were civilization, without labor? All that is great in man comes of labor—greatness in art, in literature, in science. Knowledge—"the wing wherewith we fly to heaven"—is only acquired through labor. Genius is but a capability of laboring intensely: it is the power of making great and sustained efforts. Labor may be a chastisement, but it is indeed a glorious one. It is worship, duty, praise,

and immortality—for those who labor with the highest aims and for the purest purposes.

Learn to Sweep.

Once in a city's crowded street,
With broom in land an urchin stood;
No boots inclosed the little feet,
Though winter chilled the infant blood;
And yet he worked, the little man,
As only youthful heroes can,
And as he toiled he cheerful sang;
"The noblest oak was once a seed,
The choicest flower was but a weed,
Uupinioned once the eaglet's wing,
The river but a trickling spring,
The swiftest foot must learn to creep,
The proudest man must learn to sweep,"

Anon some passing idlers sought
The sweeper from his toil to shame,
To scorn the noble worker's thought,
And quench the young aspiring flame;
No answer gave the hero back,
But to and fro he whisked the broom,
And shouted as he cleared the track,
"The noblest oak was once a seed,
The choicest flower was but a weed,
Unpinioned once the eaglet's wing,
The river but a trickling spring,
The swiftest foot must learn to creep,
The proudest man must learn to sweep."

H. S. BROOKS,

There are many who murmur and complain at the law of labor under which we live, without reflecting that obedience to it is not only in conformity with the Divine will, but also necessary for the development of intelligence, and for the thorough enjoyment of our common nature. Of all wretched men, surely the idle are the most so-those whose life is barren of utility, who have nothing to do except to gratify their senses. Are not such men the most querulous, miserable and dissatisfied of all, constantly in a state of languor, alike useless to themselves and to others-mere cumberers of the earth, who, when removed, are missed by none, and whom none regret? Most wretched and ignoble lot, indeed, is the lot of the idlers.

Who have helped the world onward so much as the workers; men who have had to work from necessity or from choice? All that we call progress—civilization, well-being and prosperity—depends upon industry, diligently applied—from the culture of a barley-stalk to the construction of a steamship; from the stitching of a collar to the sculpturing of "the statue that enchants the world."

Repeated Efforts.

All useful and beautiful thoughts, in like manner, are the issue of labor, of study, of observation, of research, of diligent elaboration. The noblest poem cannot be elaborated, and send down its undying strains into the future, without steady and painstaking labor. No great work has ever been done "at a heat." It is the result of repeated efforts, and often of many failures. One generation begins, and another continues -the present coperating with the past. Thus, the Parthenon began with a mud-hut; the "Last Judgment" with a few scratches on the sand. It is the same with individuals of the race: they begin with abortive efforts, which, by means of perseverance, lead to successful issues.

The history of industry is uniform in the character of its illustrations. Industry enables the poorest man to achieve honor, if not distinction. The greatest names in the history of art, literature and science are those of laboring men. A working instrument-maker gave us the steam-engine; a barber, the spinning-machine; a weaver, the mule; a pitman perfected the locomotive; and working-men of all grades have, one after another, added to the triumphs of mechanical skill.

By the working-man we do not mean

merely the man who labors with his muscles and sinews. A horse can do this. But he is pre-eminently the working-man who works with his brain also, and whose whole physical system is under the influence of his higher faculties. The man who paints a picture, who writes a book, who makes a law, who ward and upward.

creates a poem, is a working-man of the highest order; not so necessary to the physical sustainment of the community as the plowman or the shepherd, but not less important as providing for society its highest intellectual nourishment and leading it onward and upward.

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey,
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by.
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

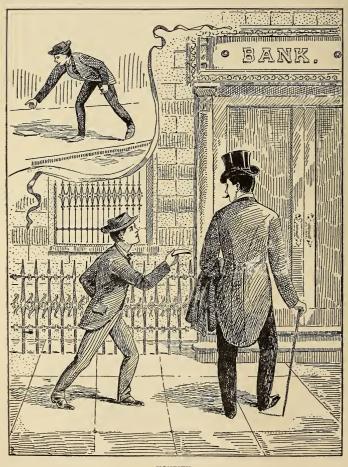
If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot towards the needy
Reach an ever open hand,

You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.





HONESTY.

CHAPTER XII.

HONESTY.



N honest man's the noblest work of God:" so says Alexander Pope. "Honesty is the best policy:" so says Ben Franklin. "If a man really thinks that there is no

distinction between virtue and vice, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons:" so says Ben Johnson. "Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one less rascal in the world:" so says Thomas Carlyle.

Every Egyptian was required by law annually to declare by what means he maintained himself, and if he omitted to do so or gave no satisfactory account of his way of living, he was punishable with death. This law Solon brought from Egypt to Athens, where it was inviolably observed as a most equitable regulation. If this law were enacted in our own country a good many would pack up and emigrate.

A gentleman jumping from an omnibus in the city of New York, dropped his pocketbook, and had gone some distance before he discovered his loss; then hastily returning, inquired of every passenger whom he met, if a pocket-book had been seen.

Finally, meeting a little girl ten years old, to whom he made the same inquiry, she asked: "What kind of a pocket-book?" He described it—then unfolding her apron: "Is this it?" "Yes, that is mine; come into this store with me." They entered, he opened the book, counted the notes, and examined the papers. "They are all right,"

said he; "fifteen notes of a thousand dollars each. Had they fallen into other hands, I might never have seen them again. Take, then, my little girl, this note of a thousand dollars, as a reward for your honesty, and a lesson to me to be more careful in future."

"No," said the girl, "I cannot take it. I have been taught at Sunday school not to keep what is not mine, and my parents would not be pleased if I took the note home; they might suppose I had stolen it." "Well, then, my girl, show me where your parents live."

A Bountiful Gift.

The girl took him to a humble tenement in an obscure street, rude but cleanly. He informed the parents of the case. They told him their child had acted correctly. They were poor, it was true, but their pastor had always told them not to set their hearts on rich gifts. The gentleman told them they must take it, and he was convinced they would make a good use of it, from the principle they had professed.

The pious parents then blessed their benefactor, for such he proved. They paid their debts, which had disturbed their peace, and the benevoient giver furnished the husband and father employment in his occupation as a carpenter, enabling him to rear an industrious family in comparative happiness. This little girl became the wife of a respectable tradesman of New York, and had reason to rejoice that she was taught aright in early life and practiced what she learned.

A nobleman traveling in Scotland, a few years ago, was asked for alms in the high street of Edinburgh by a little ragged boy. He said he had no change; upon which the boy offered to procure it. His lordship, in order to get rid of his importunity, gave him a piece of silver, which the boy conceiving was to be changed, ran off for the purpose. On his return, not finding his benefactor, whom he expected to wait, he watched for several days in the place where he had received the money. At length the nobleman happened again to pass that way. The boy accosted him, and put the change he had procured into his hand, counting it with great exactness. His lordship was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he placed him at school, with the assurance of providing for him.

Taken at his Word.

A young man had volunteered, and was expecting daily to be ordered to the seat of war. One day his mother gave him an unpaid bill with money, and asked him to pay it. When he returned home at night she said: "Did you pay that bill?" "Yes," he answered. In a few days the bill was sent in a second time. "I thought," she said to her son, "that you paid this." "I really don't remember, mother; you know I've had so many things on my mind." "But you said you did." "Well," he answered, "if I said I did, I did."

He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the shop. The young man had been in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show. "I am quite sure," she said, "that my son paid this some days ago. He has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it; but he told me that day he had, and says if he said then that he had, he is quite sure he

did." "Well," said the man, "I forget about it; but if he ever said he did, he did." Wasn't that a grand character to have?

An Honest Man.

Trust payeth homage unto truth, rewarding honesty of action;

And all men love to lean on him, who never failed nor fainted.

Freedom gloweth in his eyes, and nobleness of nature at his heart,

And Independence took a crown and fixed it on his head;

So he stood in his integrity, just and firm of purpose,

Aiding many, fearing none, a spectacle to angels and to men;

Yea, when the shattered globe shall rock in the throes of dissolution.

Still will he stand in his integrity, sublime—an honest man.

M. F. TUPPER.

The first step toward greatness is to be honest, says the proverb; but the proverb fails to state the case strong enough. Honesty is not only the first step toward greatness—it is greatness itself.

It is with honesty in one particular as with wealth; those that have the thing care less about the credit of it than those that have it not. What passes as open-faced honesty is often masked malignity. who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure, is himself a knave. When any one complains, as Diogenes did, that he has to hunt the street with candles at noon-day to find an honest man, we are apt to think that his nearest neighbor would have quite as much difficulty as himself in making the discovery. If you think there isn't an honest man living, you had better, for appearance sake, put off saying it until you are dead yourself.

Honesty is the best policy, but those who do honest things merely because they think it good policy, are not honest. No man has ever been too honest. Cicero believed that nothing is useful that is not honest. He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known. There is an alchemy in a high heart which transmutes other things to its own quality.

The truth of the good old maxim, that "Honesty is the best policy," is upheld by the daily experience of life; uprightness and integrity being found as successful in business as in everything else. As Hugh Miller's worthy uncle used to advise him, "In all your dealings with your neighbor treat him generously—' good measure, heaped up, and running over '—and you will not lose by it in the end."

The Road to Fortune.

Honesty is the best policy. But no man can be upright, amid the various temptations of life, unless he is honest for the right's sake. You should not be honest from the low motive of policy, but because you feel the better for being honest. The latter will hold you fast, let the element set as it will, let storms blow ever so fiercely; the former is but a cable of pack-thread, which will snap apart. In the long run, character is better than capital.

Most of the great American merchants, whose revenues outrank those of princes, owe their colossal fortunes principally to a character for integrity and ability. Lay the foundations of a character broad and deep. Build them on a rock, and not on sand. The rains may then descend, the floods rise and the winds blow, but your house will stand. But, establish a character for loose dealings, and lo! some great tempest will sweep it away.

The religious tradesman complains that his honesty is a hindrance to his success; that the tide of custom pours into the doors of his less scrupulous neighbors in the same street, while he himself waits for hours idle. Do you think that God is going to reward honor, integrity and highmindedness with this world's coin? Do you fancy that he will pay spiritual excellence with plenty of custom?

Now consider the price that man has paid for his success. Perhaps mental degradation and inward dishonor. His advertisements are all deceptive, his treatment of his workmen tyranical; his cheap prices made possible by inferior articles. Sow that man's seed, and you will reap that man's harvest. Cheat, lie, advertise, be unscrupulous in your assertions, custom will come to you; but if the price is too dear, let him have his harvest, and take yours. Yours is a clear conscience, a pure mind, rectitude within and without. Will you part with that for his? Then why do you complain? He has paid his price; you do not choose to pay it.

The Ship will go to Pieces.

Some, in their passion for sudden accumulation, practice secret frauds, and imagine there is no harm in it, so they be not detected. But in vain will they cover up their transgressions; for God sees it to the bottom; and let them not hope to keep it always from man. The birds of the air sometimes carry the tale abroad. In the long web of events, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

He who is carrying on a course of latent corruption and dishonesty, be he president of some mammoth corporation, or engaged only in private transactions, is sailing in a ship like that fabled one of old, which ever comes nearer and nearer to a magnetic mountain, that will at last draw every nail out of it. All faith in God, and all trust in man, will eventually be lost, and he will get no reward for his guilt. The very winds will sigh

forth his iniquity; and "a beam will come out of the wall," and convict and smite him.

Strict honesty is the crown of one's early days. "Your son will not do for me," was once said to a friend of mine; "he took pains, the other day, to tell a customer of a small blemish in a piece of goods." The salesboy is sometimes virtually taught to declare that goods cost such or such a sum; that they are strong, fashionable, perfect, when the whole story is false. So is the bloom of a God-inspired truthfulness not seldom brushed from the cheek of our simple-hearted children.

We hope and trust these cases are rare but even one such house as we allude to may ruin the integrity and the fair fame of many a lad. God grant our young men to feel that "an honest man is the noblest work of God," and, under all temptations, to *live* as they feel.

Cannot Stand the Trial.

The possession of the principle of honesty is a matter known most intimately to the man and his God, and fully only to the latter. No man knows the extent and strength of his own honesty until he has passed the fiery ordeal of temptation.

Men who shudder at the dishonesty of others, at one time in life, then sailing before the favorable wind of prosperity, when adversity overtakes them, their honesty too often flies away on the same wings with their riches, and, what they once viewed with holy horror, they now practice with shameless impunity.

Others, at the commencement of a prosperous career, are quite above any tricks in trade; but their love of money increases with their wealth, their honesty relaxes, they become hard honest men, then hardly honest, and are, finally, confirmed in dishonesty.

On the great day of account, it will be found that men have erred more in judging of the honesty of others than in any one thing else; not even religion excepted. Many who have been condemned, and had the stigma of dishonesty fixed upon them because misfortune disabled them from paying their just debts, will stand acquitted by the Judge of quick and dead, whilst others cover dishonest hearts and actions, undetected by man.

A False Motto.

It is our earnest desire to eradicate the impression, so fatal to many a young man, that one cannot live by being perfectly honest. You must have known men who have gone on for years in unbroken prosperity and yet never adopted that base motto, "All is fair in trade." You must have seen, too, noble examples of those who have met with losses and failures, and vet risen from them all with a conscious integrity, and who have been sustained by the testimony of all around them, that, though unfortunate, they were never dishonest? When we set before you such examples, when we show you, not only that "Honesty is the best policy," but that it is the very keystone of the whole arch of manly and Christian qualities, every sincere heart must respond to the appeal.

Many beautiful incidents of this virtue are related, and the following will be likely to interest every reader. One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the wayside near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took out a loaf of bread which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave half to his boy.

"Not so, father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me; and you must be very hungry; I shall wait till you have done." "You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father; "your love to me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother who has left us, who told you to love me as you used to do; and indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now that I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn now to eat."

"Thank you, father; but break this piece in two, and take you a little more, for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do." "I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy; but eat it I shall not; I have abundance; and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall he not give us all other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies?"

The Loaf was Loaded.

The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several large pieces of gold of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father; " My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money: it is not ours." "But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?" "I know not, as yet, to whom it belongs; but probably it was put there by the baker through some mistake. We must inquire; run." "But, father." interrupted the boy, "vou are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf, and the baker may tell a lie, and-"

"I will not listen to you, my boy. I

bought the loaf, but I did not buy the goldin it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him. Remember him who told us to do to others as we would have others to do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us. I am poor, indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Iesus, God's own Son, oh! let us share, also, his goodness and his trust in God .- We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, trust God, and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame! Now run to the baker, and bring him here, and I shall watch the gold until he comes."

The Honestest Man in Town.

So the boy ran for the baker. "Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money;" and he showed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found. "Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away." "My father, baker, is very poor, and—" "Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money."

The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf.—"Thou art indeed an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbor David, the flax-dresser, spoke but the truth when he said thou wert the honestest man in our town. Now I shall tell thee about the gold. A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave it me to sell it cheaply, or give it away, to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me, as a customer, this morning; and as thou wouldst not take



THE FIRST WRONG ACT.

the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf, with all its treasure—and, surely, it is not small!—is thine, and God grant thee a blessing with it!"

The poor father bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hand about his neck, and said, "I shall always, like you, my father, trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put me to shame."

Selling Honesty.

Yet there be others, that will truckle to a lie, selling honesty for interest;

And do they gain? They gain but loss; a little cash, with scorn.

Behold the sorrowful change wrought upon a fallen nature:

He hath lost his own esteem and other men's respect;

For the buoyancy of upright faith, he is clothed in the heaviness of criuging.

For plain truth, where none could err, he hath chosen tortuous paths;

In lieu of his majesty of countenance, the timorous glances of servility,

Instead of Freedom's honest pride, the spirit of a

M. F. TUPPER.

In early life Dr. Adam Clarke was placed with a Mr. Bennet, a linen merchant of Coleraine, in the north of Ireland. In his autobiography the doctor remarks, when speaking of the business in which he was engaged, "he thought he saw several things in it that he could hardly do with a clear conscience." It would, perhaps, not be uninteresting to know what were these "several things."

One of them was as follows: Mr. Bennet and Mr. Clarke were one day engaged in preparing the linen for the great market in Dublin, measuring how many yards there were in each piece, Adam laying hold of one end and Mr. Bennet of the other. They found that one piece wanted a couple of

inches to make a complete yard at the end. "Come, Adam," says Mr. Bennet, "lay hold of the piece and pull against me, and we shall soon make it come up to the yard." Alas! he little knew whom he had to deal with.

His Conscience would not Stretch.

Adam dropped the linen on the ground, stood and looked like one counfounded. "What's the matter?" said Mr. Bennet. "Sir," says he, "I can't do it; I think it is a wrong thing." "Nonsense," says Mr. Bennet, "it is done every day; it won't make the linen a bit the worse; the process it has passed through has made it shrink a little. Come, take hold." "No," says he, "no." Mr. Bennet was a very placid man, and they entered into a dispute about this piece of linen, until, at last, he was obliged to give it up; it was a lost case; Adam would not consent to meddle with it; he thought it was not fair; at least it did not suit the standard of his conscience. Thus early exemplifying that scrupulous honesty for which he was during life remarkable. He afterward became celebrated for his Commentaries on the Bible.

Some years ago, two aged men near Marshalton traded, or, according to Virginia parlance, "swapped" horses on this condition: that on that day week, the one who thought he had the best of the bargain should pay to the other two bushels of wheat. The day came, and, as luck would have it, they met about half way between their respective homes. "Where art thou going?" said one. "To thy house with the wheat," answered the other. "And whither art thou riding?" "Truly," replied the first, "I was taking the wheat to thy house." Each, pleased with his bargain, had thought the wheat justly due to his neighbor, and was going to pay it.

The Prince of Conti being highly pleased

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with the intrepid behavior of a grenadier at the siege of Phillipsburgh in 1734, threw him his purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contained as being too poor a reward for his courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the prince with a couple of diamond rings and other jewels of considerable value. "Sir," said he, "the gold I found in your purse I suppose your highness intended for me; but these I bring back to you as having no claim on them." "You have, soldier," answered the prince, "doubly deserved them by your bravery and by your honesty; therefore they are yours."

Making Money Fast.

An honest young man has in his bosom a treasure of more real value than the wealth of nations. Should I be asked, what would most contribute to a man's success, in any vocation whatever, I would reply: Honesty. Should I be asked what would most certainly prevent success, I would reply: Dishonesty. Now it occurs, that to dishonest practices, the young men of our land are particularly exposed. While females are protected from the temptations to this sin, while from the peculiarity of their situation in society, they are to a considerable extent secure, young men are surrounded with inducements and temptations. Just commencing life, they wish to do well, and not unfrequently imagine, that to succeed they must make money fast, and get rich quick, and hence to secure this, will embark in many a scheme of doubtful character.

The expenses of poor young men are generally more than equal to their income, and if they are bent on living extravagantly, they will be tempted to enter into many course of folly and crime to obtain the necessary funds. But however expert the dishonest man may be, however long he may go

on uninterrupted in his villany, however successful he may be at the onset, he will assuredly fail.

The forger cannot long continue that sin without detection; the counterfeiter will assuredly be taken in his own snare; the gambler will come to poverty, and the thief will bring himself to the prison and the dungeon. There is no safety for a young man in the early period of life, without strict and unbending integrity in word and deed.

Complete failure will sooner or later, come upon every man who does not subscribe to the principles of rectitude. I know that dishonesty is prevalent. I know that it exists everywhere, and to a fearful extent enters into all the affairs of life. As Shakespeare says:

"To be honest, as this world goes,
Is to be one picked out of ten thousand."

Very Dear Success.

Not seldom is the clerk taught to inform the customer, that certain goods cost such a sum, that they are durable and fashionable, when he knows it to be false. Not seldom is the ignorance of the purchaser made the cause of a "good trade," and apprentices are led to look upon such a fraud as a harmless transaction. In these and a thousand other ways are the principles of honesty shamefully violated and outraged, and the basis is laid for a long and aggravated course of crime and duplicity. But the old maxim, "honesty is the best policy," will be found to be true in all the transactions of life.

What though a man does make a momentary advance in his business by dishonesty? What though at the end of each year he is a hundred dollars richer than he would have been but for his fraud? What though he may have enlarged his store, and beautified his residence, and secured the

smiles of the wealthy? What though he is enabled to ride in his carriage, and dress in gilt and gold? Will not the vengeance of God follow him? Will not his ill-gotten gains rust and canker his heart? Will not commercial distress or some other element of destruction sweep away his property, taking the well-earned with the ill-gotten?

I knew a young man who started in life with high hopes and prospects. He had a little property to commence with, and was determined that it should increase at all hazard. Honestly or dishonestly, he was bound to be rich. His motto was, "All is right in trade," and well did he carry it out. He thought it was the duty of his customers to find out the defects in the goods which they purchased of him; they were the ones to discover what was bad in the bargain. He supposed he was clear when he had made the sale, and felt compelled by no principle of morality to help his customers make good bargains.

Like a Clap of Thunder.

Thus it continued awhile. He would openly boast of having made this sum and that sum, from this and that person. He seemed to be growing rich, his place of business was crowded. His fair stories and smooth looks drew a crowd of visitors, and for awhile he made money very rapidly. When he least expected it, a great failure in another city occurred, the intelligence of which came upon him like a clap of thunder on a cloudless day. Other failures followed, and he began to reap the reward of his dishonesty.

When he began to sink, reports of his dishonesty, which until then had been hushed, spread like wild-fire, and soon he found it impossible to continue his business. Those who had money and goods were

afraid of him. Confidence in his character was gone, and he was obliged to relinquish business entirely, move from the fine house in which he lived, and become a clerk, and was looked upon with suspicion even at that.

I have known other men in business who have met with disasters and failures, and have stood unaffected by them, superior to their crushing influence, from the simple fact that they were honest men, and could look community in the face with a consciousness that though they were unfortunate, they were not guilty.

"You can Trust Him."

Thompson, in his lectures to young men. states the following fact: "The president of the old United States Bank, once dismissed a private clerk, because the latter refused to write for him on the Sabbath. The young man, with a mother dependent on his exertions, was thus thrown out of employment, by what some would call an over-nice scruple of conscience. But a few days after. when the President was requested to nominate a cashier for another bank, he recommended this very individual, mentioning this incident as a sufficient testimony to his trustworthiness. 'You can trust him,' said he. 'for he would not work for me on the Sabbath."

Awhile since, a young man was dismissed from his place, because he would not become party to a falsehood, by which refusal the firm failed to secure several hundred dollars which did not belong to them, but which they expected to obtain. For the crime of honesty and truth the young man was dismissed from his position. A few days afterwards, hearing of a vacant situation, he applied for it.

The merchant who wished him for an accountant, asked if he could refer him to

A Treasure above Price.

A multitude of cases might be added, illustrating the value of honesty, and the great danger and shame of falsehood and fraud. Business men will rehearse them to you by scores, and prove that under any circumstances "honesty is the best policy." And so you will find it in all your dealings with your fellow-men, and as you grow older in life, the conviction will become stronger and deeper, that a good reputation for honesty and manliness is above all price.

"The purest treasure mortal lives afford, Is spotless reputation; that away, Men are but gilded worms or painted clay."

Remember these things as you advance in life, and as you grow older preserve your integrity. Be above the little arts and tricks of small men, and if you grow rich, let it be by honest and patient industry. Build not up a fortune from the labors of others, from the unpaid debts of creditors, from the uncertain games of chance, but from manly effort, which never goes unrewarded. Never engage in any business unless you can be honest in it; if it will not give a fair living without fraud, leave it, as you would the gate of death.

If, after all, you are poor, if by exerting

yourself nobly and manfully, if by living honestly and uprightly you cannot secure a competency, then submit to poverty, aye, to hard, grinding poverty. Be willing, if it must be so, to breast the cold tide of want and sorrow, see your flesh waste day by day, and your blood beat more heavily, than make yourself rich at the expense of honesty.

Rewards of Honesty.

All is vanity which is not honesty—thus is it graven on the tomb;

I speak of honest purpose, character, speech, and action.

Honesty, even by itself, though making many adversaries

Whom prudence might have set aside, or charity

have softened, Evermore will prosper at the last, and gain a man

vermore will prosper at the last, and gain a man great honor.

M. F. TUPPER.

The following incident is a striking illustration of the saying that honesty is the best policy:

Two boys came at an early hour to a country market-town. They spread out their little stands, and sat down to wait for customers. One of them sold melons and fruit, the others dealt in oysters and fish. The market hours passed on, and they were both doing well. The goods on their stands were gradually getting less, and the money in their pockets gradually getting more. The last melon lay on Harry's stand. A gentleman came by, and placing his hand on it, said, "What a fine large melon! I think I must buy it. What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir, and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot on the other side," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man, "I think I'll not take it. "But," he added, looking in the boy's face, "is it very business-like to point

out the defects of your goods to customers?"
"Perhaps not, sir but it's better than being

dishonest," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, my boy; always remember to speak the truth, and you will find favor with God and man. You have nothing else that I wish this morning, but I shall not forget your little stand in the future." Then, turning to Ben Wilson's stand, he asked, "Are those oysters fresh?"

"Yes, sir, fresh this morning," was the reply. The gentleman bought them and went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser I was

about those stale oysters; sold them at the same price as the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon till he got home."

"Ben, I wouldn't tell a lie, or act one either for twice the money we've both earned to-day. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved; for the next day the gentleman bought a large supply of fruit from Harry, but he never spent another penny at Ben's stand. So it continued all through the summer. At the close of the season he took Harry into his store, and, after awhile, gave him a share in the business. There are some things that pay.





KING CANUTE TRYING TO SWEEP BACK THE OCEAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRUTHFULNESS.



F I take out my watch to find what time it is, it will be of little use for me to look at it unless I am sure that it keeps good time. If it sometimes stands still for an hour or more and then goes on again; if it

sometimes loses two or three hours a day by going too slow, or gains as much more by going too fast, then I cannot depend upon it.

A watch that cannot be depended upon is of very little use. It may have a beautiful gold case, it may be sparkling with jewels, yet it will be of no service to me as a watch unless I can depend on what it tells me about the time. We do not judge of the value of a watch by the kind of case it has, but by finding out whether it keeps good time.

And so, one of the things by which we judge of the real value and worth of men or women, of boys or girls, is this: Are they truthful? Do they mean what they say? Are they really what they seem to be? If they speak the truth and act the truth, then they are like a watch that keeps good time.

A gentleman once asked a deaf and dumb boy, "What is truth?" He replied by taking a piece of chalk and drawing on the blackboard a straight line between two points. Then he asked him, "What is a lie?" The boy rubbed out the straight line, and drew a zig-zag (or crooked line) between the same two points. Remember this.

Truth is the beginning of every good

thing, both in heaven and on earth; and he who would be blessed and happy should be from the first a partaker of the truth, that he may live a true man as long as possible, for then he can be trusted; but he is not to be trusted who loves voluntary falsehood, and he who loves involuntary falsehood is a fool.

She Did a Large Business.

Here is what Ben Franklin has to say on the subject of truth and deception:

"A friend of mine was the other day cheapening some trifles at a shopkeeper's, and after a few words they agreed on a price. At the tying up of the parcels he had purchased, the mistress of the shop told him that people were growing very hard, for she actually lost by everything she sold. How, then, is it possible, said my friend, that you can keep on your business. Indeed, sir, answered she, I must of necessity shut my doors, had I not a very great trade. The reason, said my friend (with a sneer), is admirable.

"There are a great many retailers who falsely imagine that lying is much for their advantage; and some of them have a saying that it is a pity lying is a sin, it is so useful in trade; though, if they would examine into the reason why a number of shop-keepers raise considerable estates, while others who have set out with better fortunes have become bankrupts, they would find that the former made up with truth

diligence and probity, what they were deficient of in stock; while the latter have been guilty of imposing on such customers as they found had no skill in the quality of their goods.

"The former character raises a credit which supplies the want of fortune, and their fair dealing brings them customers; whereas none will return to buy of him by whom he has been once imposed upon. If people in trade would judge rightly, we might buy blindfolded, and they would save both to themselves and customers the unpleasantness of haggling.

"Though there are numbers of shopkeepers who scorn the mean vice of lying, and whose word may very safely be relied on, yet there are too many who will endeavor, and, backing their falsities with asseverations, pawn their salvation to raise their prices.

Never Told a Lie.

"As example works more than precept, and my sole view being the good and interest of my countrymen, whom I could wish to see without any vice or folly, I shall offer an example of the veneration bestowed on truth and abhorrence of falsehood among the ancients.

"Augustus, triumphing over Mark Antony and Cleopatra, among other captives who accompanied them brought to Rome a priest of about sixty years old. The Senate, being informed that this man had never been detected in a falsehood, and was believed never to have told a lie, not only restored him to liberty, but made him a High Priest, and caused a statue to be erected to his honor. The priest thus honored was an Egyptian, and an enemy to Rome; but his virtue removed all obstacles.

"Pamphilius was a Roman citizen whose body upon his death was forbidden sepulture, his estate was confiscated, his house razed, and his wife and children banished the Roman territories, wholly for his having been a notorious and inveterate liar.

"Could there be greater demonstrations of respect for truth than these of the Romans, who elevated an enemy to the greatest honors, and exposed the family of a citizen to the greatest contumely?

Will Lie and Swear to It.

"There can be no excuse for lying; neither is there anything equally despicable and dangerous as a liar, no man being safe who associates with him; for, he who will lie will swear to it, says the proverb, and such a one may endanger my life, turn my family out of doors, and ruin my reputation, whenever he shall find it his interest; and if a man will lie and swear to it in his shop to obtain a trifle, why should we doubt his doing so when he may hope to make a fortune by his perjury? The crime is in itself so mean, that to call a man a liar is esteemed everywhere an affront not to be forgiven.

"If any have lenity enough to allow the dealers an excuse for this bad practice, I believe they will allow none for the gentleman who is addicted to this vice, and must look upon him with contempt. That the world does so is visible by the derision with which his name is treated whenever it is mentioned.

"The philosopher Epimenides gave the Rhodians this description of truth: She is the companion of the gods, the joy of heaven, the light of the earth, the pedestal of justice, and the basis of good policy.

"Eschines told the same people that truth was a virtue without which force was enfeebled, justice corrupted, humility became | for all evils, and a light to the whole world. dissimulation, patience intolerable, chastity a dissembler, liberty lost, and pity superfluous. was health incapable of sickness, life not sub-

"Anaxarchus, speaking of truth, said it



"NO VIRTUE OF MORE NOBLE WORTH, THAN TRUTH, FROM HEAVEN BROUGHT TO EARTH."

Romans that truth was the centre on which | not to be obscured, a moon without eclipse,

"Pharmanes, the philosopher, told the | ject to death, an elixir that healeth all, a sun all things rested: a chart to sail by, a remedy an herb which never withereth, a gate that is never closed, and a path which never fatigues the traveller.

"But, if we are blind to the beauties of truth, it is astonishing that we should not open our eyes to the inconvenience of falsity. A man given to romance must be always on his guard for fear of contradicting and exposing himself to derision; for it is impossible, with the utmost circumspection, to travel long on this route without detection, and shame and confusion follow. Whereas, he who is a votary of truth never hesitates for an answer, has never to rack his invention to make the sequel quadrate with the beginning of his story, nor is he obliged to burden his memory with minute circumstances, since truth speaks easily what it recollects, and repeats openly and frequently without varying facts, which liars cannot always do, even though gifted with a good memory."

The Angel of Truth.

Hard by Truth's temple A lovely being stood; Arrayed in white, The symbol of her God. The unholy throng passed by, And stood aghast; Said, Let me be like her, And on they passed.

There's beauty in that form
Not elsewhere seen;
It's in her name and nature,
And her stately mien.
Her name is Truth,
A lovely Christian grace;
Among heaven's mighty
She ever holds her place.

The earth shall pass away,
The stars shall fall,
The heavens roll together
Like a parchment scroll;
But truth shall live forever,
And through endless ages give
Her blessings to the sainted,
And fail them never, never.

Honesty and truthfuluess go well together. Honesty is truth, and truth is honesty. Truth alone may not constitute a great man, but it is the most important element of a great character. It gives security to those who employ him, and confidence to those who serve under him. Truth is the essence of principle, integrity, and independence. It is the primary need of everyman. Absolute veracity is more needed now than at any former period in our history.

Dare to be True.

Lying, common though it be, is denounced even by the liar himself. He protests that he is speaking the truth, for he knows that truth is universally respected, while lying is universally condemned. Lying is not only dishonest, but cowardly. "Dare to be true," said George Herbert; "nothing can ever need a lie." The most mischievous liars are those who keep on the verge of truth. They have not the courage to speak out the fact, but go round about it, and tell what is really untrue. A lie which is half the truth is the worst of lies.

There is a duplicity of life which is quite as bad as verbal falsehood. Actions have as plain a voice as words. The mean man is false to his profession. He evades the truth that he professes to believe. He plays at double dealing. He wants sincerity and veracity. The sincere man speaks as he thinks, believes as he pretends to believe, acts as he professes to act, and performs as he promises.

"Other forms of practical contradiction are common," says Mr. Spurgeon; "some are intolerantly liberal; others are ferocious advocates for peace, or intemperate on intemperance. We have known pleaders for generosity who were themselves miserably stingy. We have heard of persons who

have been wonderful sticklers for 'the truth'
—meaning thereby a certain form of doctrine
—and yet they have not regarded the truth
in matters of buying and selling, or with
regard to the reputations of their neighbors,
or the incidents of domestic life."

Lying is one of the most common and conventional of vices. It prevails in what is called "society." "Not at home" is the fashionable mode of reply to a visitor. Lying is supposed to be so necessary to carry on human affairs that it is tacitly agreed to. One lie may be considered harmless, another slight, another unintended. Little lies are common. However tolerated. lying is more or less loathsome to every pure-minded man or woman. "Lies," says Ruskin, "may be light and accidental, but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without our care as to which is largest or blackest."

Regulus Returned and Died.

A man should care more for his word than for his life. When Regulus was sent by the Carthaginians, whose prisoner he was, to Rome, with a convoy of ambassadors to sue for peace, it was under the condition that he should return to his prison if peace were not effected. He took the oath, and swore that he would come back.

When he appeared at Rome he urged the senators to persevere in the war, and not to agree to the exchange of prisoners. That involved his return to captivity at Carthage. The senators, and even the chief priest, held that as his oath had been wrested from him by force, he was not bound to go. "Have you resolved to dishonor me?" asked Regulus. "I am not ignorant that death and tortures are preparing for me; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action, or

the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go. Let the gods take care of the rest." Regulus returned to Carthage, and died under torture.

How to Live Well.

"Let him that would live well," said Plato. "attain to truth, and then, and not before, he will cease from sorrow." Let us also cite a passage from the Emperor Marcus Aurelius: "He who acts unjustly acts impiously: for since the universal nature has made rational animals for the sake of one another, to help one another according to their deserts, but in no way to injure one another, he who transgresses his will is clearly guilty of impiety toward the highest divinity. And he, too, that lies is guilty of impiety to the same divinity, from the universal nature of all things that are; and all things that are have a relation to all things that come into existence.

"And further, this universal nature is named truth, and is the prime cause of all things that are true. He, then, who lies intentionally is guilty of impiety, inasmuch as he acts unjustly by deceiving; and he also who lies unintentionally, inasmuch as he is at variance with the universal nature, and inasmuch as he disturbs the order by fighting against the nature of the world; for he fights against it who is moved of himself to that which is contrary to truth, for he has received powers from nature, through the neglect of which he is not able now to distinguish falsehood from truth. And, indeed, he who pursues pleasure as good, and avoids pain as evil, is guilty of impiety."

Truth and honesty show themselves in various ways. They characterize the men of just dealing, the faithful men of business,

the men who will not deceive you to their own advantage. Honesty is the plainest and humblest manifestation of the principle of truth. Full measures, just weights, true samples, full service, strict fulfillment of engagements, are all indispensable to men of character.

All bad work is lying. It is thoroughly dishonest. You pay for having a work done well; it is done badly and dishonestly. It may be varnished over with a fair show of sufficiency, but the sin is not discovered until it is too late. So long as these things continue, it is in vain to talk of the dignity of labor, or of the social value of the so-called workingman. There can be no dignity of labor where there is no truthfulness of work. Dignity does not consist in hollowness and in light-handedness, but in substantiality and in strength. If there be flimsiness and superficiality of all kinds apparent in the work of the present day more than in the work of our forefathers, whence comes it? From eagerness and competition, and the haste to be rich

Do Your Best.

Socrates explained how useful and excellent a thing it was that a n an should resolve on perfection in his own line, so that, if he be a carpenter, he will be the best possible carpenter; or if a statesman, that he will be the best possible statesman. It is by such means that true success is achieved. Such a carpenter, Socrates said, would win the wreath of carpentering, though it was only of shavings.

Take the case of Wedgewood, who had the spirit of the true worker. Though risen from the ranks, he was never satisfied until he had done his best. He looked especially to the quality of his work, to the purposes it would serve, and to the appreciation of it by others. This was the source of his

work and success. He would tolerate ns inferior work. If it did not come up to his idea of what it should be, he would take up his stick, break the vessel, and throw it away, saying, "This won't do for Josiah Wedgewood!"

Of course he took the greatest care to insure perfection, as regarded geometrical proportions, glaze, form and ornament. He pulled down kiln after kiln to effect some necessary improvement. He learned perfection through repeated failures. He invented and improved almost every tool used in his works. He passed much of his time at the bench beside his workmen, instructing them individually. How he succeeded his works will show.

He Kept his Word.

Another instance of true honesty and courage may be mentioned in the case of a great contractor. We mean Thomas Brassey. Even when slighting was common, he was always true to his word and work. The Barentin viaduct of twenty-seven arches was nearly completed, when, loaded with wet after a heavy fall of rain, the whole building tumbled down. The casualty involved a loss of \$150,000. The contractor was neither morally nor legally responsible. He had repeatedly protested against the material used in the structure, and the French lawyers maintained that his protest freed him from liability.

But Mr. Brassey was of a different opinion. He had contracted, he said, to make and maintain the road, and no law should prevent him from being as good as his word. The viaduct was rebuilt at Mr. Brassey's cost. His life is one of the highest examples we can offer to this generation.

There is more or less deception in all kinds of business. It used to be said there

was "no God west of the Mississippi," but some persons might be disposed to think there is no God east of that river. The almighty dollar is the true divinity, and its worship is universal.

A Sacramento paper says that "Americans are a money-loving and money-making people. They have no queen or aristocracy to rule them; their aristocracy is money. The lust of wealth overrides every other consideration. Fraud in trade is the rule instead of the exception. We poison our provisions with adulteration. poison our drugs with cheaper materials. We sell shoddy for wool. We sell veneering for solid wood. We build wretched sheds of bad brick and bad mortar and green wood, and call them houses. We rob and cheat each other all round, and in every trade and business, and we are all so bent on making money that we have not time to protest against even the more palpable frauds, but console ourselves by going forth and swindling somebody else. We pay a very heavy price for our national idiosyncrasy. We are rapidly destroying our national sense of honesty and integrity.

Fraud is Criminal.

"In those benighted and slavish countries which are ruled by monarchs they contrive to live a great deal cheaper and a good deal better than we can. There fraud is regarded as criminal, and the impostor, when detected, is punished severely. But those are old fogy countries, who know nothing about liberty. They have no Fourth of July, no Wall Street, no codfish or shoddy aristocracies. They do not recognize the fact that the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness (which means money), entitles every man to cheat his neighbors, and bars redress."

In the arithmetic of the counting-house

two and two do not always make four. How many tricks are resorted to-in which honesty forms no part-for making money faster than others! Instead of working patiently and well for a modest living, many desire to get rich all at once. The spirit of the age is not that of a trader, but of a gambler. The pace is too fast to allow of any one stopping to inquire as to those who have fallen out by the way. They press on; the race for wealth is for the swift. Their faith is in money. It needs no prophet to point out the connection of our distress with the sin of commercial gambling and fraud, and of social extravagance and vanity, of widespread desolation and misery. The inevitable failure comes, and the recreant flies to avoid the curses of his creditors

A Poor German Peasant.

Here is a fine specimen of honesty and truthfulness on the part of a poor German peasant. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre has told the story. He was serving as an engineer under the Count de Saint-Germain during his campaign in Hesse, in 1760. For the first time he became familiar with the horrors of war. Day by day he passed through sacked villages and devastated fields and farm-yards. Men, women, and children were flying from their cottages in tears. Armed men were everywhere destroying the fruits of their labor, regarding it as part of their glory. But in the midst of so many acts of cruelty Saint-Pierre was consoled by a sublime trait of character displayed by a poor man whose cottage and farm lay in the way of the advancing army.

A captain of dragoons was ordered out with his troop to forage for provisions. They reached a poor cabin and knocked at the door. An old man with a white beard appeared. "Take me to a field," said the

officer, "where I can obtain forage for my troops." "Immediately, sir," replied the old man. He put himself at their head, and ascended the valley. After about half an hour's march a fine field of barley appeared. "This will do admirably," said the officer. "No," said the old man; "wait a little, and all will be right." They went on again, until they reached another field of barley. The troops dismounted, mowed down the grain, and trussing it up in bundles, put them on their horses. "Friend, said the officer, "how is it that you have brought us so far? The first field of barley that we saw was quite as good as this." "That is quite true," said the peasant, "but it was not mine!"

"I was there to See Myself."

The true character acts rightly, whether in secret or in the sight of men. That boy was well trained who, when asked why he did not pocket some pears, for nobody was there to see, replied: "Yes, there was; I was there to see myself; and I don't intend ever to see myself do a dishonest thing." This is a simple but not inappropriate illustration of principle, or conscience, dominating in the character, and exercising a noble protectorate over it; not merely a passive influence, but an active power regulating the life.

Such a principle goes on molding the character hourly and daily, growing with a force that operates every moment. Without this dominating influence, character has no protection, but is constantly liable to fall away before temptation; and every such temptation succumbed to, every act of meanness or dishonesty, however slight, causes self-degradation. It matters not whether the act be successful or not, discovered or concealed; the culprit is no longer the same, but another person; and he is pursued by a secret uneasiness, by self-reproach, or the

workings of what we call conscience, which is the inevitable doom of the guilty.

There is a truthfulness in action, as well as in words, which is essential to uprightness of character. A man must really be what he seems or purposes to be. When an American gentleman wrote to Granville Sharp, that from respect for his great virtues he had named one of his sons after him, Sharp replied: "I must request you to teach him a favorite maxim of the family whose name you have given him-Always endeavor to be really what you would wish to appear. This maxim, as my father informed me, was carefully and humbly practiced by his father, whose sincerity, as a plain and honest man, thereby became the principal feature of his character, both in public and private life."

Every man who respects himself, and values the respect of others, will carry out the maxim in act—doing honestly what he proposes to do—putting the highest character into his work, slighting nothing, but priding himself upon his integrity and conscientiousness.

Once Cromwell said to Bernard—a clever but somewhat unscrupulous lawyer: "I understand that you have lately been vastly wary in your conduct: do not be too confident of this: subtlety may deceive you, integrity never will." Men whose acts are at variance with their words command no respect, and what they say has but little weight: even truths, when uttered by them, seem to come blasted from their lips.

The Warfare of Truth.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands, Were trampled by a hurrying crowd, And fiery hearts and armed hands Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget

How gushed the life-blood of her brave—

Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet, Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still; Alone the chirp of flitting bird, And talk of children on the hill, And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry—
O, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou Who minglest in the harder strife For truths which men receive not now, Thy warfare only ends with life,

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blanch not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not,

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast, The foul and hissing bolt of scorn; For with thy side shall dwell, at last, The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain.
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust, When they who helped thee flee in fear, Die full of hope and manly trust, Like those who fell in battle here!

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh, how great is the power of truth! which of its own power can easily defend itself against all the ingenuity and cunning wisdom of men, and against the treacherous plots of all the world. The firmest and noblest ground on which people can live is

truth; the real with the real; a ground on which nothing is assumed.

To love truth for truth's sake is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all other virtues. The germs of all truth lie in the soul, and when the ripe moment comes, the truth within answers to the fact without as the flower responds to the sun, giving it form for heat and color for light.

Story of a Cobbler.

We read a pretty story of St. Anthony, who, being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strait life, insomuch that none at that time did the like; to whom came a voice from heaven, saying, "Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria." Anthony, hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took his staff, and went till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then Anthony said unto him, "Come and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time."

"Sir." said the cobbler, "as for me, good works have I none; for my life is but simple and slender. I am but a poor cobbler. In the morning when I rise. I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbors and poor friends as I have; after, I set me at my labor, where I spend the whole day in getting my living; and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness; wherefore, when I make to any man a promise, I keep it and perform it truly. And thus I spend my time poorly with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and love God. And this is the sum of my simple life."

Duty is closely allied to truthfulness of

character; and the dutiful man is, above all things, truthful in his words as in his actions. He says and he does the right thing in the right way, and at the right time.

There is probably no saying of Chesterfield that commends itself more strongly to the approval of manly-minded men, than that it is truth that makes the success of the man. Clarendon, speaking of one of the noblest and purest men of his age, says of Falkland, that he "was so severe an adorer of truth, that he could as easily have given himself leave to steal as to dissemble."

Always Fulfilled His Promise.

It was one of the finest things that Mrs. Hutchinson could say of her husband, that he was a thoroughly truthful and reliable man: "He never professed the thing he intended not, nor promised what he believed out of his power, nor failed in the performance of anything that was in his power to fulfill."

Wellington was a severe admirer of truth. An illustration may be given. When afflicted by deafness, he consulted a celebrated aurist, who, after trying all remedies in vain, determined, as a last resource, to inject into the ear a strong solution of caustic. It caused the most intense pain, but the patient bore it with his usual equanimity. The family physician accidentally calling one day, found the duke with flushed cheeks and blood-shot eyes, and when he rose he staggered about like a drunken man.

The doctor asked to be permitted to look at his ear, and then he found that a furious inflammation was going on, which, if not immediately checked, must shortly reach the brain and kill him. Vigorous remedies were at once applied, and the inflammation was checked. But the hearing of that ear was completely destroyed.

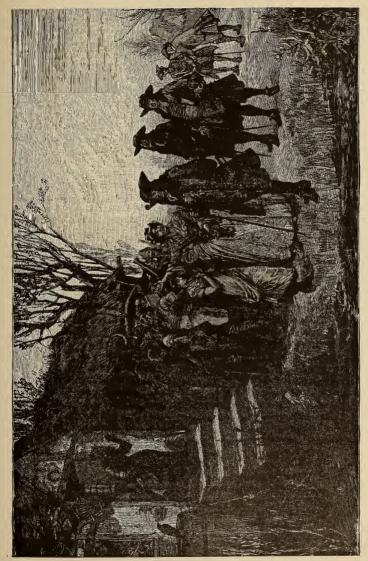
When the aurist heard of the danger his patient had run, through the violence of the remedy he had employed, he hastened to the Apsley House to express his grief and mortification; but the duke merely said: "Do not say a word more about it-you did all for the best." The aurist said it would be his ruin when it became known that he had been the cause of so much suffering and danger to the duke. "But nobody need know anything about it: keep your own counsel, and, depend upon it, I won't say a word to anyone." "Then you will allow me to attend you as usual, which will show the public that you have not withdrawn your confidence from me?" "No," replied the duke, kindly but firmly; "I can't do that, for that would be a lie." He would not act a falsehood any more than he would speak one.

Blucher at Waterloo

Another illustration of duty and truthfulness, as exhibited in the fulfillment of a promise, may be added from the life of Blucher. When he was hastening with I is army over bad roads to the help of Wellington, on the 18th of June, 1815, he encouraged his troops by words and gestures. "Forward, children—forward!" "It is impossible; it can't be done," was the answer.

Again and again he urged them. "Children, we must get on; you may say it can't be done, but it *must* be done! I have promised my brother Wellington—*promised*, do you hear? You wouldn't have me break my word!" And it was done.

Truth is the very bond of society, without which it must cease to exist, and dissolve into anarchy and chaos. A household cannot be governed by lying; nor can a nation. Sir Thomas Browne asked, "Do the devils lie?" "No," was his answer; "for then



THE AUTHORITIES OF SALEM MAKING A CHARGE OF WITCHCRAFT,

even hell could not subsist." No considerations can justify the sacrifice of truth, which ought to be sovereign in all the relations of life.

Of all mean vices, perhaps lying is the meanest. It is in some cases the offspring of perversity and vice, and in many others of sheer moral cowardice. Yet many persons think so lightly of it that they will order their servants to lie for them; nor can they feel surprised if, after such ignoble instruction, they find their servants lying for themselves.

Many Forms of Deception.

Sir Harry Wotton's description of an ambassador as "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the benefit of his country," though meant as a satire, brought him into disfavor with James I. when it became published; for an adversary quoted it as a principle of the king's religion. That it was not Wotton's real view of the duty of an honest man, is obvious from the lines, in which he eulogizes the man:

"Whose armor is his honest thought, And simple truth his utmost skill."

But lying assumes many forms—such as diplomacy, expediency, and moral reservation; and, under one guise or another, it is found more or less pervading all classes of society. Sometimes it assumes the form of equivocation or moral dodging—twisting and so stating the things said as to convey a false impression—a kind of lying which a Frenchman once described as "walking round about the truth."

Nobody likes deception. The moral sense of every community is shocked by it. In Salem, Mass., it was supposed that there were certain persons who, by the practice of the black art, or by being in league with the devil, had power to bewitch and deceive

others. Those who were suspected were arrested, tried, and made to suffer for their supposed crime, the guilt of which may, in great measure, be laid on the shoulders of Cotton Mather, author of "Memorable Providences Relating to Witchcraft and Possesions, and Wonders of the Invisible World." Nineteen persons were executed, among the six men one clergyman and Giles Corey, a man over eighty, who, refusing to plead, was pressed to death.

All died protesting their innocence, and even those who had been terrified into confession withdrew it, although their honesty cost them their lives. Nor were the victims here at least abandoned by their friends. In all the trials of this kind there is nothing so pathetic, says Mr. Lowell, as the picture of Jonathan Cary holding up the weary arms of his wife during her trial, and wiping away the sweat from her brow and the tears from her face.

All Discharged from Jail.

A reaction speedily set in, and, though in January, 1693, three more were condemned. no more executions took place, and a few months after the governor discharged all the suspects from jail, as many as one hundred and fifty in number. One Samuel Parris, a clergyman, who had been one of the main instigators of the prosecutions, confessed his error, but was dismissed by his flock in 1696, while even Cotton Mather acknowledged that there had been "a going too far in that affair."

There are even men of narrow minds and dishonest natures, who pride themselves upon their cleverness in equivocation, in their serpent-wise shirking of the truth and geting out of moral back-doors, in order to hide their real opinions and evade the consequences of holding and openly professing

them. Institutions or systems based upon any such expedients must necessarily prove false and hollow. "Though a lie be ever so well dressed," says George Herbert, "it is ever overcome." Downright lying, though bolder and more vicious, is even less contemptible than such kind of shuffling and equivocation.

Untruthfulness exhibits itself in many other forms: in reticency on the one hand, or exaggeration on the other; in disguise or concealment; in pretended concurrence in others' opinions; in assuming an attitude of conformity which is deceptive; in making promises, or allowing them to be implied, which are never intended to be performed; or even in refraining from speaking the truth when to do so is a duty.

The Man with a Double Face.

There are also those who are all things to all men, who say one thing and do another, like Bunyan's Mr. Facing-both-ways; only deceiving themselves when they think they are deceiving others—and who, being essentially insincere, fail to evoke confidence, and invariably in the end turn out failures, if not impostors.

Others are untruthful in their pretentiousness, and in assuming merits which they do not really possess. The truthful man is, on the contrary, modest, and makes no parade of himself and his deeds. When Pitt was in his last illness, the news reached England of the great deeds of Wellington in India. "The more I hear of his exploits," said Pitt, "the more I admire the modesty with which he receives the praises he merits for them. He is the only man I ever knew that was not vain of what he had done, and yet had so much reason to be so."

So it is said of Faraday by Professor Tyndall, that "pretense of all kinds, whether in life or in philosophy, was hateful to him." Dr. Marshall Hall was a man of like spirit—courageously truthful, dutiful, and manly. One of his most intimate friends has said of him that, wherever he niet with untruthfulness or sinister motive, he would expose it, saying, "I neither will, nor can, give my consent to a lie." The question, "right or wrong," once decided in his own mind, the right was followed, no matter what the sacrifice or the difficulty—neither expediency nor inclination weighing one jot in the balance.

Believed what was Told Him.

There was no virtue that Dr. Arnold labored more sedulously to instill into young men than the virtue of truthfulness, as being the manliest of virtues, as, indeed, the very basis of all true manliness. He designated truthfulness as "moral transparency," and he valued it more highly than any other quality. When lying was detected, he treated it as a great moral offence; but when a pupil made an assertion, he accepted it with confidence. "If you say so, that is quite enough; of course, I believe your word." By thus trusting and believing them, he educated the young in truthfulness; the boys at length coming to say to one another: "It's a shame to tell Arnold a lie-he always believes one."

There is no precept of the moral law that is more frequently and shamefully violated than that which forbids lying, and yet there is nothing about which people generally are so sensitive as a doubt of their veracity.

The term liar is one of the most opprobrious epithets which may be applied to a person, and its use has often been the cause of much mischief. This expression is very frequently not only much misunderstood, but badly misused. And just here, it is important to remember that words are representatives of ideas, and if we use the wrong words

to express our thoughts, we are liable to be misapprehended, and thus do ourselves and others injury.

The following anecdote will illustrate the wrong use of terms. The celebrated John Wesley was on one occasion at table with some friends, when the lady of the house asked him to take another cup of tea. He declined then, but afterward, his appetite improving probably, he said he would be pleased to take another cup; when she, with much surprise, replied that "she did not know before that a minister would tell a lie." He answered that "he did not wish to tell a lie. but he thought that a minister might change his mind." Her difficulty arose from not knowing what was meant by a lie, and, therefore, she was not only led into an act of gross impoliteness, bur also of great injustice to an excellent man.

An Important Distinction.

Few persons make a distinction between a lie and an untruth. That there is a most important difference may easily be perceived. An untruth may be defined as "an assertion that is contrary to the fact," while a lie is the "assertion of an untruth with an intention to deceive." A lie is always an untruth, but an untruth is not always a lie. A man, from ignorance or misunderstanding, may assert what is untrue and not violate the moral law; but if what he says is contrary to the truth, and he knows it, he is guilty of lying.

If my neighbor, for instance, shall say that America was discovered in 1620, he has made a misstatement, for such is not the truth, and it is plain that he has confounded the discovery of America with the landing of the Pilgrims. This he might have done without any intention to deceive: if, therefore, I say to him, "you have stated the fact incorrectly," or "what you have stated is not

true," do I charge him with lying? Certainly not. But if I tell him he lies, I mean that the statement he made was false, and that he knew it. It is plain that in making so grave a charge as that a person lies, we must have a clear and unquestionable proof, not only of the untruth, but also of the design to deceive.

Ashamed to get Found Out.

Nothing is easier with vulgar people than to use hard names; first, because they are irritating, and such persons have no regard for the feelings of their neighbors; and, secondly, because they have really little regard for truth. A truly honorable man is very sensitive in all matters which appear to cast discredit upon his integrity or veracity, and, for this reason, the dishonorable man affects a sensitiveness he really does not feel. The latter may lie, and cheat, and steal, and his distress arises, not from doing these dishonorable acts, but in being discovered and told of it.

story is told of a man who had a quarrel with a mathematician, and, after considerable abuse, concluded by calling him a liar. Preserving his temper, the latter calmly replied, "You have called me a liar, which is a very grave charge against one who claims to be a gentleman. Now, if you can prove it, it must be true, and I shall be ashamed of myself; but if you cannot prove it, it is you who should be ashamed, because you state what is not true for purposes of mischief. It is you, then, who are the liar."

As a lie is any intentional violation of the truth, it is plain that to make a lie it is not necessary to use spoken language; it may be uttered in words, or signs, or gestures of the head, or motions of the body. A pupil may cough a lie to deceive his teacher in school—in short, any means taken to create a false

impression is a lie. The ways of doing this are too many to be named here.

It is no less a lie when told by the old to the young, than by the young to the old; by the parent to the child, than by the child to the parent. When the mother says to her little child, "The bears will catch you if you go into the street," she lies. She knows there are no bears there. Many children are taught to lie in this manner.

A lie may be told by uttering only a part of the truth, and keeping back some facts which are necessary to a complete knowledge of the whole. Again, it may consist in an exaggeration or overstatement of facts. These are the most common forms of deception, and are as base as statements in which there is not a particle of truth. Nor does it matter whether the subject be important or unimportant; a lie told as a joke is no less a lie because it is a joke, and a joking liar cannot be a gentleman. There can be no such thing as an innocent lie, or a harmless liar.

Difficult to Quote Exact Words.

It is not unusual to hear persons attempt, not only to give the ideas expressed by another, but to state them in the precise language in which they were uttered. While it is very desirable to quote the very words that fall from another's lips, it is also very difficult, and very few persons have the natural ability or the cultivation to do it with entire accuracy.

To illustrate to his school the necessity of absolute precision in the statement of words, and the difficulty of acquiring it, a teacher selected from the high school six of his most capable boys, whose average age was, perhaps, seventeen years. He explained the experiment he was about to make, and de-

sired them to give it their close attention, in order, if possible, to repeat the words he was about to give them. The plan was to show Master A a short sentence written on a piece of paper, which he was requested to memorize and whisper to Master B, who, in turn, was to communicate it to Master C, and so on, till the last of the six should receive it, and write it upon the blackboard.

A Ludicrous Blunder.

The boys were anxious to prove that they could tell a straight story when they applied their minds to it, especially, since a failure on this trial would show them to be inaccurate, and consequently unreliable in all ordinary statements, where no unusual efforts were made to report correctly. The following sentence was prepared for the trial: "Maternal affection is an instinct which most animals possess in common with man." After each boy had communicated the sentence to his neighbor, the last one wrote the following, as his version: "Maternal affection is an instinct which all animals possessexeept man."

A comparison of these two sentences proves that it is a difficult feat of memory to repeat, even under favorable circumstances, any words uttered by another. Since these boys, selected for their smartness, accustomed to give attention as pupils, anxious to show their ability to hear exactly and repeat accurately, failed to make a true report of thirteen words, how much more liable must ordinary persons be, under circumstances less favorable, to report incorrectly the precise words in a given conversation.

A change of two or three words in the above experimental sentence makes the last boy state the very reverse of the sentiment expressed by the first one. How absurd it is to suppose that persons generally can

reproduce the exact language of others, and how exceedingly cautious we should be in giving or receiving statements claiming to be so accurate.

The following little poem will illustrate the inability of some persons to report words correctly, as spoken of in the preceding paragraph:

"Said Gossip One to Gossip Two,
While shopping in the town,
'One Mrs. Pry to me remarked,
Smith bought his goods of Brown.'

"Says Gossip Two to Gossip Three, Who cast her eyelids down,
"I've heard it said to-day, my friend, Smith got his goods from Brown."

"Says Gossip Three to Gossip Four, With something of a frown, 'I've heard strange news—what do you think? Smith took his goods from Brown.'

"Says Gossip Four to Gossip Five, Who blazed it round the town, 'I've heard to-day such shocking news— Smith stole his goods from Brown,''

Thus the innocent remark grew and changed. The same principle of evidence holds good with reference to things done as in words spoken. If we are likely to be inaccurate in the report of language, so we may fail to be correct in narrating what we see. If, by inattention, we hear erroneously, by the same neglect we may see imperfectly. Several persons may witness an exciting occurrence, and, while they agree as to the general facts, may differ very much in their statement of the separate incidents. One may see what entirely escaped the notice of another who had an equal opportunity for observation.

Now, it is evident that, in giving testimony, they may disagree in many particulars, and yet each may state exactly the impressions made on his mind and be entirely truthful. If they differ, their disagreement is not neces-

sarily an evidence of a want of veracity, but only a confirmation of the truth that two persons are rarely impressed by what they see in precisely the same way.

A promise may be defined as "an agreement to do, or not to do, a certain thing." When such an engagement is made, the party or parties are in honor bound to fulfill it in its letter and spirit. As no one can look into the future to determine what may happen, the greatest care should be taken not to promise anything that he may not reasonably expect to perform.

The Intention to Deceive.

If a boy promises his teacher, for instance, to prepare a given lesson by to-morrow, and willfully neglects the duty, he lies; for the promise was made with an intention to deceive. If the promise was made in good faith and forgotten, he did not tell the truth, nor did he tell a lie, but his neglect to perform the work was a wrong to himself and his teacher, the repetition of which would result in a habit injurious to his character and reputation.

If the promise was made with the intention of performing it, and in returning home he had fallen and broken his leg, so that it was impossible for him either to study or to return to school, he should not be held responsible, as he is not to blame for the non-performance of his agreement.

From these illustrations it will be perceived that we have no right to promise what we are unable or unwilling to perform; but if we make any engagement with the intention of keeping our word, and are prevented by circumstances we did not foresee, and could not control, we do no wrong. Every promise should be understood as depending upon providential circumstances.

There are some promises which are made

in good faith that ought never to be fulfilled. A boy agreed with his classmates to go to a neighboring orchard to steal apples. When the appointed time came, he determined not to go, for his conscience had whispered, "Thou shalt not steal," and he concluded to obey it. The boys jeered him for a coward, and claimed that as an honorable boy he should stick to his promise.

He reasoned in this way: "Before I made this agreement, I was under obligations to God and man not to steal. I had no right to promise to do wrong. My first duty was to obey God, and while it was wrong to make the promise, it would be a greater wrong to keep it, therefore I shall not go." If this reasoning be correct, it is wrong to promise to do wrong, and therefore such a promise is not morally binding.

How Much for a Lie?

If we are under no moral obligation to fulfill a promise made to do a wrong, there can be no dishonor in refusing its performance. Dishonor belongs to those who persist in doing wrong after they have discovered the right.

"Would you tell a lie for three cents?" asked a teacher of one of her boys. "No, ma'am," answered Dick, very promptly. "For ten cents?" "No, ma'am." "For a dollar?" "No, ma'am." "For a hundred dollars?" "No, ma'am." "For a thousand dollars?"

Here Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked like such a very big sum. Oh! what lots of things he could buy with a thousand dollars. While he was thinking about it, and trying to make up his mind whether it would pay to tell a lie for a thousand dollars, a boy behind him cried out: "No, ma'am." "Why not?" asked the teacher.

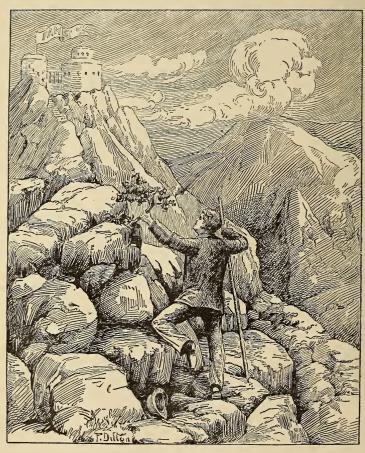
Now, mark this boy's answer, and do not forget it. "Because, ma'am," said he, "the lie sticks. When the thousand dollars are all gone, and the good things bought with them are all gone, too, the lie is there all the same."

And when we tell a lie we never can tell where the injury that springs from it will stop. It is just like loosening a great rock at the top of a mountain and letting it go rolling and plunging down the side of the mountain. Nobody can tell how far it will go, nor how much injury it will do before it stops rolling.

A Wild Beast let Loose.

Telling a lie is like letting a wild beast our of a cage. You can never tell how many people that animal will wound or kill before he is caught again. Telling a lie is like dropping sparks in powder. It is sure to make an explosion, and no one can tell beforehand how much harm that it will do.

Truthfulness, integrity and goodnessqualities that hang not on any man's breath -form the essence of manly character, or, as one of our old writers has it, "that inbred loyalty unto virtue which can serve her without a livery." He who possesses these qualities, united with strength of purpose, carries with him a power which is irresistible. He is strong to do good, strong to resist evil, and strong to bear up under difficulty and misfortune. When Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands of his base assailants, and they asked him in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" "Here," was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. It is in misfortune that the character of the upright man shines forth with the greatest luster; and when all else fails, he takes his stand upon his integrity and his courage.



PERSEVERANCE.

CHAPTER XIV.

PERSEVERANCE.



N old negro preacher is reported to have said to his congregation: "Bredren, you must persevere. Maybe you don't know what that is; so I will tell you. To persevere is to take hold,

hang on, and not let go."

This is what all men have done who have carried out their purposes. Cyrus W. Field determined to connect the old world and the new by telegraph. People laughed at him, called him "visionary," a "fool," and a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. The sneers and jeers of staid men who pronounced him a fool and a fit candidate for a straight-jacket, did not drive him from the straight line of duty. With interminable industry and unconquerable perseverance he pursued the object of his ambition.

The stock of the Atlantic Telegraph Company was hawked about the streets and became the sport of speculators. When his house went down in the commercial crisis, grave men attributed the failure to the visionary character of Mr. Field; but he had a heart that never failed—a capital stock of hope and courage that carried him safely through all this tumult of opposition. The reverses of fortune—the entreaties of friends—the opposition of enemies—the ridicule of conceited wiseacres—the untoward events of the great enterprise—the backing out of directors—the resistance of the winds and the waves, did not dishearten him.

He believed that an all-wise and overruling Providence would direct him; indeed, he remarked to the Rev. Dr. Adams, of New York, that he believed God would prosper him in his effort, and earnestly entreated to be remembered at the altar of private and public worship.

Is it possible to conceive a spectacle more sublime than that which is presented in the eventful history of this remarkable man? A mere boy he embarks in business and is prostrated by the mismanagement or miscalculations of his seniors, but he falls only to rebound higher than before. A great thought troubles him—he wishes to embody it into a deed and unite the old world with the new; so he asks the Congress of the United States to assist him; and after a vast deal of congressional gas had been consumed his request is begrudgingly granted.

A Great Achievement.

He crosses the ocean, forms a company. raises a fund, obtains the assistance of two nations, and with his cable on the war-ships he links the continents. Now where are the Wall street brokers who made his paper the sport of street speculations? Where is the little snob who refused to honor his drafts? Where are the human sharks who had opened their mouths and sharpened their teeth to devour him? Where are the snarling critics who predicted his utter failure and held him personally responsible for every change in the weather and every flaw in the cable? They are nowhere, and Field is one of the most honored men of the age. He worked a miracle, and the generations of men will

honor his memory through all future time and rehearse his achievements.

The old world and the new are now next-door neighbors. The lightning is a messenger, constantly crossing the sea on a bridge of wire, with personal and public intelligence. The civilized peoples are grouped within hailing signals by the genius and energy of this persevering and inspired Yankee. Xerxes attempted to chain the waves, and failed. Our "Cyrus," with a chain of lightning, made the ocean do his bidding, and carry his torch from sea to sea, and from shore to shore, without putting out the light.

Pressed toward his Mark.

Perseverance always wins. The writer of these lines was once a member of the Legislature of Connecticut. A short time before the session was to commence a young man called on him one evening and stated that he was a candidate for the position of clerk of the House and was trying to secure the votes of the members. He was a bright, quick, gentlemanly young man of good appearance and evidently of good breeding. He was told that another candidate, one who had already been assistant clerk, was sure to be appointed, that the matter was really settled and he had no chance whatever to secure the appointment.

He replied, "What you say may be true; I have heard it from others, still, I doubt it. But I'm not discouraged; if I can't secure the appointment, I can at least have the pleasure of working for it."

The reply was so manly and showed so much pluck and determination that I could not help wishing him success. He was not in the least dismayed at the sure prospect of defeat. He "had the pleasure of working" for his object, but was defeated. His spirit, energy, manliness, capability, impressed all

he met, and he held steadily to his aim. He was grandly resolute in his determination to finally succeed. And afterward he did succeed and gained the prize he sought. He had to wait and work. He could do both, and because he could wait and work, and could press steadily toward his mark, he reached the goal of his ambition.

Perseverance doesn't get thrown into a panic; it is not subject to fainting fits. In its book of tactics there is no such word as retreat. "Forward" is on every page, but there is no "retreat." It burns the bridges it has crossed. It knows nothing about backward movements. It doesn't run at the sight of a foe. It halts only to get breath. It rests only to rise in greater strength. It may have to go slowly, but it goes. Mountains of difficulty may be against it, but it knows how to climb; now it is on the other side. A man who cannot persevere is too weak, nerveless, limpsy, for this rough, go-ahead age. He is sure to be left

Working and Winning.

Dreamers and idlers are all around us. They wish to do nothing and yet accomplish wonders. They would go to sleep and wake up rich. They would thrust their hands in their pockets and become millionaires. They dream of chances, great schemes, lucky ventures, miraculous investments. They are failures, dismal failures. They eat dinners and wear clothes because someone else earns the dinners for them and pays for the clothes. There is an army of these idlers, these do-nothings who are always "waiting for something to turn up." They have yet to learn that work and perseverance, "taking hold and hanging on and not letting go," is the only way for going to sleep and waking up rich.

The greatest results in life are usually attained by simple means, and the exercise of ordinary qualities. The common life of every day, with its cares, necessities and duties, affords ample opportunity for acquiring experience of the best kind; and its most beaten paths provide the true worker with abundant scope for effort and room for self-improvement. The road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent, and work in the truest spirit, will usually be the most successful.

Fortune has often been blamed for her blindness; but fortune is not so blind as men are. Those who look into practical life will find that fortune is usually on the side of the industrious, as the winds and waves are on the side of the best navigators. In the pursuit of even the highest branches of human inquiry, the commoner qualities are found the most useful—such as common sense, attention, application and perseverance. Genus may not be necessary, though even genius of the highest sort does not disdain the use of these ordinary qualities.

Light your own Fire.

The very greatest men have been among the least believers in the power of genius, and as worldly-wise and persevering as successful men of the commoner sort. Some have even defined genius to be only common sense intensified. A distinguished teacher and president of a college spoke of it as the power of making efforts. John Foster held it to be the power of lighting one's own fire. Buffon said of genius, "It is patience."

Newton's was unquestionably a mind of the very highest order, and yet, when asked by what means he had worked out his extraordinary discoveries, he modestly answered, "By always thinking unto them." At another time he thus expressed his method of study: "I keep the subject continually before me, and wait till the first dawnings open slowly by little and little into a full and clear light." It was in Newton's case, as in every other, only by diligent application and perseverance that his great reputation was achieved. Even his recreation consisted in change of study, laying down one subject to take up another. To Dr. Bently he said: "If I have done the public any service, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought."

No Genius without Labor.

So Kepler, another great philosopher, speaking of his studies and his progress, said: "I brooded with the whole energy of my mind upon the subject."

The extraordinary results effected by dint of sheer industry and perseverance, have led many distinguished men to doubt whether the gift of genius be so exceptional an endowment as it is usually supposed to be. Thus Voltaire held that it is only a very slight line of separation that divides the man of genius from the man of ordinary mold. Beccaria was even of the opinion that all men might be poets and orators, and Reynolds that they might be painters and sculptors.

Locke, Helvetius and Diderot believed that all men have an equal aptitude for genius, and that what some are able to effect under the laws which regulate the operations of the intellect, must also be within the reach of others who, under like circumstances, apply themselves to like pursuits. But while admitting to the fullest extent the wonderful achievements of labor, and recognizing the fact that men of most distinguished genius have invariably been found the most indefatigable workers, it must, nevertheless, be sufficiently obvious

that, without the original endowment of heart and brain, no amount of labor, however well applied, could have produced a Shakespeare, a Newton, a Beethoven, or a Michael Angelo.

Dalton, the chemist, repudiated the notion of his being "a genius," attributing everything which he had accomplished to simple industry and accumulation. John Hunter said of himself: "My mind is like a beenhive; but full as it is of buzz and apparent confusion, it is yet full of order and regularity, and food collected with incessant industry from the choicest stores of nature."

Turning all things to Gold.

We have, indeed, but to glance at the biographies of great men to find that the most distinguished inventors, artists, thinkers and workers of all kinds, owe their success, in a great measure, to their indefatigable industry and application. They were men who turned all things to gold—even time itself. Disraeli the elder held that the secret of success consisted in being master of your subject, such mastery being attainable only through continuous application and study.

Hence it happens that men who have most moved the world have not been so much men of genius, strictly so called, as men of intense mediocre abilities, and untiring perseverance; not so often the gifted, of naturally bright and shining qualities, as those who have applied themselves diligently to their work, in whatsoever line that might lie. "Alas!" said a widow, speaking of her brilliant but careless son, "he has not the gift of continuance." Wanting in perseverance, such volatile natures are outstripped in the race of life by the diligent and even the dull. Says the Italian proverb: who goes slowly, goes long, and goes far.

Hence, a great point to be aimed at is to

get the working quality well trained. When that is done, the race will be found comparatively easy. We must repeat and again repeat; facility will come with labor. Not even the simplest art can be accomplished without it; and what difficulties it is found capable of overcoming!

It was by early discipline and repetiton that Sir Robert Peel cultivated those remarkable, though still mediocre powers, which rendered him so illustrious an ornament of the British Senate. When a boy at Drayton Manor, his father was accustomed to set him up at table to practice speaking extempore; and he early accustomed him to repeat as much of the Sunday's sermon as he could remember. Little progress was made at first, but by steady perseverance the habit of attention became powerful, and the sermon was at length repeated almost verbatim.

Training the Memory.

When afterward replying in succession to the arguments of his parliamentary opponents—an art in which he was perhaps unrivaled—it was little surmised that the extraordinary power of accurate remembrance which he displayed on such occasions had been originally trained under the discipline of his father in the parish church of Drayton.

It is indeed marvelous what continuous application will effect in the commonest of things. It may seem a simple affair to play upon a violin; yet what a long and laborious practice it requires! Giardini said to a youth who asked him how long it would take to learn it, "Twelve hours a day for twenty years together."

Progress, however, of the best kind, is comparatively slow. Great results can not be achieved at once; and we must be satisfied to advance in life as we walk, step by step. De Maistre says that "To know how

to wait is the great secret of success." We must sow before we can reap, and often have to wait long, content meanwhile to look patiently forward in hope; the fruit best worth waiting for often ripening the slowest. But "time and patience," says the Eastern proverb, "change the mulberry leaf to satin."

The Chief Pleasure.

To wait patiently, however, men must work cheerfully. Cheerfulness is an excellent working quality, imparting great elasticity to the character. As a bishop has said. "Temper is nine-tenths of Christianity;" so are cheerfulness and diligence ninetenths of practical wisdom. They are the life and soul of success, as well as of happiness; perhaps the very highest pleasure in life consisting in clear, brisk, conscious working: energy-confidence and every other good quality mainly depending upon it. Sydney Smith, when laboring in Yorkshire -though he did not feel himself to be in his proper element-went cheerfully to work in the firm determination to do his best. "I am resolved," he said, "to like it, and reconcile myself to it, which is more manly than to feign myself above it, and to send up complaints by the post of being thrown away, and being desolate, and such like trash."

So Dr. Hook, when leaving Leeds for a new sphere of labor, said, "Wherever I may be, I shall, by God's blessing, do with my might what my hand findeth to do; and if I do not find work, I shall make it."

Laborers for the public good especially, have to work long and patiently, often uncheered by the prospect of immediate recompense or result. The seeds they sow sometimes lie hidden under the winter's snow, and before the spring comes the husbandman may have gone to his rest. It is not every public worker who, like Rowland

Hill, sees his great idea bring forth fruit in his lifetime.

Adam Smith sowed the seeds of a great social amelioration in that dingy old University of Glasgow where he so long labored, and laid the foundations of his "Wealth of Nations;" but seventy years passed before his work bore substantial fruits, nor indeed are they all gathered in yet.

Nothing can compensate for the loss of hope in a man: it entirely changes the character. "How can I work—how can I be happy," said a great but miserable thinker, "when I have lost all hope?" One of the most cheerful and courageous, because one of the most hopeful of workers, was Carey, the missionary. When in India it was no uncommon thing for him to weary out three pundits, who officiated as his clerks, in one day, he himself taking rest only in change of employment.

Poor Young Men Helping Another.

Carey, the son of a shoemaker, was supported in his labors by Ward, the son of a carpenter, and Marsham, the son of a weaver. By their labor a magnificent college was erected at Serampore; sixteen flourishing stations were established; the Bible was translated into sixteen languages, and the seeds were sown of a beneficient moral revolution in British India. Carey was never ashamed of the humbleness of his origin. On one occasion, when at the Governor-General's table, he overheard an officer opposite him asking another, loud enough to be heard, whether Carey had not once been a shoemaker: "No, sir," exclaimed Carey, immediately; "only a cobbler."

An eminently characteristic anecdote has been told of his perseverance as a boy. When climbing a tree one day, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground, breaking his leg by the fall. He was confined to his bed for weeks, but when he recovered and was able to walk without support, the very first thing he did was to go and climb that tree. Carey had need of this sort of dauntless courage for the great missionary work of his life, and nobly and resolutely he did it.

It was a maxim of Dr. Young, the philosopher, that "Any man can do what any other man has done;" and it is unquestionable that he himself never recoiled from any trials to which he determined to subject himself. It is related of him, that the first time he mounted a horse the horseman who preceded him leaped a high fence. Young wished to imitate him, but fell off his horse in the attempt. Without saying a word, he remounted, made a second effort, and was again unsuccessful, but this time he was not thrown further than onto the horse's neck, to which he clung. At the third trial he succeeded, and cleared the fence.

A Treasure Lost.

The story of Timour the Tartar learning a lesson of perseverance under adversity from the spider is well known. Not less interesting is the anecdote of Audubon, our American ornithologist, as related by himself. "An accident," he says, "which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I shall relate it, merely to show how far enthusiasm—for by no other name can I call my perseverance—may enable the preserver of nature to surmount the most disheartening difficulties.

"I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the banks of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked to my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in

charge of a relative, with injunctions to see that no injury should happen to them. My absence was of several months; and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasures of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure.

"The box was produced and opened; but, reader, feel for me—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and reared a young family among the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a month previous, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured without affecting my whole nervous system.

"I slept for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion—until the animal powers being recalled into action through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gayly as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make better drawings than before; and, ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed, my portfolio was again filled."

The Work of Years Destroyed.

The accidental destruction of Sir Isaac Newton's papers, by his little dog "Diamond" upsetting a lighted taper upon his desk, by which the elaborate calculations of many years were in a moment destroyed, is a well-known anecdote, and need not be repeated: it is said that the loss caused the philosopher such profound grief that it seriously injured his health and impaired his understanding, but did not turn him from his purpose.

An accident of a somewhat similar kind happened to the manuscript of Mr. Carlyle's first volume of his "French Revolution." He had lent the manuscript to a literary neighbor to peruse. By some mischance it had been left lying on the parlor floor and become forgotten. Weeks ran on, and the historian sent for his work, the printers being loud for "copy." Inquiries were made, and it was faund that the maid of all work, finding what she conceived to be a bundle of waste-paper on the floor, had used it to light the kitchen and parlor fires with! Such was the answer returned to Mr. Carlyle, and his feelings may be imagined.

An Instance of Perseverance.

There was, however, no help for him but to set resolutely to work to re-write the book; and he turned to and did it. He had no draft, and was compelled to rake up from his memory facts, ideas, and expressions which had been long since dismissed. The composition of the book in the first instance had been a work of pleasure; the re-writing of it a second time was one of pain and anguish almost beyond belief. That he persevered and finished the volume under such circumstances affords an instance of determination of purpose which has seldom been surpassed.

The lives of eminent inventors are eminently illustrative of the same quality of perseverance. George Stephenson, when addressing young men, was accustomed to sum up his best advice to them in the words, "Do as I have done-persevere." He had worked at the improvement of his locomotive for some fifteen years before achieving his decisive victory; and Watt was engaged for some thirty years upon the condensingengine before he brought it to perfection. But there are equally striking illustrations of perseverance to be found in every other branch of science, art and industry. Perhaps one of the most interesting is that connected with the disentombment of the Nineveh

Marbles, and the discovery of the long-lost cuneiform or arrow-headed character in which the inscriptions on them are written—a kind of writing which had been lost to the world since the period of the Macedonian conquest of Persia.

An intelligent cadet of the East India Company, stationed at Kermanshah, in Persia, had observed the curious cuneiform inscriptions on the old monuments in the neighborhood—so old that all historical traces of them had been lost—and among the inscriptions which he copied was that on the celebrated rock of Behistun— a perpendicular rock rising abruptly some 1,700 feet from the plain, the lower part bearing inscriptions for the space of about 300 feet in three languages—Persian, Scythian and Assyrian.

A Great Discovery.

Comparison of the known with the unknown, of the language which survived with the language that had been lost, enabled this cadet to acquire some knowledge of the cuneiform character, and even to form an alphabet. Mr. (afterward Sir Henry) Rawlinson sent his tracings home for examination. No professors in colleges as yet knew anything of the cuneiform character; but there was a clerk of the East India House-a modest unknown man of the name of Norris -who had made this little-understood subject his study, to whom the tracings were submitted; and so accurate was his knowledge, that, though he had never seen the Behistun rock, he pronounced that the cadet had not copied the puzzling inscription with proper exactness.

Rawlinson, who was still in the neighborhood of the rock, compared his copy with the original, and found that Norris was right; and by further comparison and careful study the knowledge of the cuneiform writing was thus greatly advanced, and the world was made to wonder.

But to make the learning of these two self-taught men of avail, a third laborer was necessary in order to supply them with material for the exercise of their skill. Such a laborer presented himself in the person of Austen Layard, originally a clerk in the office of a London solicitor. One would scarcely have expected to find in these three men, a cadet, an India-House clerk, and a lawyer's clerk, the discoverers of a forgotten language, and of the buried history of Babylon; yet it was so.

Digging up a Buried City.

Layard was a youth of only twenty-two, traveling in the East, when he was possessed with a desire to penetrate the regions beyond the Euphrates. Accompanied by a single companion, trusting to his arms for protection, and, what was better, to his cheerfulness, politeness, and chivalrous bearing, he passed safely amid tribes at deadly war with each other; and, after the lapse of many years, with comparatively slender means at his command, but aided by application and perseverance, resolute will and purpose, and almost sublime patience-borne up throughout by his passionate enthusiasm for discovery and research-he succeeded in laying bare and digging up an amount of historical treasures, the like of which has probably never before been collected by the industry of any one man.

Not less than two miles of bas-reliefs were thus brought to light by Mr. Layard. The selection of these valuable antiquities, now placed in the British Museum, was found so curiously corroborative of the scriptural records of events which occurred some three thousand years ago, that they burst upon the world almost like a new revelation. And

the story of the disentombment of these remarkable works, as told by Mr. Layard himself in his "Monuments of Nineveh," will always be regarded as one of the most charming and unaffected records which we possess of individual enterprise, industry and energy.

The career of Buffon, the celebrated writer on natural history, presents another remarkable illustration of the power of patient industry, as well as of his own saving, that "Genius is patience." Notwithstanding the great results achieved by him in natural history, Buffon, when a youth, was regarded as of mediocre talents. His mind was slow in forming itself, and slow in reproducing what it had acquired. He was also constitutionally indolent; and being born to good estate, it might be supposed that he would indulge his liking for ease and luxury. Instead of which, he early formed the resolution of denying himself pleasure, and devoting himself to study and self-culture.

Morning Laziness.

Regarding time as a treasure that was limited, and finding that he was losing many hours by lying abed in the mornings, he determined to break himself of the habit He struggled hard against it for some time but failed in being able to rise at the hour he had fixed. He then called his servant. Joseph, to his help, and promised him the reward of a crown every time that he succeeded in getting him up before six. At first, when called, Buffon declined to risepleaded that he was ill, or pretended anger at being disturbed; and, on finally getting up, Joseph found that he had earned nothing but reproaches for having permitted his master to lie abed contrary to his express orders.

At length the valet determined to earn his crown; and again and again he forced Buffon

to rise, notwithstanding his entreaties, expostulations and threats of immediate discharge from his service. One morning Buffon was unusually obstinate, and Joseph found it necessary to resort to the extreme measure of dashing a basin of ice-cold water under the bedclothes, the effect of which was instantaneous. By the persistent use of such means, Buffon at length conquered his habit, and he was accustomed to say that he owed to Joseph three or four volumes of his Natural History.

Make Your Mark.

In the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark;
Do you delve upon the soil,
Make your mark;
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand,
Moving swift or moving slow,
With a firm and honest hand,
Make your mark.

Should opponents hedge your way,
Make your mark;
Work by night or work by day,
Make your mark;
Struggle manfully and well,
Let no obstacle oppose;
None, right-shielded, ever fell,
By the weapons of his foes;
Make your mark.

What though born a peasant's son,
Make your mark;
Good by poor men can be done,
Make your mark;
Peasants' garbs may warm the cold,
Peasants' words may calm a fear;
Better far than hoarding gold,
Is the drying of a tear;

Make your mark.

Life is fleeting as a shade,
Make your mark;

Marks of some kind must be made,
Make your mark;

Make it while the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;

Never, never make it wrong
Make it with the stamp of truth;
Make your mark.

DAVID BARKER.

If a man loses his property at thirty or forty years of age, it is only a sharp discipline generally, by which later he comes to large success. It is all folly for a man or woman to sit down in mid-life discouraged. The marshals of Napoleon came to their commander and said: "We have lost the battle and we are being cut to pieces." Napoleon took his watch from his pocket, and said: "It is only two o'clock in the afternoon. You have lost the battle, but we have time to win another. Charge upon the foe!" Let our readers who have been unsuccessful thus far in the battle of life not give up in despair. With energy and God's blessing they may yet win a glorious victory.

Discouragements of Columbus.

Let those who are disposed to faint under difficulties, in the prosecution of any great and worthy undertaking, remember that eighteen years elapsed after the time that Columbus conceived his enterprise before he was enabled to carry it into effect; that the greater part of that time was passed in almost hopeless solicitation, amid poverty, neglect, and taunting ridicule; that the prime of his life had wasted away in the struggle, and that when his perseverance was finally crowned with success, he was about in his fifty-sixth year. His example should encourage the enterprising never to despair.

Not one man in a thousand who puts on his rubber overshoes and waterproof knows the story of the remarkable man who spent time, money and the most persevering labor to perfect his inventions. But Charles Goodyear was a man who, having undertaken a thing, could not give it up. He struggled on for five years—in debt, with a family, and exposed to the derision or reproaches of his friends. *Several times he was in New Haven jail for debt.

He sold his effects, he pawned his trinkets, he borrowed from his acquaintances, he reduced himself and his young family to the severest straits. When he could no longer buy wood to melt the rubber with, his children used to go out into the fields and pick up sticks for the purpose. Always supposing himself to be on the point of succeeding, he thought the quickest way to get his family out of their misery was to stick to India rubber. He did what he aimed to do, but it cost him years of poverty and toil. This one man's perseverance produced one of the most important articles of trade.

Never Give up the Ship.

During the battle between the fleets of William III. and Louis XIV., in 1692, Carter, rear-admiral of the Blue, broke the French line at the onset and was mortally wounded, and dying, exclaimed, "Fight the ship as long as she can swim!" The victory was complete, the French flying in every direction. The French were attempting an invasion of England.

Sertorious' army being defeated by the barbarians, he endeavored to rouse them up out of their despondence. For which purpose, a few days after, he assembled all his forces, and produced two horses before them; the one old and feeble, the other large and strong, and remarkable beside for a fine flowing tail. By the poor weak horse stood a robust, able-bodied man, and by the strong horse stood a little man of a very contemptible appearance.

Upon a signal given, the strong man began to pull and drag about the weak horse by the tail, as if he would pull it off; and the little man to pluck off the hairs of the great horse's tail, one by one. The former tugged and toiled a long time to the great diversion of the spectators, and at last was forced to

give up the point; the latter, without any difficulty, soon stripped the great horse's tail of all its hair.

Then Sertorius rose up and said: "You see, my friends and fellow-soldiers, how much greater are the effects of perseverance than those of force, and that there are many things invincible in their collective capacity and in a state of union which may gradually be overcome, when they are once separated. In short, perseverance is irresistible. By this means time attacks and destroys the strongest things upon earth. Time, I say, who is the best friend and ally to those that have the discernment to use it properly, and watch the opportunities it presents, and the worst enemy to those who will be rushing into action when it does not call them."

Fighting for a Tombstone.

Says Gibbon: "The enthusiasm of the first crusade is a natural and simple event, while hope was fresh, danger untried, and enterprise congenial to the spirit of the times. But the obstinate perseverance of Europe may indeed excite our pity and admiration: that no instruction should have been drawn from constant and adverseexperience; that the same confidence should have repeatedly grown from the same failures; that six succeeding generations should have rushed headlong down the precipice that was open before them; and that men of every condition should have staked their public and private fortunes on the desperateadventure of possessing or recovering a tombstone two thousand miles from their country."

Benjamin Disraeli was a striking example of patience and pluck. There was some curiosity respecting his *début* as an orator. The gentlemen of the House of Commons expected that Disraeli would make a fool

of himself; and he did not disappoint them. His first effort was a ludicrous failure—his maiden speech being received with "loud bursts of laughter." The newspapers said of him that he went up like a rocket and came down like a stick.

Writhing under the shouts of laughter which had drowned so much of his studied eloquence, he exclaimed, in almost a savage voice, "I have begun several times many things, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." He afterward became Prime Minister of England.

The First Steamboat.

The same lesson is illustrated in the life of John Fitch. He, too, persevered. We cannot begin to relate the obstacles he encountered. A considerable volume would scarcely afford the requisite space. Poor, ragged and forlorn, jeered at, pitied as a madman, discouraged by the great, refused by the rich, he and his few friends kept on, until, in 1790, they had a steamboat running on the Delaware, which was the first steamboat ever constructed that answered the purpose of one. It ran, with the tide, eight miles an hour, and six miles against it.

A few years ago one of the most famous and popular of our American preachers was Dr. Nathan Bangs; when he began his career he became despondent because of the numerous difficulties he experienced and the absence of desired success, and resolved to abandon the ministry. A significant dream relieved him. He thought he was working with a pickaxe on the top of a basaltic rock. His muscular arm brought down stroke after stroke for hours, but the rock was hardly indented.

He said to himself at last, "It is useless; I will pick no more." Suddenly a stranger

of dignified mien stood by his side and spoke to him. "You will pick no more?" "No more." "Were you not set to this task?" "Yes." "And why abandon it?" "My work is vain; I make no impression on the rock."

Solemnly the stranger replied, "What is that to you? Your duty is to pick, whether the rock yields or not. Your work is in your own hands; the result is not. Work on!" He resumed his task. The first blow was given with almost superhuman force, and the rock flew into a thousand pieces. He awoke, pursued his way back with fresh zeal and energy, and a great revival followed. From that day he never had even a "temptation" to give up his commission.

The Famous Grecian Orator.

No ancient example of perseverance is more interesting than that of the great Grecian orator, Demosthenes. The first essay of his eloquence was against his guardians, whom he obliged to refund a part of his fortune. Encouraged by this success, he ventured to speak before the people, but with very ill fortune. He had a weak voice, an impediment in his speech, and a very short breath; notwithstanding which, his periods were so long that he was often obliged to stop in the midst of them to take breath.

This occasioned his being hissed by the whole audience, from whence he retired discouraged, and determined to renounce forever a function of which he believed himself incapable. One of his auditors, who, through all these imperfections, had observed an excellent fund of genius in him, and a kind of eloquence which came very near that of Pericles, gave him new spirit from the grateful idea of so glorious a resemblance, and the good advice which he added to it.

He ventured, therefore, to appear a second

time before the people, and was no better received than before. As he withdrew, hanging down his head, and in the utmost confusion, Satyrus, one of the most excellent actors of those times, who was his friend gave him encouragement and advice. He stammered to such a degree that he could not pronounce some letters, among others that with which the name of the art he studied begins; and he was so short-breathed that he could not utter a whole period without stopping.

He at length overcame these obstacles by putting small pebbles into his mouth, and pronouncing several verses in that manner without interruption; and that even when walking and going up steep and difficult places; so that, at last, no letter made him hesitate, and his breath held out through the longest periods. He went also to the seaside, and while the waves were in the most

violent agitation he pronounced harangues, to accustom himself, by the confused noise of the waters, to the roar of the people and the tumultuous cries of public assemblies.

Demosthenes took no less care of his actions than of his voice. He had a large looking-glass in his house, which served to teach him gesture, and at which he used to declaim before he spoke in public. To correct a fault which he had contracted by an ill habit, of continually shrugging his shoulders, he practised standing upright in a kind of very narrow pulpit or rostrum, over which hung a halbert, in such a manner that, if in the heat of action that motion escaped him, the point of the weapon might serve at the same time to admonish and correct him.

The fact is, much more might be accomplished by the average man if he had General Grant's invincible determination to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

"WANTED, A BOY."

""Wanted, a boy!" Well, how glad I am
To know that I was the first to see
The daily paper—so early, too—
Few boys are up—'tis lucky for me."
You hurry away through quiet streets,
Breathlessly reaching the office door
Where a boy was wanted, and lo! you find
It thronged and besieged by at least a score.

"Wanted, a boy!" So the place was gone; You did not get it? Well, never mind. The world is large, and a vacant place Is somewhere in it for you to find; Perhaps by long and devious ways, With perils to face, and battles to win, Obstacles great to be overcome, Before you reach it, and enter in.

Philosophy surely wanted a boy, While Franklin worked at a printer's case; Mechanics, when, low in the darkened mine, By an engine, Stephenson found his place; Nature, while Linnæus, crushed and tried As a cobbler, toiled out his sunless youth; Freedom, ere Washington reached her arms From childhood, up by the way of truth.

"Wanted, a boy!" 'tis written above
Coveted places of highest renown;
But the ladder of labor must ever be trod
By boyish feet, ere the sign comes down.
There are humble names half hidden now
On the school day-roll, 'mong many a score,
That yet will shine as the lights of fame,
Till boys are wanted on earth no more.

The forum is echoing burning words
Of orators destined to pass away;
You will be wanted instead of them soon,
Men of the future are boys to-day.
The watchmen standing on Zion's walls,
Faithfully doing the Master's will,
Are falling asleep as the years go by;
Wanted, a boy each place to fill.

MARY B. REESE.

CHAPTER XV.

ECONOMY.

O ma "Po lishe few tuni char

O many persons have heard of "Poor Richard's Almanac," published by Ben Franklin, and so few have ever had an opportunity of reading it, that we take pleasure in inserting it in this chapter. It teaches the very

important lesson of economy and thrift, and is full of quaint sayings and maxims of great value.

Franklin entitles it, "The Way to Wealth, as Clearly Shown in the Preface of an old Pennsylvania Almanac." The sound sense and practical wisdom of "Poor Richard" are worthy of careful study and diligent practice. The Almanac purported to be the work of "Richard Saunders."

COURTEOUS READER: I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse, lately, where a great number of people were collected, at an auction of merchant's goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?"

Father Abraham stood up, and replied,

"If you would have my advice, I will give not to you in short; 'for a word to the wise is enough,' as poor Richard says."

They joined in desiring him to speak his mind; and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," says he, "the taxes are, indeed, very heavy, and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. 'God helps them that help themselves,' as poor Richard says.

The Sleeping Fox.

"I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright,' as poor Richard says. 'But dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of,' as poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that 'the sleeping fox catches no



TEACHING THE YOUNG ECONOMY.

poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave,' as poor Richard says.

"'If time be of all things the most precious. wasting time must be,' as poor Richard says. 'the greatest prodigality;' since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'lost time is never found again, and what we call time enough always proves little enough.' Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose: so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day and shall scarce overtake his business at night: while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee: and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,' as poor Richard says.

No Gains Without Pains.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands,' or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. 'He that hath a trade hath an estate; and, he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor,' as poor Richard says. But then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes.

"If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for, 'at the workingman's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter; for 'industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.' What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy; 'diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry.

Then plough deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.' Work while it is called to-day; for you know not how much you may be hindered tomorrow. 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as poor Richard says; and, further, 'never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.'

Little Strokes Fell Great Oaks.

"If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own masters? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens; remember that 'the cat in gloves catches no mice,' as poor Richard says. It is true, there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects, for 'constant dropping wears away stones; and, by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks.'

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what poor Richard says. 'Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure: and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for 'a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock; ' whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. 'Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and, now I have a sheep and a cow, every one bids me good-morrow.'

"2. But, with our industry, we must like-

wise be steady, settled and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as poor Richard says,

'I never saw an oft-removed tree, Nor yet an oft-removed family, That throve so well as those that settled be.'

"And again, 'three removes is as bad as a fire;' and again, 'keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;' and again, 'if you would have your business done, go,—if not, send.' And again,

'He that by the plough would thrive Himself must either hold or drive.'

"And again, 'the eye of a master will do more work than both his hands;' and again 'want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;' and again, 'not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.' Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, 'in the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;' but a man's own care is profitable; for 'if you would have a faithfu servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.'

How the Rider Was Lost.

"A little neglect may breed great mischief for want of a nail the shoe was lost, and for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost,' being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

"3. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business. But to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, 'keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last A fat kitchen makes a lean will;' and again.

'Many estates are spent in the getting, Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting, And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting,'

"'If you would be wealthy, think of saving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.'

Small Leaks.

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

'Women and wine, game and deceit, Make the wealth small, and the want great.'

"And further, 'what maintains one vice would bring up two children.' You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter. But remember, 'many a little makes a mickle.' Beware of little expenses; 'a small leak will sink a great ship,' as poor Richard says; and again, 'who dainties love shall beggars prove;' and, moreover, 'fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.'

"Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may, for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what poor Richard says, 'buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.'

"And again, 'at a great pennyworth pause a while.' He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For, in another place he says, 'many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.' Again, 'it is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;' and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the almanac.

Poverty in Silks.

"Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half starved their families; 'silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.' as poor Richard says. These are not the necessaries of life, they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! By these and other extravagances. the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing: in which case it appears plainly that 'a ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,' as poor Richard says.

"Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think 'it is day, and it will never be night;' that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but 'always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,' as poor Richard says; and then, 'when the well is dry, they know the worth of water,'

"But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice: 'if you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing,' as poor Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick further advises, and says:

'Fond pride of dress is sure a curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.'

And again, 'pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.' When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but poor Dick says, 'it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it;' and it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

'Vessels large may venture more, But little boats should keep near shore.'

"It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as poor Richard says, 'pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt; pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy.' And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

Running in Debt.

"But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities! We are offered by the terms of this sale six months' credit; and that perhaps has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run into debt; you give to another power over your liberty.

"If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor, you will be in fear when you speak to him, when you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for 'the second vice is lying, the *first* is running in debt,' as poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, 'lying rides upon debt's back;' whereas a free-born Englishman

ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living.

"But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. 'It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.' What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical?

In the Clutches of Creditors.

"And yet, you are about to put yourself under that tyranny when you run in debt for such dress. Your creditor has authority. at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as poor Richard says, 'creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.' The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it: or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term. which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short; time will seem to have added wings to his heels, as well as his shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.'

"At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

> 'For age and want save while you may,— No morning sun lasts a whole day.'

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and 'it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as poor Richard says: so, 'rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.'

'Get what you can, and what you get hold,
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.'

And, when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"4. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, 'experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' as poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for, it is true, 'we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct:' however, remember this, 'they that will not be counselled cannot be helped;' and further, that 'if you will not hear reason she will surely rap your knuckles,' as poor Richard says."

Practised the Contrary.

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine; and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it,



THE FRUIT-SELLER COUNTING HER MONEY.

though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I have made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as

RICHARD SAUNDERS'.

A Pithy Old Fable.

Franklin's advice suggests the old fable concerning the grasshopper and the bees-A grasshopper, half starved with cold and hunger, came to a well-stored bee-hive at the approach of winter, and humbly begged the bees to relieve his wants with a few drops of honey.

One of the bees asked him how he had spent his time all the summer, and why he had not laid up a store of food like them.

"Truly," said he, "I spent my time very merrily, in drinking; dancing, and singing, and never once thought of winter."

"Our plan is very different," said the bee: "we work hard in the summer to lay by a store of food against the season when we foresee we shall want it; but those who do nothing but drink, and dance, and sing in the summer must expect to starve in the winter."

Competence and comfort lie within the reach of most people, were they to take the adequate means to secure and enjoy them. Men who are paid good wages might also become capitalists, and take their fair share in the improvement and well-being of the world. But it is only by the exercise of labor, energy, honesty, and thrift that they can advance their own position or that of their class.

Society at present suffers far more from

waste of money than from want of money. It is easier to make money than to know how to spend it. It is not what a man gets that constitutes his wealth, but his manner of spending and economizing. And when a man obtains by his labor more than enough for his personal and family wants, and can lay by a little store of savings besides, he unquestionably possesses the elements of social well-being. The savings may amount to little, but they may be sufficient to make him independent.

Above Poverty.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gain by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honor:
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

ROBERT BURNS.

Thrift of time is equal to thrift of money. Franklin said, "Time is gold." If one wishes to earn money, it may be done by the proper use of time. But time may also be spent in doing many good and noble actions. It may be spent in learning, in study, in art, in science, in literature. Time can be economized by system.

System is an arrangement to secure certain ends, so that no time may be lost in accomplishing them. Every business man must be systematic and orderly; so must every housewife. There must be a place for everything, and everything in its place. There must also be a time for everything, and everything must be done in time.

It is not necessary to show that economy is useful. Nobody denies that thrift may be practiced. We see numerous examples of it. What many men have already done, all other men may do. Nor is thrift a painful

virtue. On the contrary, it enables us to avoid much contempt and many indignities. It requires us to deny ourselves, but not to abstain from any proper enjoyment. It provides many honest pleasures, of which thriftlessness and extravagance deprive us.

Habit of Economizing.

Let no man say that he cannot economize. There are few persons that could not contrive to save something weekly. In twenty years one dollar saved weekly would amount to one thousand and forty dollars, to say nothing of interest. Some may say that they cannot save nearly so much. Well! begin somewhere; at all events, make a beginning. It is the *habit* of economizing and denying one's self that needs to be formed.

Economy does not require superior courage, nor superior intellect, nor any superhuman virtue. It merely requires common sense, and the power of resisting selfish enjoyments. In fact, thrift is merely common sense in every-day working action. It needs no fervent resolution, but only a little patient self-denial. Begin is its device! The more the habit of thrift is practiced, the easier it becomes, and the sooner it compensates the self-denier for the sacrifices which it has imposed.

The question may be asked: "Is it possible for a man working for small wages to save anything, and lay it by in a savingsbank, when he requires every penny for the maintenance of his family? But the fact remains that it is done by many industrious and sober men; that they do deny themselves, and put their spare earnings into savings-banks and the other receptacles provided for poor men's savings. And if some can do this, all may do it under similar circumstances, without depriving themselves

of any genuine pleasure or any real enjoyment.

How intensely selfish is it for anyone in the receipt of good pay to spend everything upon himself; or, if he has a family, to spend his whole earnings from week to week, and lay nothing by. When we hear that a man who has been in the receipt of a good salary has died and left nothing behind him-that he has left his wife and family destitute-left them to chance—to live or perish anywhere —we cannot but regard it as the most selfish thriftlessness. And yet comparatively little is thought of such cases. Perhaps the hat goes round. Subscriptions may produce something—perhaps nothing; and the ruined remnants of the unhappy family sink into poverty and destitution.

Laying Up for a Rainy Day.

Yet the merest prudence would, to a great extent, have obviated this result. The curtailment of any sensual or selfish enjoyment would enable a man, in the course of years, to save at least something for others, instead of wasting it on himself. It is, in fact, the absolute duty of the poorest man to provide, in however slight a degree, for the support of his family in the season of sickness and helplessness, which often comes upon men when they least expect such a visitation.

Comparatively few people can be rich; but most have it in their power to acquire, by industry and economy, sufficient to meet their personal wants. They may even become the possessors of savings sufficient to secure them against penury and poverty in their old age. It is not, however, the want of opportunity, but the want of will, that stands in the way of economy. Men may labor unceasingly with hand or head; but they cannot abstain from spending too freely and living too highly.

The majority prefer the enjoyment of pleasure to the practice of self-denial. With the mass of men the animal is paramount. They often spend all that they earn. But it is not merely the working people who are spendthrifts. We hear of men who for years have been earning and spending thousands a year, who suddenly die, leaving their children penniless. Everybody knows of such cases. At their death the very furniture of the house they have lived in belongs to others. It is sold to pay their funeral expenses, and the debts which they have incurred during their thriftless life-time.

Money represents a multitude of objects without value or without real utility; but it also represents something much more precious, and that is independence. In this light it is of great moral importance.

As a guarantee of independence, the modest and plebian quality of economy is at once ennobled and raised to the rank of the most meritorious of virtues.

Living from Hand to Mouth.

"Never treat money affairs with levity," said Bulwer; "money is character." Some of man's best qualities depend upon the right use of money—such as his generosity, benevolence, justice, honesty, and forethought. Many of his worst qualities also originate in the bad use of money—such as greed, miserliness, injustice, extravagance and improvidence.

No class ever accomplished anything that lived from hand to mouth. People who spend all that they earn are ever hanging on the brink of destitution. They must necessarily be weak and impotent—the slaves of time and circumstance. They keep themselves poor. They lose self-respect, as well as the respect of others. It is impossible that they can be free and independent. To

be thriftless is enough to deprive one of all manly spirit and virtue.

But a man with something saved, no matter how little, is in a different position. The little capital he has stored up is always a source of power. He is no longer the sport of time and fate. He can boldly look the world in the face. He is, in a manner, his own master. He can dictate his own terms. He can neither be bought nor sold. He can look forward with cheerfulness to an old age of comfort and happiness.

What About To-Morrow?

As men become wise and thoughtful, they generally become provident and frugal. A thoughtless man, like a savage, spends as he gets, thinking nothing of to-morrow, of the time of adversity, or of the claims of those whom he has made dependent on him. But a wise man thinks of the future; he prepares in good time for the evil day that may come upon him and his family; and he provides carefully for those who are near and dear to him.

What a serious responsibility does the man incur who marries! Not many seriously think of this responsibility. Perhaps this is wisely ordered. For much serious thinking might end in the avoidance of married life and its responsibilities. But, once married, a man ought forthwith to determine that, so far as his own efforts are concerned, want shall never enter his household; and that his children shall not, in the event of his being removed from the scene of life and labor, be left a burden upon society.

Economy with this object is an important duty. Without economy, no man can be just—no man can be honest. Improvidence is cruelty to women and children, though the cruelty is born of ignorance. A father spends his surplus means in drink, providing little

and saving nothing; and then he dies, leaving his destitute family his life-long victims. Can any form of cruelty surpass this? Yet this reckless course is pursued to a large extent. Men live beyond their means. They live extravagantly. They are ambitious of glare and glitter, frivolity and pleasure. They struggle to be rich, that they may have the means of spending—of having "a good time."

Living at High-Pressure.

Thinking people believe that life is now too fast, and that we are living at high-pressure. In short, we live extravagantly. We live beyond our means. We throw away our earnings, and often throw our lives after them.

Many persons are diligent enough in making money, but do not know how to economize it, or how to spend it. They have sufficient skill and industry to do the one, but they want the necessary wisdom to do the other. The temporary passion for enjoyment seizes us, and we give way to it without regard to consequences. And yet it may be merely the result of forgetfulness, and may be easily controlled by firmness of will, and by energetic resolution to avoid the occasional causes of expenditure for the future.

The habit of saving arises, for the most part, in the desire to ameliorate our social condition, as well as to ameliorate the condition of those who are dependent upon us. It dispenses with everything which is not essential, and avoids all methods of living that are wasteful and extravagant. A purchase made at the lowest price will be dear, if it be a superfluity. Little expenses lead to great. Buying things that are not wanted soon accustoms us to prodigality in other respects.

Cicero said, "Not to have a mania for

buying, is to possess a revenue." Many are carried away by the habit of bargain-buying. "Here is something wonderfully cheap: let us buy it." "Have you any use for it?" "No, not at present; but it is sure to come in use sometime." Fashion runs in this habit of buying. Some buy old china-as much as will furnish a china-shop. Others buy old pictures-old furniture-all great bargains! There would be little harm in buying these old things, if they were not so often bought at the expense of the connoisseur's creditors. Horace Walpole once said. "I hope that there will not be another sale. for I have not an inch of room nor a farthing left."

Making Hay While the Sun Shines.

Men must prepare in youth and in middle age the means for enjoying old age pleasantly and happily. There can be nothing more distressing than to see an old man who has spent the greater part of his life in well-paid-for labor, reduced to the necessity of begging for bread, and relying entirely upon the commiseration of his neighbors or upon the bounty of strangers. Such a consideration as this should inspire men in early life with a determination to work and to save, for the benefit of themselves and their families in later years.

It is, in fact, in youth that economy should be practiced, and in old age that men should dispense liberally, provided they do not exceed their income. The young man has a long future before him, during which he may exercise the principles of economy; while the other is reaching the end of his career, and can carry nothing out of the world with him.

This, however, is not the usual practice. The young man now spends, or desires to spend, quite as liberally, and often much more liberally than his father, who is about

to end his career. He begins life where his father left off. He spends more than his father did at his age, and soon finds himself up to his ears in debt. To satisfy his incessant wants, he resorts to unscrupulous means and illicit gains. He tries to make money rapidly; he speculates, overtrades, and is speedily wound up. Thus he obtains experience; but it is the result, not of well-doing, but of ill-doing.

Socrates recommends the fathers of families to observe the practice of their thrifty neighbors—of those who spend their means to the best advantage—and to profit by their example. Thrift is essentially practical, and can best be taught by facts. Two men earn, say, three dollars a day. They are in precisely the same condition as respects family living and expenditure. Yet the one says he cannot save, and does not; while the other says he can save, and regularly deposits part of his savings in a savings-bank and eventually becomes a capitalist.

The Source of Well-Being.

Samuel Johnson fully knew the straits of poverty. He once signed his name *Impransus*, or *Dinnerless*. He had walked the streets with Savage, not knowing where to lay his head at night. Johnson never forgot the poverty through which he passed in his early life, and he was always counselling his friends and readers to avoid it. Like Cicero, he averred that the best source of wealth or well-being was economy. He called it the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the mother of Liberty.

"Poverty," he said, "takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Resolve, then, not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others who wants help himself: we must have enough before we have to spare."

And again he said, "Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness. It certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult, for without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor."

When economy is looked upon as a thing that *must* be practiced, it will never be felt as a burden; and those who have not before observed it, will be astonished to find what few pennies or dollars laid aside weekly will do toward securing moral elevation, mental culture, and personal independence.

There is a dignity in every attempt to economize. Its very practice is improving. It indicates self-denial, and imparts strength to the character. It produces a well-regulated mind. It fosters temperance. It is based on forethought. It makes prudence the dominating characteristic. It gives virtue the mastery over self-indulgence. Above all, it secures comfort, drives away care, and dispels many vexations and anxieties which might otherwise prey upon us.

An employer recommended one of his workmen to "lay by something for a rainy day." Shortly after, the master asked the man how much he had added to his store. "Faith, nothing at all," said he; "I did as you bid me; but it rained very hard yesterday, and it all went—in drink!"

Look at the Pennies.

Letters joined make words,
And words to books may grow
As flake on flake, descending,
Forms an avalanche of snow.

A single utterance may good Or evil thoughts inspire; One little spark, enkindled, May set a town on fire. What volumes may be written
With little drops of ink!
How small a leak, unnoticed,
A mighty ship will sink!

A tiny insect's labor
Makes the coral strand,
And mighty seas are girdled
With grains of golden sand.

A daily penny, saved,
A fortune may begin;
A daily penny, squandered,
May lead to vice and sin.

Our life is made entirely
Of moments multiplied,
As little streamlets, joining,
Form the ocean's tide.

The methods of practicing economy are very simple. Spend less than you earn. That is the first rule. A portion should always be set apart for the future. The person who spends more than he earns is a fool. The civil law regards the spendthrift as akin to the lunatic, and frequently takes from him the management of his own affairs.

A Heavy Burden.

The next rule is, to pay ready money, and never, on any account, to run into debt. The person who runs into debt is apt to get cheated; and if he runs into debt to any extent, he will himself be apt to get dishonest. "Who pays what he owes, enriches himself."

The next is, never to anticipate uncertain profits by expending them before they are secured. The profits may never come, and in that case you will have taken upon yourself a load of debt which you may never get rid of. It will sit upon your shoulders like the old man in Sindbad.

Another method of economy is, to keep a regular account of all that you earn and of all that you expend. An orderly man will know beforehand what he requires, and will be provided with the necessary means for obtaining it. Thus his domestic budget will be balanced, and his expenditure kept within his income.

John Wesley regularly adopted this course. Although he possessed a small income, he always kept his eyes upon the state of his affairs. A year before his death, he wrote, with a trembling hand, in his Journal of Expenses: "For more than eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly. I do not care to continue to do so any longer, having the conviction that I economize all that I obtain, and give all that I can—that is to say, all that I have."

Keep Your Eyes Open.

Besides these methods of economy, the eye of the employer is always necessary to see that nothing is lost, that everything is put to its proper use and kept in its proper place, and that all things are done decently and in order. It does no dishonor to even the highest individuals to take a personal interest in their own affairs. And with persons of moderate means, the necessity for the eye of the employer overlooking everything, is absolutely necessary for the proper conduct of business.

It is difficult to fix the precise limits of economy. Bacon says that if a man would live well within his income, he ought not to expend more than one-half and save the rest. This is perhaps too exacting; and Bacon himself did not follow his own advice. What proportion of one's income should be expended on rent? That depends upon circumstances. It is, at all events, better to save too much than spend too much. One may remedy the first defect, but not so easily the latter. Wherever there is a large family, the more money that is put to one side and saved, the better.

Economy is necessary to the moderately

rich as well as to the comparatively poor man. Without economy, a man cannot be generous. He cannot take part in the charitable work of the world. If he spends all that he earns, he can help nobody. He cannot properly educate his children, nor put them in the way of starting fairly in the business of life. Even the example of Bacon shows that the loftiest intelligence cannot neglect thrift without peril. But thousands of witnesses daily testify that men even of the most moderate intelligence can practice the virtue with success.

To save money for avaricious purposes is altogether different from saving it for economical purposes. The saving may be accomplished in the same manner—by wasting nothing and saving everything. But here the comparison ends. The miser's only pleasure is in saving. The prudent economist spends what he can afford for comfort and enjoyment, and saves a surplus for some future time.

The Golden Calf.

The avaricious person makes gold his idol: it is his molten calf, before which he constantly bows down; whereas the thrifty person regards it as a useful instrument, and as a means of promoting his own happiness and the happiness of those who are dependent upon him. The miser is never satisfied. He amasses wealth that he can never consume, but leaves it to be squandered by others, probably by spendthrifts; whereas the economist aims at securing a fair share of the world's wealth and comfort, without any thought of amassing a fortune.

It is the duty of all persons to economize their means—of the young as well as of the old. Is a man married? Then the duty of economy is still more binding. His wife and children plead to him most eloquently. Are they, in the event of his early death, to be left to buffet with the world unaided? The hand of charity is cold, the gifts of charity are valueless compared with the gains of industry and the honest savings of frugal labor, which carry with them blessings and comforts, without inflicting any wound upon the feelings of the helpless and bereaved.

Let every man, therefore, who can, endeavor to economize and to save; not to hoard, but to nurse his little savings, for the sake of promoting the welfare and happiness of himself while here, and of others when he has departed.

How to Secure Comfort.

There is a dignity in the very effort to save with a worthy purpose, even though the attempt should not be crowned with eventual success. It produces a well regulated mind; it gives prudence a triumph over extravegance; it gives virtue the mastery over vice; it puts the passions under control; it drives away care; it secures comfort.

Saved money, however little, will serve to dry up many a tear—will ward off many sorrows and heart-burnings, which otherwise might prey upon us. Possessed of a little store of capital, a man walks with a lighter step, his heart beats more cheerily. When interruption of work or adversity happens, he can meet it; he can recline on his capital, which will either break his fall or prevent it altogether.

There are, of course, many failures in the world. The man who looks to others for help, instead of relying on himself, will fail. The man who is undergoing the process of perpetual waste will fail. The miser, the scrub, the extravagant, the thriftless, will necessarily fail. Indeed, most people fail because they do not deserve to succeed. They set about their work in the wrong way,

and no amount of experience seems to improve them. There is not so much in luck as some people profess to believe.

Luck is only another word for good management in practical affairs. Richelieu used to say that he would not continue to employ an unlucky man—in other words, a man wanting in practical qualities, and unable to profit by experience; for failures in the past are very often the auguries of failures in the future.

He Put Out the Candle.

Thomas Guy was so complete an exemplar of economy, that the celebrated Vulture Hopkins once called upon him to learn a lesson in the art of saving. On being introduced into the parlor, Guy, not knowing his visitor, lighted a candle; and then Hopkins said, "Sir, I always thought myself perfect in the art of getting and husbanding money, but being told that you far exceed me, I have taken the liberty of waiting upon you to be satisfied on this subject."

"If that is all your business," replied Guy, "we can as well talk it over in the dark as in the light," at the same time carefully putting out his farthing candle with the extinguisher. This was evidence enough to Hopkins, who acknowledged Guy to be his master, and took his leave.

Macaulay in his "Life of Frederick the Great," says: "Every seventh man in the vigor of life was a soldier—army expenses enormous. In order that it might not be utterly ruinous, it was necessary that every other expense should be cut down to the lowest possible point. Accordingly, Frederick, though his dominions bordered on the sea, had no navy. He neither had nor wished to have colonies. His judges, his fiscal officers, were meanly paid. His ministers at foreign courts walked on foot, or

drove shabby old carriages till the axletrees gave way. Even to his highest diplomatic agents, who resided at London and Paris, he allowed less than \$5000 a year.

"The royal household was managed with a frugality unusual in the establishments of opulent subjects—unexampled in any other palace. The king loved good eating and drinking, and during a great part of his life took pleasure in seeing his table surrounded by guests; yet the whole charge of his kitchen was brought within the sum of \$10,000 a year. He examined every extraordinary item with a care which might be thought to suit the mistress of a boarding-house better than a great prince."

A Thrifty Ruler.

Gibbon in his "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" gives an illustrious example of thrift: "John Ducas Vataces, ruler of the Eastern Empire in 1222, rescued the provinces from national and foreign usurpers. The calamities of the times had wasted the numbers and the substance of the Greeks: the motives and the means of agriculture were extirpated; and the most fertile lands were left without cultivation or inhabitants. A portion of this vacant property was occupied and improved by the command, and for the benefit, of the emperor; a powerful hand and a vigilant eve supplied and surpassed. by a skilful management, the minute diligence of a private farmer; the royal domain became the garden and granary of Asia; and without impoverishing the people, the sovereign acquired a fund of innocent and productive wealth.

"According to the nature of the soil, his lands were sown with corn or planted with vines; the pastures were filled with horses and oxen, with sheep and hogs; and when Vataces presented to the empress a crown

of diamonds and pearls, he informed her, with a smile, that this precious ornament arose from the sale of the eggs of his innumerable poultry.

"The produce of his domain was applied to the maintenance of his palace and hospitals, the calls of dignity and benevolence; the lesson was still more useful than the revenue; the plough was restored to its ancient security and honor; and the nobles were taught to seek a sure and independent revenue from their estates, instead of adorning their splendid beggary by the oppression of the people, or (what is almost the same) by the favors of the court."

When William Penn was about to leave his family for America, his wife, who was the love of his youth, was reminded of his impoverishment because of his public spirit, and recommended economy. "Live low and sparingly till my debts be paid." Yet for his children he adds: "Let their learning be liberal; spare no cost, for by such parsimony all is lost that is saved."

Society mainly consists of two classes the savers and the wasters, the provident and the improvident, the thrifty and the thriftless, the Haves and the Have-nots. The men who economize by means of labor become the owners of capital which sets other labor in motion. Capital accumulates in their hands, and they employ other laborers to work for them. Thus trade and commerce begin.

The thrifty build houses, warehouses, and mills. They fit manufactories with tools and machines. They build ships, and send them to various parts of the world. They put their capital together, and build railroads, harbors, and docks. They open up mines of coal, iron, and copper, and erect pumping-engines to keep them clear of water. They employ laborers to work the mines, and thus give rise to an immense amount of employment.

All this is the result of thrift. It is the result of economizing money and employing it for beneficial purposes. The thriftless man has no share in the progress of the world. He spends all that he gets, and can give no help to anybody. No matter how much money he makes, his position is not in any respect raised. He husbands none of his resources. He is always calling for help. He is, in fact, the born slave of the thrifty, and is ever dependent.



CHAPTER XVI

COURAGE.



HERE is a grand virtue that goes by the blunt name of "Pluck." It would take volumes to record its victories.

You should be able to face a duty or a trial. Walk up to it with determination in every

look and action. Pluck is opposed to cowardice. It does not belong to weak characters. You find it wherever anything worth doing is done, worth achieving is achieved. It can stand a shock without fainting. It doesn't mope around with camphor and a smelling-bottle. It doesn't run when a leaf rustles. Its hair is not likely to stand straight up through fright. It doesn't run for ghosts; it marches right up, and the ghost runs. Pluck has done wonders. If you have it, thank God for it; if you haven't it, you ought to have an assured income, someone to pay for your food and clothes, and give you a decent burial, when, fortunately for the world, you die.

This magnificent courage has had its praises sung in epics and told in history. Not half enough has ever been said about it. Go on telling its achievements for ages, and you would then only be in the first chapter. Bronze and marble commemorate it, but its glories and triumphs will last when bronze and marble have crumbled.

Courage without wisdom is mere boldness, and there is a bad boldness that defeats itself. You like to see a man who knows he is right stand like a rock. You despise the man who is blown about by every wind that comes along.

President Garfield once said: "A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck. Let not poverty stand as an obstacle in your way. Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and be compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintances I have never known one to be drowned who was worth saving."

Pluck won the American Revolution. It has won all fame and all fortune. It makes a man a hero, a general, a victor. It has put the laurel on every brow that ever wore it.

Courage to do Right.

We may have courage, all of us, To start at honor's call, To meet a foe, protect a friend, Or face a cannon ball.

To show the world one hero lives,
The foremost in the fight—
But do we always manifest
The courage to do right?

To answer No! with steady breath, And quick unfaltering tongue, When fierce temptation, ever near, Her syren song has sung?

To care not for the bantering tone, The jest, or studied slight: Content if we can only have The courage to do right?

To step aside from fashion's course, Or custom's favored plan; To pluck an outcast from the street, Or help a fellow man?

If not, then let us nobly try,
Henceforth, with all our might,
In every case to muster up
The courage to do right!



COURAGE.

The world owes much to its men and women of courage. We do not mean physical courage, in which man is at least equalled by the bull-dog; nor is the bull-dog considered the wisest of his species.

The courage that displays itself in silent effort and endeavor—that dares to endure all and suffer all for truth and duty—is more truly heroic than the achievements of physical valor, which are rewarded by honors and titles, or by laurels sometimes steeped in blood.

It is moral courage that characterizes the highest order of manhood and womanhood—the courage to seek and to speak the truth; the courage to be just; the courage to be honest; the courage to resist temptation; the courage to do one's duty. If men and women do not possess this virtue, they have no security whatever for the preservation of any other.

An Upward Struggle.

Every step of progress in the history of our race has been made in the face of opposition and difficulty, and been achieved and secured by men of intrepidity and valor—by leaders in the van of thought—by great discovers, great patriots, and great workers in all walks of life. There is scarcely a great truth or doctrine but has had to fight its way to public recognition in the face of detraction, calumny, and persecution. Wherever a great soul gives utterance to its thoughts, there also is a Golgotha.

While the followers of the astronomer Copernicus were persecuted as infidels, Kepler was branded with the stigma of heresy, "because," said he, "I take that side which seems to me to be consonant with the Word of God." Even the pure and simple-minded Newton, of whom Bishop Burnet said that he had the "whitest soul" he ever knew—who

was a very infant in the purity of his mind even Newton was accused of "dethroning the Deity" by his sublime discovery of the law of gravitation; and a similar charge was made against Franklin for explaining the nature of the thunderbolk.

Spinoza was excommunicated by the Jews, to whom he belonged, because of his views of philosophy, which were supposed to be adverse to religion; and his life was afterwards attempted by an assassin for the same reason. Spinoza remained courageous and self-reliant to the last, dying in obscruity and poverty.

The Best Things Opposed.

Indeed, there has scarcely been a discovery in astronomy, in natural history, or in physical science, that has not been attacked by the bigoted and narrow-minded as leading to infidelity.

Other great discoverers, though they may not have been charged with irreligion, have had not less obloquy of a professional and public nature to encounter. When Dr. Harvey published his theory of the circulation of the blood, his practice fell off, and the medical profession stigmatized him as a fool. "The few good things I have been able to do," said John Hunter, "have been accomplished with the greatest difficulty, and encountered the greatest opposition."

Sir Charles Bell, while employed in his important investigations as to the nervous system, which issued in one of the greatest of physiological discoveries, wrote to a friend: "If I were not so poor, and had not so many vexations to encounter, how happy would I be!" But he himself observed that his practice sensibly fell off after the publication of each successive stage of his discovery.

Thus nearly every enlargement of the domain of knowledge, which has made us

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better acquainted with the heavens, with the earth, and with ourselves, has been established by the energy, the devotion, the self-sacrifice, and the courage of the great spirits of past times, who, however much they have been opposed or reviled by their contemporaries, now rank among those whom the enlightened of the human race most delight to honor.

Charity for All.

Nor is the unjust intolerence displayed towards men of science in the past without its lesson for the present. It teaches us to be forbearant towards those who differ from us, provided they observe patiently, think honestly, and vt.er their convictions freely and truthfv'. It was a remark of Plato, that "the world is God's epistle to mankind;" and to read and study that epistle, so as to elicit its true meaning, can have no other effect on a well-ordered mind than to lead to a deeper impression of his power, a clearer perception of his wisdom, and a more grateful sense of his goodness.

While such has been the courage of the martyrs of science, not less glorious has been the courage of the martyrs of faith. The passive endurance of the man or woman who, for conscience' sake, is found ready to suffer and to endure in solitude, without so much as the encouragement of even a single sympathizing voice, is an exhibition of courage of a far higher kind than that displayed in the roar of battle, where even the weakest feels encouraged and inspired by the enthusiasm of sympathy and the power of numbers.

Time would fail to tell of the deathless names of those who through faith in principles, and in the face of difficulty, danger, and suffering, "have wrought righteousness and waxed valiant" in the moral warfare of the world, and been content to lay down their lives rather than prove false to their conscientious convictions of the truth,

Men of this stamp, inspired by a high sense of duty, have in past times exhibited character in its most heroic aspects, and continue to present to us some of the noblest spectacles to be seen in history, women, full of tenderness and gentleness, not less than men, have in this cause been found capable of exhibiting the most unflinching courage. Such, for instance, as that of Anne Askew, who, when racked until her bones were dislocated, uttered no cry, moved no muscle, but looked her tormentors calmly in the face, and refused either to confess or to recant; or such as that of Latimer and Ridley, who, instead of bewailing their hard fate and beating their breasts, went as cheerfully to their death as a bridegroom to the altar-the one bidding the other to "be of good comfort," for that "we shall this day light such a candle in England, by God's grace, as shall never be put out;" or such, again, as that of Mary Dver, the Ouakeress, hanged by the Puritans of New England for preaching to the people, who ascended the scaffold with a willing step, and, after calmly addressing those who stood about, resigned herself into the hands of her persecutors, and died in peace and joy.

"The Field is Won."

Not less courageous was the behavior of the good Sir Thomas More, who marched willingly to the scaffold, and died cheerfully there, rather than prove false to his conscience. When More had made his final decision to stand upon his principles, he felt as if he had won a victory, and said to his son-in-law Roper: "Son Roper, I thank our Lord, the field is won!" The Duke of Norfolk told him of his danger, saying: "Master More, it is perilous striving with princes; the

anger of a prince brings death!" "Is that all, my lord?" said More; "then the difference between you and me is this—that I shall die to-day, and you to-morrow."

While it has been the lot of many great men, in times of difficulty and danger, to be cheered and supported by their wives, More had no such consolation. His helpmate did anything but console him during his imprisonment within the old London Tower. She could not conceive that there was any sufficient reason for his continuing to lie there, when, by merely doing what the king required of him, he might at once enjoy his liberty, together with his fine house at Chelsea, his library, his orchard, his gallery, and the society of his wife and children.

A Bitter Reproach.

"I marvel," said she to him one day,"
"that you, who have been alway hitherto
taken for wise, should now so play the fool
as to lie here in this close, filthy prison, and
be content to be shut up among mice and
rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, if you would but do as the bishops have
done!"

But More saw his duty from a different point of view: it was not a mere matter of personal comfort with him, and the expostulations of his wife were of no avail. He gently put her aside, saying, cheerfully, "Is not this house as nigh heaven as my own?"

More's daughter, Margaret Roper, on the contrary, encouraged her father to stand firm in his principles, and dutifully consoled and cheered him during his long confinement. Deprived of pen and ink, he wrote his letters to her with a piece of coal, saying in one of them: "If I were to declare in writing how much pleasure your daughterly, loving letters gave me, a peck of coals would not suffice to make the pens."

More was a martyr to veracity: he would not swear a false oath; and he perished because he was sincere. When his head had been struck off, it was placed on London Bridge, in accordance with the barbarous practice of the times. Margaret Roper had the courage to ask for the head to be taken down and given to her, and, carrying her affection for her father beyond the grave, she desired that it might be buried with her when she died; and, long after, when Margaret Roper's tomb was opened, the precious relic was observed lying on the dust of what had been her bosom.

The celebrated Mary Lyon, of Mount Holyoke Seminary, Mass., one of the noblest and best of women, used the following remarkable words, which were beautifully illustrated by her life: "There is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it." The true test of courage is, in all circumstances, to "dare to do right!" Dare to do what your conscience will approve, and will be esteemed right by good society.

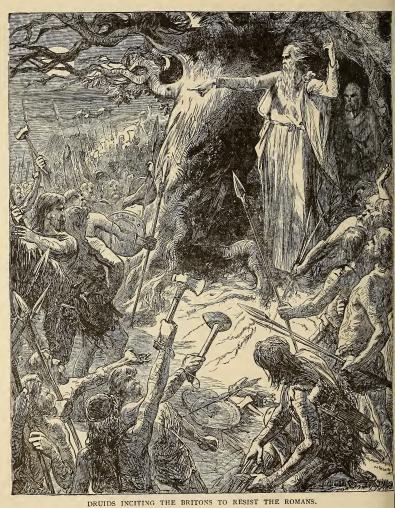
Noble Daring.

Dare to think, though others frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart;
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when others curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong; Dare to walk in wisdom's way; Dare to give where gifts belong; Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty and be blest.



Among the ancient Gauls and Britons was a powerful priesthood called the Druids. They were at once priests, teachers and judges: they tried criminals, fixed punishments, decided all public questions and their power was so great that they could decree peace with other nations or incite to war. never doing the latter, however, except in self-defence and as a last resort. They performed their religious rites in groves and rocky retreats, and among them the oak tree was especially sacred. When the Romans invaded Britain the Druids incited the people to rebellion, did all they could to uphold the national cause, and inspired such courage as resulted in deeds of valor that have become historic.

And, indeed, history is full of examples of this kind of courage. Yet it is moral heroism that should be especially commended. This belongs to the noblest type of manhood.

Called a Coward.

One of the most trying tests of a young man's virtue arises from an insinuation that he is a coward. Upon this subject most men are very sensitive, disliking to be considered deficient in what they suppose is the very essence of real manhood. But, unfortunately, the test is rarely presented in things that are right; the challenge is not to do deeds that are noble and worthy of praise, but to force the person to do wrong. In this way it becomes an influence for mischief that produces the saddest effect upon character.

If a young man refuses to assist in robbing an orchard, he is stigmatized, by those who have no moral principle or manly feeling, as a coward; if he is unwilling to drink intoxicating liquor, or if he declines to violate the laws of school or society, his refusal is imputed to dishonorable fear. Many a person is driven to do what his judgment and his

conscience alike condemn, because he dreads that others will not think him brave. Such fear is the greatest and basest cowardice.

Thus there are two kinds of courage, physical and moral; the former finds its highest type in the bull-dog, while the latter is illustrated by those persons who have suffered martyrdom rather than sacrifice their love of right and conscientious convictions of truth.

Human Brutes.

An English dog-breeder, who possessed a race of terriers of remarkable ferocity and endurance, offered to bet a large sum of money, that when a certain dog, which he owned, was engaged in fighting, he could cut off three of his legs, and the dog would not give up or relinquish his hold. The bct was taken, and the dogs were set to, when the poor brute actually suffered one leg to be taken off after another, and finally suffered death rather than cease to fight.

It is hard to say which was the greater object of pity, the poor dog, whose savage instincts led him to suffer and die rather than let go his hold, or the brutal, vicious master who could engage in such wicked cruelty and call it sport. We wonder at the ferocious instinct of the bull-terrier and remember that while he possesses physical courage in so remarkable a degree, there is nothing else in him that in any way commends him to our admiration. He is cross, unsociable, untractable, unreliable, and vicious; he is among dogs what the prize-fighter or the professed pugilist is among men—the meanest and most unworthy animal of his kind.

The person who, for money or the love of notoriety, permits himself to engage in an encounter, in which he will receive and inflict serious and sometimes fatal injuries, possesses no quality that raises him in any degree above 278 COURAGE.

a brute. In such an exhibition, the bull-dog is his equal and the hyena is his superior. Many a man can even enter a battle, and in the excitement of the conflict, surrounded by his friends and backers, fight ferociously, receive wounds, and dare death, who has not a particle of that high moral courage which would lead him to suffer insult and injury and endure them silently for the sake of a principle. It is often a braver thing to be called a coward and not resent it than it would be to fight a battle.

Bad men are not always brave. During the civil war a regiment was raised in one of the northern cities composed entirely of those men who had become notorious as street bullies, and who were always prominent in drunken brawls and fights. It was supposed that they would make capital soldiers, and great hopes were excited that they would distinguish themselves by their fearlessness and contempt of danger and death.

A Worthless Rabble.

As might have been reasonably expected, they utterly failed to make any honorable record. How could they? They were not actuated by any principle of honor; they did not enter the army from motives of duty or patriotism, or love for the cause they engaged to defend. The excitement of army life and the hope of bounty and plunder were their only motives. They could kill a man at night in the city and rob him, but as soldiers they were cowardly, unreliable and worthless. It needs more than rough, coarse, fierce brutality to give a person a character for courage.

True courage is a combination of moral and physical qualities, so united as to secure the noblest character. A pure conscience, a clear, intelligent mind, and a strong body are necessary to the highest form of courageous manhood. A man may have a moral courage which would enable him to dare any consequences to do right, and, at the same time, a physical weakness which would shrink at the slightest pain. Of such a combination martyrs have often been made, but the moral heroism overcame the fear of death and the pangs of torture.

Fear of Ridicule.

A really brave man never exposes himself needlessly to danger, and if unhappily entrapped in a quarrel, he will always refuse to fight until compelled in self-defense. He will suffer insult and indignity, permit himself to be called hard names and to be misrepresented, rather than allow hatred and murder to enter his heart, or do that which in his calmer moments he would abhor. Forbearance is a divine attribute, and worthy of special cultivation. It is the coward that is driven by his fears of ridicule to do that which he knows is wrong.

We have heroes in every-day life. A boy in the town of Weser, in Germany, playing one day with his sister, four years of age, was alarmed by the cry of some men who were in pursuit of a mad dog. The boy, suddenly looking round, saw the dog running toward him, but instead of making his escape, he calmly took off his coat, and, wrapping it round his arm, boldly faced the dog. Holding out the arm covered with the coat, the animal attacked it and worried it until the men came up and killed the dog.

The men reproachfully asked the boy why he did not run and avoid the dog, which he could so easily have done. "Yes," said the little hero, "I could have run from the dog, but if I had he would have attacked my sister. To protect her, I offered him my coat, that he might tear it."

A similar case of heroism occurred in the city of Evansville, Indiana, in which Emma Carroll, a little girl eleven years old, ran through the flames of burning kerosene and rescued, at the expense of her life, her motherless baby brother, of whom she had the care. In the terrible agony of her dying hours, she was consoled with the thought that the baby had escaped unharmed. She had saved him. And she showed that one of the gentler sex may be as brave as the stout-hearted fireman who surprises us by his deeds of daring.

Education in courage is not usually included among the branches of female training, and yet it is really of much greater importance than either music, French, or the use of the globes. Contrary to the view that women should be characterized by a "tender fear," and an "inferiority which makes her lovely," we would have women educated in resolution and courage, as a means of rendering them more helpful, more self-reliant, and vastly more useful and happy.

Gentleness and Courage.

There is nothing attractive in timidity, nothing lovable in fear. All weakness, whether of mind or body, is equivalent to deformity, and the reverse of interesting. Courage is graceful and dignified; while fear, in any form, is mean and repulsive. Yet the utmost tenderness and gentleness are consistent with courage.

Ary Scheffer, the artist, once wrote to his daughter: "Dear daughter, strive to be of good courage, to be gentle-hearted; these are the true qualities for woman. 'Troubles' everybody must expect. There is but one way of looking at fate—whatever that be, whether blessings or afflictions—to behave with dignity under both. We must not lose heart, or it will be the worse both for our-

selves and for those whom we love. To struggle, and again and again to renew the conflict—this is life's inheritance."

A Brave Heart.

I said to sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
"Rage on! Thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye."

I said to penury's meagre train,
"Come on! your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile."

I said to cold neglect and scorn,
"Pass on! I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit which you see,
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles."

I said to friendship's menaced blow,
"Strike deep! my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress."

I said to death's uplifted dart,
"Aim sure! Oh! why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Unruffled by this last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away."

LAVINIA STODDARD.

In sickness or sorrow none are braver and less complaining sufferers than women. Their courage, where their hearts are concerned, is indeed proverbial. Experience has proved that women can be as enduring as men under the heaviest trials and calamities; but too little pains are taken to teach them to endure petty terrors and frivolous vexations with fortitude. Such little miseries, if petted and indulged, quickly run into sickly sensibility, and become the bane of their life, keeping themselves and those about them in a state of chronic discomfort.

The best corrective of this condition of mind is wholesome moral and mental discipline. Mental strength is as necessary for the development of woman's character as of man's. It gives her capacity to deal with the affairs of life, and presence of mind, which enable her to act with vigor and effect in moments of emergency. Character in a woman, as in a man, will always be found the best safeguard of virtue, the best nurse of religion. Personal beauty soon passes; but beauty of mind and character increases in attractiveness the older it grows.

Heroic Women.

The courage of woman is not the less true because it is for the most part passive. It is not encouraged by the cheers of the world, for it is mostly exhibited in the quiet recesses of private life. Yet there are cases of heroic patience and endurance on the part of women which occasionally come to the light of day. One of the most celebrated instances in history is that of Gertrude Von der Wart. Her husband, falsely accused of being an accomplice in the murder of Emperor Albert, was condemned to the most frightful of all punishments-to be broken alive on the wheel. With the most profound conviction of her husband's innocence, the faithful woman stood by his side to the last, watching over hi.n during two days and nights, braving the empress's anger and the inclemency of

the weather, in the hope of contributing to soothe his dying agonies.

The sufferings of this noble woman, together with those of her unfortunate husband, were touchingly described in a letter afterwards addressed by her to a female friend, which was published some years ago, entitled "Gertrude von der Wart; or, "Fidelity unto Death." Mrs. Hemans wrote the following poem of great pathos and beauty, commemorating the sad story:

Gertrude.

Her hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above;
Its pale stars watching to behold
The night of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph! say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side—
Peace, peace! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for me to fear
When death is on thy brow?
The world?—what means it?—mine is here—
I will not leave the now!

"I have been with thee in thine hour O glory and of bliss, Doubt not its memory's living power To strengthen me through this! And thou, mine honored love and true, Bear on, bear nobly on! We have the blessed heaven in view, Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow From woman's breaking heart? Through all that night of bitterest woe She bore her lofty part; But oh! with such a freezing eye, With such a curdling cheek—Love, love! of mortal agony, Thou, only thou, shouldst speak!

The winds rose high—but with them rose Her voice that he might hear:— Perchance that dark hour brought repose To happy bosoms near: While she sat striving with despair Beside his tortured form, And pouring her deep soul in prayer Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death damps from his brow, With her pale hands and soft, Whose touch upon the lute chords low Had stilled his heart so oft. She spread her mantle o'er his breast, She bathed his lips with dew, And on his cheek such kisses pressed As joy and hope ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, love and faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit passed,
While even as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot
And, weeping, blessed the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

Although success is the prize for which all men toil, they have nevertheless often to labor on perseveringly, without any glimmer of success in sight. They have to live, meanwhile, upon their courage—sowing their seed, it may be, in the dark, in the hope that it will yet take root and spring up in achieved result. The best of causes have had to fight their way to triumph through a long succession of failures, and many of the assailants have died in the breach before the fortress has been won. The heroism they have displayed is to be measured not so much by their immediate success, as by the opposition they have encountered and the courage with which they have maintained the struggle.

The patriot who fights an always-losing battle—the martyr who goes to death amidst the triumphant shouts of his enemies—the discoverer, like Columbus, whose heart remains undaunted through the bitter years of his "long wandering woe"—are examples

of the morally sublime which excite a profounder interest in the hearts of men that even the most complete and conspicuous success. By the side of such instances as these, how small in comparison seem the greatest deeds of valor, inciting men to rush upon death and die amidst the frenzied excitement of physical warfare!

The pure, heart-searching doctrines which were preached by John Knox were then, as they are now, offensive to the wicked heart, and hence he was commanded by the voluptuous court of Mary to desist. Knox, who knew no master and obeyed no mandate that was in opposition to God and his Bible, paid no attention to this command of the palace.

Hearing immediately that her orders were disobeyed, the haughty Mary summoned the Scottish reformer into her presence. When Knox arrived he was ushered into the room in which were the queen and her attendant lords. On being questioned concerning his contumacy, he answered plainly that he preached nothing but truth, and that he dared not preach less. "But," answered one of the lords, "our commands must be obeyed on pain of death; silence or the gallows must be the alternative."

A Bold Reply.

The spirit of Knox was roused by the dastardly insinuation that any human punishment could make him desert the truth, and with that fearless, indescribable courage which disdains the pomp of language or of action, he firmly replied, "My lords, you are mistaken if you think you can intimidate me to do by threats what conscience and God tell me I never shall do; for be it known unto you that it is a matter of no importance to me, when I have finished my work, whether my bones shall bleach in the winds of heaven or rot in the bosom of the earth."

Knox having retired, one of the lords said to the queen, "We may let him alone, for we cannot punish that man." Well, therefore, might it be said by a nobleman at the grave of John Knox, "Here lies one who never feared the face of man."

But the greater part of the courage that is needed in the world is not of a heroic kind. Courage may be displayed in everyday life as well as in historic fields of action. There needs, for example, the common courage to be honest—the courage to resist temptation—the courage to speak the truth—the courage to be what we really are, and not to pretend to be what we are not—the courage to live honestly within our own means, and not dishonestly upon the means of others.

Cannot say "No!"

A great deal of the unhappiness, and much of the vice, of the world is owing to weakness and indecision of purpose—in other words, to lack of courage. Men may know what is right, and yet fail to exercise the courage to do it; they may understand the duty they have to do, but will not summon up the requisite resolution to perform it. The weak and undisciplined man is at the mercy of every temptation; he cannot say "No," but falls before it. And if his companionship be bad, he will be all the easier led away by bad example into wrong-doing.

Nothing can be more certain than that the character can only be sustained and strengthened by its own energetic action. The will, which is the central force of character, must be trained to habits of decision—otherwise it will neither be able to resist evil nor to follow good. Decision gives the power of standing firmly, when to yield, however slightly, might be only the first step in a down-hill course to ruin.

Many are the valiant purposes formed, that end merely in words; deeds intended, that are never done; designs projected, that are never begun; and all for want of a little courageous decision. Better far the silent tongue but the eloquent deed. For in life and in business, dispatch is better than discourse; and the shortest answer of all is, doing.

"In matters of great concern, and which must be done," says Tillotson, "there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution—to be undetermined when the case is so plain and the necessity so urgent. To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it—this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day to another, until he is starved and destroyed."

Busy Mrs. Grundy.

There needs also the exercise of no small degree of moral courage to resist the corrupting influences of what is called "society." Although "Mrs. Grundy" may be a very vulgar and commonplace personage, her influence is nevertheless prodigious. Most men, but especially women, are the moral slaves of the class or caste to which they belong.

Each circle and section, each rank and class, has its respective customs and observances, to which conformity is required at the risk of being tabooed. Some are immured within a bastile of fashion, others of custom, others of opinion; and few there are who have the courage to think outside their sect, to act outside their party, and to step out into the free air of individual thought and action. We dress, and eat, and follow fashion, though it may be at the risk of debt, ruin, and misery; living not so much according to our means as according to the supersti-

tious observances of our class. Though we may speak contemptuously of the Indians who flatten their heads, and of the Chinese who cramp their toes, we have only to look at the deformities of fashion among ourselves, to see that the reign of "Mrs. Grundy" is universal.

But moral cowardice is exhibited quite as much in public as in private life. It is not the man of the noblest character-the highestcultured and best-conditioned man-whose favor is now sought, so much as that of the lowest man, the least-cultured and worstconditioned man, because of his vote. Even men of rank, wealth, and education are seen prostrating themselves before the ignorant, whose votes are thus to be got. They are ready to be unprincipled and unjust rather than unpopular. It is so much easier for some men to stoop, to bow, and to flatter, than to be manly, resolute, and magnanimous; and to yield to prejudices, than run counter to them. It requires strength and courage to swim against the stream, while any dead fish can float with it.

"If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Thou in the strife thy heart should bleed,
Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come—go on, true sou!!
Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal."

It is the strong and courageous men who lead and guide and rule the world. The

weak and timid leave no trace behind them; while the life of a single upright and energetic man is like a track of light. His example is remembered and appealed to; and his thoughts, his spirit, and his courage continue to be the inspiration of succeeding generations.

It is energy—the central element of which is will—that produces the miracles of enthusiasm in all ages. Everywhere it is the mainspring of what is called force of character, and the sustaining power of all great action. In a righteous cause the determined man stands upon his courage as upon a granite block; and, like David, he will go forth to meet Goliath, strong in heart though a host be encamped against him.

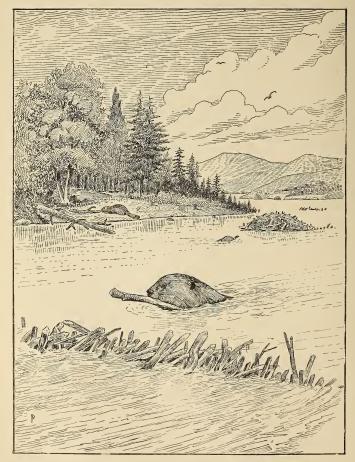
Courage, Brother!

Courage, brother! do not stumble, Though thy path be dark as night, There's a star to guide the humble; "Trust in God and do the right."

Though the road be long and dreary,
And the end be out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning;
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Shun all forms of guilty passion, Fiends can look like angels bright, Heed no custom, school or fashion, "Trust in God, and do the right." NORMAN MCLEOD.



PATIENCE.

CHAPTER XVII.

PATIENCE.



N ounce of patience is worth a ton of fretfulness. Think it over and you will see that nothing can be done better by impatience than by its opposite. The horse that starts, jerks,

backs up, frets and sweats and gets white with lather, is a poor horse for any kind of work. Put your hand on his warm neck. Speak gently to him. Quiet him down and make friends with him. If you could make him understand, you might tell him how much better that slow, moping, patient ox over the fence is than a horse that is restless and vixenish.

Be calm under all vexations and trials. Storms beat down the flowers, hurricanes on the sea wreck ships, cyclones on land uproot trees, carry houses skyward and leave behind them destruction and death. It is during calm sunshine that harvests grow. Anybody can get into a rage; it requires more effort and shows a higher type of manhood and womanhood to be patient. Learn to wait, and be calm while you do it. The train stops, you get in a hurry, you storm and bluster, but that does not make the engine go.

The man who can calmly wait is master of the situation. The writer of these lines when a boy thought he would like to have a peach-tree, one that he could call his own. He took a peach-stone one day and planted it on a sunny hillside. The next day he went and dug it up to see if it was growing.

This went on for a week, and he was vexed and disappointed to find there was no tree. The poor peach-stone, dug up every day, had no chance to grow. The world is full of impatient people everlastingly digging up their work to see if it is growing.

Macaulay says William, Prince of Orange, conceived the vast project of protecting Europe from Louis XIV. William had this great end ever before him. Toward that end he was impelled by a strong passion which appeared to him under the guise of a sacred duty. Toward that end he toiled with a patience resembling, as he once said, the patience with which he had once seen a boatman on a canal strain against an adverse eddy, often swept back, but never ceasing to pull, and content if, by the labor of hours, a few yards could be gained. Exploits which brought the prince no nearer to his object, however glorious they might be in the estimation of the vulgar, were in his judgment bovish vanities, and no part of the real business of life.

Toiling Years for Success.

Look at Morse, discoverer of the telegraph. The magnetic principle on which the invention depends had been known since 1774, but Professor Morse was the first to apply that principle for the benefit of men. He began his experiments in 1832, and five years afterward succeeded in obtaining a patent on his invention. Then followed another long delay; and it was not until the

last day of the session in 1843 that he procured from Congress an appropriation of \$30,000. With that appropriation was constructed, between Baltimore and Washington, the first telegraphic line in the world. Perhaps no other invention has exercised a more beneficent influence on the welfare of the human race.

Alexander, the Great, hazarded his person, by way of exercise for himself and example to others. But his friends, in the pride of wealth, were so devoted to luxury and ease that they considered long marches and campaigns as a burden, and by degrees came to murmur and speak ill of the king. At first he bore their censures with great moderation, and used to say there was something noble in hearing himself ill-spoken of while he was doing well.

And so you learn that patience always belongs to great characters. Only little people are habitually impatient. They make a clatter; so does an empty cart. They cannot bear to be crossed. They must have everything their own way, and generally it is a very poor way. When they die their friends have a rest.

A Modest Plant.

There is a little plant that grows In almost every soil, If he who sows the seed bestows A little care and toil,

Its stems no gorgeous blossoms show
To captivate the eye,—
Blossoms that greet the morning view,
And ere the sunset die,

Ah, no! though plain as flowers can be,
'Twas planted here below,
To keep the world in harmony,
And aid to bear life's woe.

Though needful as the constant food
That daily want supplies,
Like every other common good,
We fail the plant to prize:—

Till absence of it proves its worth, And discord holds its sway; And crosses incident to earth, Grow heavier every day.

We call it "Patience," kin to three That would redeem the fall, Blest Faith, and Hope, and Charity, We surely need them all!

MARY F. VAN DYCK.

In days of yore there lived in Chester, in the State of Pennsylvania, an old gentleman who kept a dry-goods store, and was remarkable for his imperturbable disposition, so much so that no one had ever seen him out of temper. This remarkable characteristic having become the subject of conversation, one of his neighbors, who was something of a wag, bet five dollars that he could succeed in ruffling the habitual placidity of the stoic.

A Cent's Worth of Cloth.

He accordingly proceeded to his store, and asked to see some cloths suitable for a coat. One piece was shown to him, and then another; a third and a fourth were handed from the shelves: this was too coarse, the other was too fine; one was of too dark a color, another too light; still the old Diogenes continued placid as new milk; and no sooner did his customer start an objection to any particular piece, than he was met by some other variety being laid before him, until the very last piece in the shop was unfolded to his view.

The vender now lost all hope of pleasing his fastidious purchaser, when the latter, affecting to look at the uppermost piece with satisfaction, exclaimed, "Ah, my dear sir, you have hit it at last; this is the very thing; I will take a cent's worth of the pattern," at the same time laying the money plump upon the counter before him, to show that he was prompt pay.



"You shall have it, my good friend," replied the merchant, with the utmost seriousness of speech and manners; and then, laying the cent upon the surface of the cloth, and applying his ample scissors, he cut it fairly round to the very size of the money, and, wrapping it carefully in paper, made a low bow, thanked him for his custom, and hoped that he would call at his store when he wanted anything in his line again.

The most beneficent operations of nature are the result of patience. The waters slowly deposit their rich alluvium; the fruits are months in their growth and perfecting.

A Saying of Buffon.

To be wise we must diligently apply ourselves, and confront the same continuous application which our forefathers did; for labor is still, and ever will be, the inevitable price set upon everything which is valuable. We must be satisfied to work energetically with a purpose, and wait the results with patience. Buffon has even said of patience, that it is genius—the power of great men, in his opinion, consisting mainly in their power of continuous working and waiting. All progress, of the best kind, is slow; but to him who works faithfully and in a right spirit, be sure that the reward will be vouchsafed in its own good time.

"Courage and industry," says Granville Sharpe, "must have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unimproved and unornamented, if men had merely compared the effect of a single stroke of the chisel with the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountains to be leveled." We must continuously apply ourselves to right pursuits, and we cannot fail to advance steadily, though it may be unconsciously.

Hugh Miller modestly says, in his auto-

biography: "The only merit to which I lay claim is that of patient research—a merit in which whoever wills may rival or surpass me; and this humble faculty of patience, when rightly developed, may lead to more extraordinary developments of idea than even genius itself."

Surely it is wise to learn the lesson of patience, as it will help us to see the bright side in everything that happens.

Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost. One of them was very impatient under the loss, and fretted about it. The other patiently went to work to plant a new crop. After awhile the impatient man came to visit his neighbor. To his surprise he found another crop of peas growing finely. He asked how this could be.

"This crop I sowed while you were fretting," said his neighbor.

"But don't you ever fret?" he asked.

"Yes, I do; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done."

"Why, then, you have no need to fret at all."

"True," said his friend; "and that's the reason why I put it off."

A Nervous Passenger.

In one of the crowded eastern-bound trains on a western railroad, the patience of the passengers was very sorely tried by the loud and protracted cries of an infant, which appeared to be solely in charge of a man. After bearing with the disturbance some time, a nervous passenger protested against it, and demanded that the baby should be properly cared for or removed from the car.

The protest drew from the gentleman who had it in charge the following explanation: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry that you have been so seriously incommoded by the cries of this child; but I beg of you

to be patient, and I shall explain. It is an orphan; its mother has recently died, and I am taking it East to be cared for by its friends. The little thing is frightened, as the cars, its food, and the care it receives are strange to it. I shall do all in my power to make it comfortable and prevent further annoyance."

The sympathies of the passengers were roused, and they not only showed a willingness to endure its cries, but raised a handsome sum, by contribution, for its support. Forbearance and patience are divine attributes, and it is our duty to cultivate them under all circumstances.

A good-humored acquiescence, and the disposition to make the best out of things that are unpleasant, is the true philosophy. The habitual grumbler and fault-finder will have ample opportunity to indulge his illnatured inclinations while traveling; but such a person is a very disagreeable companion.

Keep it in Stock.

There is a better way. Always have a good stock of patience on hand. Keep your store-room filled with it. There is nothing you will want oftener, and nothing that will render you better service. Mothers especially want it. Their children often forget that they are little angels. And mothers, too, forget sometimes and become very cross.

"Mother," said a little girl, "does God ever scold?" She had seen her mother, under circumstances of strong provocation, lose her temper and give way to the impulse of passion; and pondering thoughtfully for a moment she asked: "Mother, does God ever scold?"

The question was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock, and she said: "Why, my

child, what makes you ask such a question?"

"Because, mother, you have always told me that God was good, and that we should try and be like him; and I should like to know if he ever scolds."

"No, my child; of course not."

"Well, I'm glad he doesn't, for scolding always hurts me, even if I feel I have done wrong; and it doesn't seem to me that I could love God very much if he scolded."

Speaking Hastily.

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never before had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of the child sank deep in her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of the little one to hide the tears that gathered to her eyes. Children are quick observers; and the child, seeing the effect of her words, eagerly inquired:

"Why do you cry, mother? Was it naughty for me to say what I said?"

"No, my child, it was all right. I was only thinking that I might have spoken more kindly, and not have hurt your feelings by speaking so hastily, and in anger, as I did."

"Oh, mother, you are good and kind; only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk as you did just now. It makes me feel away from you, so far, as if I could not come near you, as I could when you speak kindly. And oh, sometimes I fear I shall be put off so far I can never get back again."

"No, my child, don't say that," said the mother, unable to keep back her tears, as she felt how her tones had repelled her little one from her heart; and the child, wondering what so affected her parent, but intuitively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, reached up, and throwing her arms about her mother's neck, whispered:

"Mother, dear mother, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"O yes! I love you more than I can tell," said the parent, clasping the little one to her bosom; "and I will try never to scold again, but if I have to reprove my child I will try to do it, not in anger, but kindly, deeply as I may be grieved that she has done wrong."

"O I am so glad. I can get so near to you if you don't scold. And do you know, mother, I want to love you so much, and I will try always to be good."

The lesson was one that deeply moved that mother's heart, and has been an aid to her for many a year. It impressed the great principle of reproving in kindness, not in anger, if we would gain the great end of reproof—the great end of winning the child, at the same time, to what is right, and to the parent's heart.

The Angel of Patience.

To cheer, to help us, children of the dust, More than one angel has Our Father given; But one alone is faithful to her trust, The best, the brightest exile out of heaven.

Her ways are not the ways of pleasantness; Her paths are not the lightsome paths of joy; She walks with wrongs that cannot find redress, And dwells in mansions Time and Death destroy.

She waits until her stern precursor, Care,
Has lodged on forcheads, open as the morn,
To plough his deep, besieging trenches there—
The signs of struggles which the heart has borne.

But when the first cloud darkens in our sky, And face to face with Life we stand alone, Silent and swift, behold! she draweth nigh, And mutely makes our sufferings her own.

Unto rebellious souls, that, mad with fate, To question God's eternal justice dare, She points above with looks that whisper, "Wait— What seems confusion here is wisdom there,"

Daughter of God! who walkest with us here,
Who mak'st our every tribulation thine,
Such light hast thou in Earth's dim atmosphere,
How must thy seat in heaven exalted shine!
BAYARD TAYLOR.

I'll Wait Awhile Longer.

I'll wait awhile longer
Before I despair;
Before I sink under
My burden of care.
Night cannot last always—
There must be a morn;
So I'll wait for the daylight,
And watch for the dawn.

I'll wait awhile longer;
To-morrow may be
The brightest and fairest
Of morrows to me.
The birds may be singing,
The blossoms may start
In bloom and in beauty:
Be patient, O heart!

I'll wait awhile longer Before I give up; I'll drink, if it may be, The dregs from the cup. Still watching, still hoping, Still longing for day, I'll wait awhile longer, And waiting, I'll pray.

See what patient industry can accomplish Here are a few examples.

A few years ago there was a young mechanic in a machine shop in New Haven, Connecticut. There came a business depression and the men were thrown out of work. This young man went to his employers, told them he could not afford to be idle, and asked permission to go to the shop and make lathes. He would patiently wait for the time to come when they could be sold and would ask only a reasonable commission on his work.

The employers were pleased at such a suggestion as this, and let the young mechanic have his way. So while his old shopmates were loitering around he every morning was seen going to the shop, his tin dinner pail in his hand, and some of them reviled him for working on trust.

When the good times came the lathes that

he had builded were sold, he received cash for his time and a percentage, so that he found himself possessed of about a thousand dollars, enough to pay the tradesmen what he owed and to leave a little surplus for the bank.

A capitalist had seen this mechanic going to work in those dismal times, and being interested made inquiry about him, and when the employers told this capitalist his story, he sought out the mechanic and offered to lend him a little money to go into the manufacturing business himself. Thus he became his own employer and the employer of a few hands, the number of which was increased from year to year until by and by he had as many as a thousand working for him.

Elected Mayor.

The qualities that had prevailed in his favor as a workingman and as an employer of labor brought to him the respect of the community, so that by and by he was named as the candidate of one of the parties for Mayor and was elected, although the opposing party usually prevailed in that city by as much as a majority of three thousand.

Then again his party named him as its candidate for Governor, and thus twenty-five years after he was a mechanic swinging his tin dinner pail upon the streets he became Governor of Connecticut. That was the way that patient industry served one who began as a humble workingman, the late Governor Hobart B. Bigelow.

Years ago, when the Erie Railroad was more conspicuous among the railroad systems of the country than it is now, a young man was employed at a way station in a really menial capacity. But he did his work well, so that he received some slight promotion.

Thus little by little he was promoted until he had some charge of the local freight traffic. He did not give grudgingly of his time, but even in his leisure studied how to improve that business for the benefit of the company. So that it happened by and by that the eyes of his employers were fixed with interest upon him and he received greater promotion.

In his new field he ran against Commodore Vanderbilt, or perhaps the old Commodore ran against him, and in that way he was brought into the service of the New York Central, receiving a considerable salary, and then again was promoted until at last he had charge of its entire freight traffic, and with a salary of \$15,000 a year.

But that was not all. When William H. Vanderbilt gave up the presidency of the New York Central system this man, who had once been a switchman at a way station, became his successor, and thus the career of the late James H. Rutter, president of the New York Central, reveals that there is truth in the statement of those who assert that opportunity is open to every man in this country according to his ability, his purpose and his patient industry.

Beginning Life in Poverty.

It is believed to be a safe estimate that a very large majority of the merchants in New York city and in other cities, who are not only successful but pre-eminently successful, began life practically without a dollar. Of course, there are some old houses, the traditions, possessions and business of which have descended from father to son. But these are the exceptions even in New York. The greater retail business houses were in nearly every case established by young men who had scarcely any capital excepting industry, health and ambition. It is said of the proprietors of the great houses in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago

and other towns, that nearly all of them began life without a dollar.

Stewart was a poor immigrant when he came to this country. Macy, who accumulated millions before his death, began his business life in New York upon a credit of a few thousand dollars, and in many cases of the establishment of partnerships with these successful merchants, these relations were made with those who had worked their way up by the hardest kind of toil from subordinate and often menial places.

Marshall Jewell, Governor of Connecticut, Postmaster General, Minister to Russia, capitalist and the employer of labor, began his life as an apprentice at the tanner's vats. As a journeyman tanner he worked day after day over hours, and steeping his arms in the chemicals employed for tanning purposes, he was unable to sleep at night unless his arms were bare, and that habit he retained until the day of his death.

These examples show what can be accomplished by patient continuance in well doing. Suppose these men had tried the short cut to fame and fortune; we would never have heard of them. They knew how to work and wait.

A Patient Mother.

"I remember," says John Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'How could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?' 'Why,' said she, 'if I had told him but nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor.'"

The world was created during epochs of time. Rome was not built in a day. You did not grow to man's stature over night.

There is seed-time and afterward harvest.

Do not think that everything can come at once. Possess your soul in patience. Do not expect impossibilities, but simply the

possible, for which proper efforts have been made. Patience is not in conflict with enthusiasm. The one is co-partner with the other. Neither will get far without the other. Together they are invincible.

Most of us have had troubles all our lives, and each day has brought more evil than we wished to endure. But if we were asked to recount the sorrows of our lives, how many could we remember? How many that are six months old should we think worthy to be remembered or mentioned? To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight.

Making Troubles of Trifles.

If you would keep a book, and every day put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper (or rather get it; for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it); and you justify yourselves for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool vou were in the matter.

The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, the progress, and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them, that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds, and vexa-

tions. Let us think only on whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and gentle, and of good report.

Working and Waiting.

A husbandman who many years
Had ploughed his field and sown in tears,
Grew weary with his doubts and fears:
"I toil in vain! these rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands,
The best seeds rot in barren lands.
My drooping vine is withering;
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds among the branches sing;
My flock is dying on the plain;
The heavens are brass—they yield no rain;
The earth is iron,—I toil in vain!"

While yet he spake, a breath had stirred His drooping vine, like wing of bird, And from its leaves a voice he heard: "The germs and fruits of life must be Forever hid in mystery, Yet none can toil in vain for Me. A mightier hand, more skilled than thine, Must hang the clusters on the vine, And make the fields with harvest shine. Man can but work; God can create: But they who work, and watch, and wait, Have their reward, though it come late. Look up to heaven! behold, and hear The clouds and thunderings in thy ear—An answer to thy doubts and fear."

He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car, With trailing smoke and flames afar, Was rushing from a distant star; And every thirsty flock and plain Was rising up to meet the rain, That came to clothe the fields with grain; And on the clouds he saw again, The covenant of God with men, Rewritten with his rainbow pen: "Seed-time and harvest shall not fail, And though the gates of hell assail, My truth and promise shall prevail!"

Understanding something of God's unconquerable patience, we shall have patience with men that nothing can overcome. Seeing how his rain and sunshine are freely given to the evil and unthankful, we learn to measure our giving not by men's deserts but by their needs. As it grows upon us that the whole vast system of nature and providence is regulated in every part by the one central force of love, we learn to make the same force central and sovereign in our lives.

Patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions, consummates martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the church, loyalty in the state, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured; she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman, and improves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young man, admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex and every age.

Recipe for Peace of Mind.

The great remedy which heaven has put in our hands is patience, by which, though we cannot lessen the torments of the body, we can in a great measure preserve the peace of the mind, and shall suffer only the natural and genuine force of an evil, without heightening its acrimony or prolonging its effects.

The chief security against the fruitless anguish of impatience must arise from frequent reflection on the wisdom and goodness of the God of nature, in whose hands are riches and poverty, honor and disgrace, pleasure and pain, and life and death. A settled conviction of the tendency of every-

thing to our good, and of the possibility of turning miseries into happiness, by receiving them rightly, will incline us to bless the name of the Lord whether he gives or takes away.

But what a lovely sight it is to behold a person burdened with many sorrows, and perhaps his flesh upon him has pain and anguish, while his soul mourns within him: yet his passions are calm, he possesses his spirit in patience, he takes kindly all the relief that his friends attempt to afford him, nor does he give them any grief or uneasiness but what they feel through the force of mere sympathy and compassion! Thus, even in the midst of calamities, he knits the hearts of his friends faster to himself, and lays greater obligations upon their love by so lovely and divine a conduct under the weight of his heavy sorrows.

Conquer Yourself.

Be patient with your friends. They are neither omniscient nor omnipotent. They cannot see your heart, and may misunderstand you. They do not know what is best for you, and may select what is worst. Their arms are short, and may not be able to reach what you ask. What if also they lack purity of purpose or tenacity of affection; do not you also lack these graces? Patience is your refuge. Endure, and in enduring conquer them, and if not them, then at least yourself. Above all, be patient with your beloved. Love is the best thing on the earth, but it is to be handled tenderly, and impatience is a nurse that kills it.

It has been contended by high authority, "that few men die of age, and that almost all are victims of disappointment, passional, or mental, or bodily toil, or of accident." 'This may not be true to the full extent, but it is measurably so. A large portion of mankind wear themselves out by unneces-

sary excitement. They fret, fume and vex, and absolutely shorten their days. They strain the human machine, until its cords snap and break. They overtask the intellectual faculties, until at last they falter and fail. And thus it is that moral suicide is committed.

Feverish Impatience.

The study of life, and the best means of prolonging it, are not sufficiently attended to. A large portion of the human family are too impulsive. They are nervous, restless, feverish, and excited. They cannot wait for the ordinary progress of events. They rush on recklessly and impatiently, become anxious and eager, and thus they lose, not only the balance of mind, but the absolute control of the physical man.

This is especially the case in this country, and hence, as compared with some portions of the old world, our average duration of life is quite limited. Thousands, we repeat, perish every year, through feverish anxiety and unnecessary excitement. They are not disposed to be calm, patient, and resolute, and to pursue an even and correct course; but they seek to accomplish a certain end by a sudden movement. They are not satisfied with ascending the ladder of fame or fortune, step by step, but bound upward, three or four rounds at a time, and thus they often lose their grasp or foothold, and are dashed to the earth. We overtask our strength, assume fearful responsibilities, and nurse consuming anxieties. Many fancy that they must be here, there and everywhere, that no work can get on without them, that their counsel, their efforts, and their direct interference, are absolutely essential.

And thus they toil on from day to day, and from year to year, until at last the delusion and the error are dispelled, by realizing the startling fact, that they too are fallible, and that the physical or mental man has given way, before unnecessarily assumed responsibilities and anxieties. Then comes the hour of self-reproach, of regret and penitence. But, alas! who shall bring back the rosy hue of health to the cheek of the consumptive, impart fresh strength to the tottering step of premature age, or re-illumine the flickering and fading light of intellect?

Be patient with your pains and cares. We know it is easy to say and hard to do. But you must be patient. These things are beyond remedy.

killed by enduring them, and made strong to bite and sting by feeding them with frets and fears. There is no pain or care that can last long. None of them shall enter the city of God. A little while and you shall leave behind you the whole troop of howling troubles, and forget in your first sweet hour of rest that such things were on earth.

Never lose your confidence that matters will come right in the end. The world is governed better than any of us could govern it. If we wait and labor, we cannot suffer beyond remedy.

THE TWO WEAVERS.

As at their work two weavers sat, Beguiling time with a friendly chat, They touched upon the price of meat, So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my brats and sickly wife," Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life; So hard my work, so poor my fare, 'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state! His house so fine, his wealth so great! Heaven is unjust, you must agree; Why all to him? Why none to me?

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches, In spite of all the parson preaches, This world (indeed I've thought so long) Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused and hard and strange;
The good are troubled and oppressed,
And all the wicked are the blessed."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause Why thus we blame our Maker's laws; Parts of His ways alone we know; 'Tis all that man can see below.

"See'st thou that carpet, not half done, Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun? Behold the wild confusion there, So rude the mass it makes one stare!

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade, Would say, no meaning's there conveyed; For where's the middle? where's the border? Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits, But still in every part it fits; Besides, you reason like a lout— Why man, that carpet's inside out,"

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean, And now I hope to cure thy spleen; This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt, Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends, We know not what the whole intends; So, when on earth, things look but odd, They're working still some scheme of God.

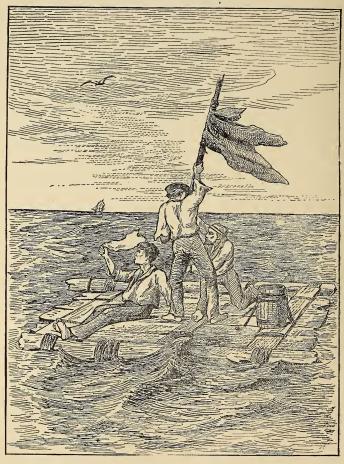
"No plan, no pattern, can we trace; All wants proportion, truth, and grace; The motley mixture we deride, Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach that world of light, And view those works of God aright, Then shall we see the whole design, And own the Workman is Divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there All order and design appear; Then shall we praise what here we spurned, For then the carpet shall be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick; "no more I'll grumble That this sad world's so strange a jumble My impious doubts are put to flight, For my own carpet sets me right."

HANNAH MORE.



THE LAST HOPE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOPE.



EN sentenced to imprisonment for life seldom give up the hope of some day procuring their liberty. This is observed by the wardens of all our prisons. By a reprieve through the intercessions of friends, or

by a lucky escape, such prisoners flatter themselves that they will leave the prison bars behind them. And this hope sustains them, makes them comparatively cheerful, enables them to do their work without complaint, and submit peacefully to discipline. Without hope they would soon grow sullen, give way to despair, become desperate and would attempt self-destruction.

How true it is that "hope springs eternal in the human breast." It is the friend of the weary, the disconsolate, the sorrowing. "Hope on, hope ever," is the charmer that brings rest to the feverish pillow, comfort to the stricken heart, strength to the fainting toiler, and turns shadows into sunshine.

Hope is an angel. Her eyes are bright as morning. Her lips smile and her face glows. Her step has the spring of youth. She bounds like the swift gazelle. There is sweeter music in her voice than that of any Patti who charms thousands with bird-like melodies. She is never weary and shadows never darken her brow. She has the freshness of early dew about her; her movements are nimble and she plays as young lambs skip in the green pastures.

When we are downcast she comes with

good cheer. Like charity, she never faileth. No sickness can alarm her. No night can make her timid. Tears only draw her nearer. Misfortune has no terrors for her. She is the friend of the rich and poor. She dawns on every eye, crosses every path, holds out her hand to every sufferer, paints victory on every cloud. Her triumphs are grander than those of generals. She does not halt; mountains are plains to her. She nerves the shrinking heart and fires the languid spirit.

Hope paints her palace on the hilltop and from its beaming turrets gleams a light that kindles every eye. We press toward the open gates. Through winding passages and thick shadows we still see the glory a little beyond. We droop in sorrow, but, lifting our eyes, the tears dry. The winter flees away; the summer comes and the singing of birds.

When You May Hope.

But there must be some foundation for hope, and there must be action too. You must be wide-awake, up and doing, your foot forward, your eye keen, your valor aroused, your nerves taut, your "face set like a flint," your powers called into action. Then you have good reason to hope.

There are people who hope, but they are doing this kind of business on an amount of capital that would not start a boot-black or set up a peanut stand. It is all sand under them, nothing solid. They can hope on nothing. Idle, lazy, dull, shiftless, they are

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hoping "something will turn up," but it never does and never will, until they go and turn it up for themselves. And so they drag on year after year, and the end of every year finds them no farther along than the last one did. They do nothing but hope, and that is the poorest-paying business any mortal ever got into. Sell it out, give it away, get rid of it somehow. There is nothing in it but disappointment.

How many men have tried to invent a perpetual motion, and all the time have been hoping to succeed. One man in Georgia spent thirty years at this kind of nonsense; the only perpetual motion he discovered was a hope never realized. If such visionaries only knew that a perpetual motion is contrary to the laws of nature, they would suddenly part with a false expectation, and perhaps be of some use in the world. They will succeed when the laws of God forget themselves and cease to operate. And there are multitudes of hopes that are founded on a lack of knowledge, and are therefore delusive.

Tired of the Old Farm.

For this reason hope does not have a fair chance. It is not realized simply because immutable laws are against it. If we were wiser, we would hope better. Here is a young man who hopes to get rich. He is tired of work on the old farm. It is the same old humdrum. He is soft-skinned; his hands have a way of blistering every time he does any work. It is dull business, this holding a plow and sawing wood. He has read of men who speculated, started with nothing, got rich, bought railroads, owned vachts, kept fast horses, lived in style, wore a new neck-tie every day. Their patent leathers are very different from his old cowhide boots, and he is not going to stand it. He will be as rich as they some day; he has no doubt about it. Yet, what has he to build this hope upon? He has no capital, no experience, no knowledge of business, no tact, perhaps very little natural ability.

This is not saying that there should be no ambition or determination to rise in the world. It is saying that a young man should be hard-headed, should have common sense, undertake only what he can carry out, and base his expectations on facts. I knew a man who thought he had constructed a flying-machine. He was going to fly. He climbed to the top of the barn and tried it. It is worthy of remark that after he recovered from a cracked skull and a few broken bones he did not try it again.

Fulton and his Steamboat.

And so history is, to a large extent, the record of disappointments. In 1803 the first steamboat of Livingston and Fulton was built in France upon the Seine. When she was almost ready for the experimental trip a misfortune befell her which would have dampened the ardor of a man less determined than Fulton. Rising one morning, after a sleepless night, a messenger from the boat, with horror and despair written upon his countenance, burst into his presence, exclaiming: "O, sir! the boat has broken in pieces and gone to the bottom!"

For a moment Fulton was utterly overwhelmed. Never in his whole life, he used to say, was he so near despairing as then. Hastening to the river, he found, indeed, that the weight of the machinery had broken the framework of the vessel, and she lay on the bottom of the river, in plain sight, a mass of timber and iron. Instantly, with his own hands, he began the work of raising her, and kept at it, without food or rest, for twentyfour hours—an exertion which permanently injured his health. His death in the prime of life was, in all probability, remotely caused by the excitement, exposure, and toil of that terrible day and night.

Washington Irving in his "Life of Columbus" relates that on one occasion the great navigator was sorely disappointed. While Columbus, his pilot, and several of his experienced mariners were studying the map, and endeavoring to make out from it their actual position, they heard a shout from the Pinta, and looking up, beheld Martin Alonzo Pinzon mounted on the stern of his vessel crying, "Land! land! Señor, I claim my reward!" He pointed at the same time to the southwest, where there was indeed an appearance of land at about twenty-five leagues' distance.

Nothing but a Cloud.

Upon this Columbus threw himself on his knees and returned thanks to God; and Martin Alonzo repeated the *Gloria in excelsis*, in which he was joined by his own crew and that of the admiral. The seamen now mounted to the masthead or climbed about the rigging, straining their eyes in the direction pointed out. The morning light, however, put an end to all their hopes, as to a dream. The fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud, and had vanished in the night.

It is not certain, however, that the disappointments of to-day will not give place to realized hope to-morrow. Columbus was not discouraged; in fact nothing could turn him back, and hope had its final reward.

When Cicero stood for the prætorship he had many competitors who were persons of distinction, and yet he was returned first. As a president in the courts of justice he acted with great integrity and honor. Licinius Macer, who had great interest of his

own, and was supported, beside, with that of Crassus, was accused before him of some default with respect to money. He had so much confidence in his own influence and the activity of his friends, that when the judges were going to decide the cause, it is said he went home, cut his hair, and put on a white habit, as if he had gained the victory, and was about to return so equipped to the forum. But Crassus met him in his court-yard, and told him that all the judges had given a verdict against him; which affected him in such a manner that he turned in again, took to his bed, and died.

King Richard's Crusade.

Richard I, king of England, was called the Lion Hearted on account of his prowess and bold enterprises. He was the leader of the third Crusade which had for its object the recovery of the Holy Land from the Mohammedans. The English monarch went on from victory to victory. The most remarkable of his battles was that near to Ascalon, where he engaged and defeated Saladin, king of Jerusalem, the most renowned of the Saracen monarchs, and left 40,000 of the enemy dead on the field. Ascalon surrendered, as did several other cities, to the victorious Richard, who now prepared for the siege of Jerusalem, the capture of which was the object of this great enterprise; but at the most important crisis, which if fortunate-as everything seemed to promise-would have terminated the expedition in the most glorious manner, the king of England, on a review of his army, found them so wasted with famine, with fatigue, and even with victory, that with the utmost mortification of heart he was obliged to entirely abandon the enter-The war was finished by a truce with Saladin.



That is good advice which some one gives: no man ought ever to settle an important question when he is discouraged or depressed; he ought to recognize such a condition as something abnormal and unhealthful—a condition which makes wise judgment and right action impossible. If we learn to treat our times of depression and discouragement as symptoms of disease, and avoid deciding or acting when they are upon us—to look at them as something apart from our best and truest selves—we shall avoid the mistakes into which they will lead us, and we shall do much to overcome them.

But it must be confessed that many times in life there are many things which make the torch of hope burn dimly and seem sometimes to almost put it out. There are flares and draughts and doubtful places which every one must pass through.

Ashes of Disappointment.

There are burdens heavy to be borne; and longings steadily unmet; and ghosts of fears which threaten to change from ghosts to verities; and perplexities to distract; and all the time the tense, hard struggle with the evil in one's self; and prayers which seem unanswered; and the reaction from heavy strains of work; and sometimes the bitter humdrum of the daily duty; and the frequent consciousness of failure; and heaps of ashes of disappointment: and the wakeful hours in the middle of the night, when troubles take on exaggerated shape and gesture; and often unintentional deeds and words of friends, which to you seem to have the sharpest edges, cut to the quick; and the problems of experience; and the mystery of life around; and the denser mystery of death ahead, into which every one of us must pass, a lonely pilgrim;—there are these things, and other things like them almost innumerable.

And amidst them all, our hopes, like the lamp of the foolish virgins in the parable, seem often smouldering out, if, indeed, they have not gone out entirely. But still we must have hope. The hopeless soul is the defeated soul. Some unfailing oil for the lamp of hope—that is the direst necessity sometimes, at least, for every one of us.

Characteristics of Hope.

What is hope? The beauteous sun, Which colors all it shines upon! The beacon of life's dreary sea; The star of immortality! Fountain of feeling, young and warm, A day-beam bursting through the storm ! A tone of melody, whose birth Is, oh! too sweet, too pure, for earth! A blossom of that radiant tree Whose fruit the angels only see ! A beauty, and a charm, whose power Is seen, enjoyed, confessed, each hour! A portion of that world to come When earth and ocean meet-the last o'erwhelming doom. CHARLES SWAIN.

Influence of Hope.

Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour;
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There as the wild bee murmurs on the wing
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring;
What viewless forms the Æolian organs play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought
away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Says Charles Dickens: "There is nothing—no, nothing—beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There

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is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those who loved it here. Dead! Oh, if good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves.

Longfellow says: "The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection itself—a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night; the soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy."

Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April air upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he himself is as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining. Such an one moves on human life as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners; as the sun wheels, bringing all the seasons with him from the south.

Immortal Hope.

Hope humbly, then, with trembling pinions soar, Wait the great teacher, death; and God adore. What's future bliss, He gives not thee to know, But gives that hope to be thy blessing now. Hope springs eternal in the human breast; Man never is, but always to be blest: The soul uneasy and confined from home, Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Faith and Hope.

Fountain of song, its prayer begins and ends, Hope is the wing by which the soul ascends; Some may allege I wander from the path, And give to hope the proper rights of faith; Like love and friendship, these, a comely pair, What's done by one, the other has a share: When heat is felt, we judge that fire is near, Hope's twilight comes—faith's day will soon appear.

Thus when the Christian's contest doth begin, Hope fights with doubts, till faith's reserves come in: Hope comes desiring and expects relief; Faith follows, and peace springs from firm belief. Hope balances occurrences of time; Faith will not stop till it has reached the prime. Just like co-partners in joint stock of trade, What one contracts is by the other paid.

Make use of hope thy laboring soul to cheer, Faith shall be giv'n if thou wilt persevere. We see all things alike with either eye, So faith and hope the self-same object spy. But what is hope? or where or how begun? It comes from God, as light comes from the sun.

THOMAS HOGG.

The old philosopher Diogenes says hope is the last thing that dies in man. The poet Hesiod tells us that the miseries of all mankind were included in a great box, and that Pandora took off the lid of it, by which means all of them came abroad, and hope only remained. Hope is the truest friend and remains with us until the last. Hope frequents the poor man's hut as well as the palace of the rich.

Gifts Made by Alexander.

Before Alexander set out on his expedition against the Persians he settled the affairs of Macedon, over which he appointed Antipater as viceroy, with 12,000 foot, and nearly the same number of horse. He also inquired into the domestic affairs of his friends, giving to one an estate in land, to another a village, to a third the revenues of a town, to a fourth the toll of a harbor. And as all his revenues were already employed and exhausted by his donations, Perdiccas said to him, "My lord, what is it you reserve for yourself?" Alexander replying, "Hope," "The same hope," says Perdiccas, "ought therefore to satisfy

us," and very generously refused to accept of what the king had assigned to him.

Chiefest of blessings is hope, the most common of possessions; for, as Thales, the philosopher said, "Even those who have nothing else have hope." Hope is the great helper of the poor. It has even been styled "the poor man's bread." It is also the sustainer and inspirer of great deeds.

The pleasures of memory, however great, are stale compared with those of hope; for hope is the parent of all effort and endeavor; and every gift of noble origin is breathed upon by hope's perpetual breath. It may be said to be the moral engine that moves the world and keeps it in action; and at the end of all there stands before us what Robertson styled "the great hope." "If it were not for hope," said Byron, "where would the future be?—in hell! It is useless to say where the present is, for most of us know; and as for the past, what predominates in memory?—Hope baffled. Therefore, in all human affairs, it is hope, hope, hope!"

Hope's Promise.

Sometimes when I am sore cast down, And labor seems in vain, in vain, Hope sings to me this silver strain, "He who endures shall wear a crown!"

Sometimes, when I would flee the frown Of adverse fate that frights my soul, Hope whispers, pointing to the goal, "He who endures shall wear a crown!"

Sometimes when I am weary grown, And baffled by the foes I meet, Hope spurs me with this promise sweet, "He who endures shall wear a crown!" SUSIE M. BEST.

Every man is sufficiently discontented with some circumstances of his present state, to suffer his imagination to range more or less in quest of future happiness, and to fix upon some point of time, in which, by the removal of the inconvenience which now perplexes him, or acquisition of the advantages which he at present wants, he shall find the condition of his life very much improved.

When this time, which is too often expected with great impatience, at last arrives, it generally comes without the blessing for which it was desired; but we solace ourselves with some new prospect, and press forward again with equal eagerness.

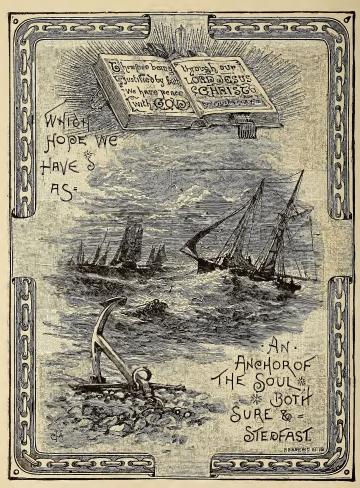
It is lucky for a man, in whom this temper prevails, when he turns his hopes upon things wholly out of his own power; since he forbears then to precipitate his affairs, for the sake of the great event that is to complete his felicity, and waits for the blissful hour with less neglect of the measures necessary to be taken in the meantime.

A Light in all Dark Places.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, or captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.

Disappointment seldom cures us of expectation, or has any other effect than that of producing a moral sentence or peevish exclamation.



THE SURE AND STEADFAST ANCHOR.

We "rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things." No one soul is so obscure that God does not take thought for its schooling. The sun is the central light of the universe, but it has a mission to the ripening corn and the purpling clusters of the vine. The sunshine that comes filtering through the morning mists, with healing in its wings, and charms all the birds to singing, should have also a message from God to sad hearts. No soul is so grief-laden that it may not be lifted to sources of heavenly comfort by recognizing the divine love in the perpetual recurrence of earthly blessings:

"The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring;
And even upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the star-light lurks;
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Hath left his hope with all."

The man who carries a lantern in a dark night can have friends all around him, walking safely by the help of its rays, and be not defrauded. So he who has the God-given light of hope in his breast can help on many others in this world's darkness, not to his own loss, but to their precious gain.

Steadfast Hope.

Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all That men have deemed substantial since the fall, Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe From emptiness itself a real use; And while she takes, as at a father's hand, What health and sober appetite demand, From fading good derives, with chemic art, The lasting happiness, a thankful heart.

Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth, Pants for the place of her ethereal birth, On steady wings sails through the immense abyss, Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss, And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here, With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear. Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
Hope I nothing else can nourish and secure
His new-born virtues, and preserve him pure.
Hope! Iet the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonics destroy,
Speak—for he can, and none so well as he—
What treasures centre, what delights in thee.
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land
That boasts the treasure, all at his command;
The fragrant grove, the inestimable mine,
Were light, when viewed against one smile of thine.

WILLIAM COWPER,

Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient that man would be a very miserable being were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those good things that may possibly come into his possession. "We should hope for everything that is good," says the old poet Linus, "because there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the gods are able to give us." Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good humor. It is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easy, and labor pleasant.

Hope of a Better Life.

My next observation is this, that a religious life is that which most abounds in a well-grounded hope, and such an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This hope in a religious man is much more sure and certain than the hope of any temporal blessing, as it is strengthened not only by reason, but by faith. It has at the same time its eye perpetually fixed on that state, which implies in the very notion of it the most full and the most complete happiness.

Religious hope has likewise this advantage above any other kind of hope, that it is able 306 HOPE.

to revive the dying man, and to fill his mind not only with secret comfort and refreshment, but sometimes with rapture and transport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilst the soul springs forward with delight to the great object which she has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being reunited to her in a glorious and joyful resurrection.

It is a precept several times inculcated by Horace, that we should not entertain a hope of anything in life which lies at a great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here makes such a kind of hope unreasonable and absurd. The grave lies unseen between us and the object which we reach after. Where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

Fruition of Hope.

O send me down a draught of love, Or take me hence to drink above! Here, Marah's water fills my cup; But there, all griefs are swallowed up.

Love here is scarce a faint desire; But there, the spark's a flaming fire; Joys here are drops, that passing flee; But there, an overflowing sea.

My faith, that sees so darkly here, Will there resign to vision clear; My hope, that's here a weary groan, Will to fruition yield the throne.

RALPH ERSKINE.

One of the most fatal things in the life of faith is discouragement. One of the most helpful is cheerfulness. A very wise man once said that in overcoming temptations cheerfulness was the first thing, cheerfulness the second, and cheerfulness the third. We must expect to conquer. That is why the Lord said so often to Joshua, "Be strong and of a good courage;" "Be not afraid,

neither be thou dismayed;" "Only be thou strong and very courageous."

And it is also the reason he says to us, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." The power of temptation is in the fainting of our own hearts. Satan knows this well, and he always begins his assaults by discouraging us, if he can in any way accomplish it.

A Striking Allegory.

I remember once hearing an allegory that illustrated this to me wonderfully. Satan called together a council of his servants to consult how they might make a good man sin. One evil spirit started up and said, "I will make him sin." "How will you do it?" asked Satan. "I will set before him the pleasures of sin," was the reply; "I will tell him of its delights and the rich rewards it brings."

"Ah!" said Satan, "that will not do; he has tried it, and knows better than that." Then another spirit started up and said, "I will make him sin." "What will you do?" asked Satan. "I will tell him of the pains and sorrows of virtue. I will show him that virtue has no delights and brings no rewards. "Ah, no!" exclaimed Satan, "that will not do at all; for he has tried it, and knows that 'wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.'"

"Well," said another imp, starting up, "I will undertake to make him sin." "And what will you do?" asked Satan, again. "I will discourage his soul," was the short reply. "Ah, that will do!" cried Satan, "that will do! We shall conquer him now." And they did.

An old writer says, "All discouragement is from the devil," and I wish every Christian would take this as a pocket-piece, and never forget it. We must fly from discouragement

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as we would from sin, and keep our eyes bright with undying hope.

If we give way to despondency, if we yield our energy and strength before the first whirlwind of misfortune, we shall soon discover that we have made a sad calculation. Life is made up of sunshine and shadow. None can expect exemption from trial and vicissitude, and when these misfortunes come, they should be encountered with a brave spirit, and a determination to deserve better for the future.

We can conceive of no more noble-hearted being, than the individual who goes about encouraging and consoling, who has a good word on all occasions, and who endeavors not only to render his own pathway as bright and as cheerful as possible, but to inspire confidence, hope, and courage in the minds and hearts of others.

However dark the day may be, he sees sunshine in the morrow. Whatever misfortunes may surround the present, he encourages the sufferer to wrestle in a manly spirit, satisfied that a better and brighter season is at hand. He sympathizes with the afflicted, and at the same time whispers words of hope. The calamity is serious, he admits, "but it might have been worse."

And then, he argues, "adversity has its uses." He shows how poor a dependence man may have upon himself, and how necessary is the reliance upon Providence. He ever encourages the doctrine of "time, faith, and energy." He cites similar cases, and shows that the gloom is likely to prove but temporary, and that change and prosperity will soon come. How much better this than the spirit of the croaker!

A living hope, living in death itself: the world dares say no more for its device than *Dum spiro spero*—"While I breathe, I hope;" but the children of God can add by virtue of this living hope, *Dum spiro spero*—"While I expire, I hope."

Like a valiant captain in a losing battle, hope is ever encouraging man, and never leaves him till they both expire together. It is almost as the air by which the mind doth live.

ONE PRECIOUS HOPE.

And our beloved have departed, While we tarry, broken-hearted, In the dreary, empty house; They have ended life's brief story, They have reached their home of glory, Over death victorious.

Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly,
On we travel, daily, nightly,
To the rest that they have found.
Are we not upon the river,
Sailing fast, to meet forever
On more holy, happy ground:

Every hour that passes o'er us Speaks of comfort yet before us— Of our journey's rapid rate; And like passing vesper bells, The clock of time its chiming tells, At eternity's broad gate.

Ah! the way is shining clearer,
As we journey ever nearer
To the everlasting home.
Friends who there await the landing,
Comrades round the throne now standing,
We salute you, and we come.



A VISIT OF SYMPATHY.

CHAPTER XIX.

SYMPATHY.



OLD people are of little use to others. The world is not in want of icebergs. We were not born to freeze up ourselves or to freeze those around us. When a ship in

the Atlantic comes near an iceberg the chill in the air tells of it. You can feel a cold shiver. And there are people who are just as cold; you get chilled every time you come near them.

The best hearts are not made of stone. There is something warm about them. They melt and run. Love is the world's summer and without it nothing would grow. He is a weak, narrow, selfish, cold-blooded man who can see a tear and care nothing for it. You should be sensitive to the wants and sorrows around you. Feeling is your grandest accomplishment. It is the crown and glory of character. True religion is to pity the widow and the fatherless, and without this, religion is a sham. If you can't give away a loaf of bread, well-baked and not stale, your prayers are dough. Good giving and good praying are in partnership.

Sympathy is one of the great secrets of a happy and successful life. It overcomes evil and strengthens good. It disarms resistance, melts the hardest heart, and develops the better part of human nature. It is one of the great truths on which Christianity is based. "Love one another" contains a gospel sufficient to renovate the world.

It is related of the Apostle John that when very old—so old that he could not walk

and could scarcely speak—he was carried in the arms of his friends into an assembly of Christian people. He lifted himself up and said, "Little children, love one another." And again he said, "Love one another." When asked, "Have you nothing else to tell us?" he replied, "I say this again and again, because, if you do this, nothing more is needed."

We Are All One.

Man is dear to man: the poorest poor Long for some moments in a weary life, When they can know and feel that they have been Themselves the fathers and the dealers-out Of some small blessings: have been kind to such As needed kindness, for the single cause, That we have all of us one human heart.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Sympathy is founded on love. It is but another word for disinterestedness and affection. We assume another's state of mind; we go out of ourselves and inhabit another's personality. We sympathize with him; we help him; we relieve him. There can be no love without sympathy; there can be no friendship without sympathy. Like mercy, sympathy and benevolence are twice blessed, blessing both giver and receiver. While they bring forth an abundant fruit of happiness in the heart of the giver, they grow up into kindness and benevolence in the heart of the receiver.

"We often do more good," says Canon Farrar, "by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition. A man may lose position, influence, wealth, and even health, and yet live on in comfort, if with resignation; but there is one thing without which life becomes a burden—that is human sympathy."

It is true that kind actions are not always received with gratitude, but this ought never to turn aside the sympathetic helper. This is one of the difficulties to be overcome in our conflict with life. Even the most degraded is worthy of the mutual help which all men owe to each other. It should be remembered, as Bentham no less truly than profoundly remarked, that the happiness of the cruel man is as much an integral part of the whole human happiness as is that of the best and noblest of men. Then, again, a man cannot do good or evil to others without doing good or evil to himself.

Probably there is no influence so powerful as sympathy in awakening the affections of the human heart. There are few, even of the most rugged natures, whom it does not influence. It constrains much more than force can do. A kind word, or a kind look, will act upon those upon whom coercion has been tried in vain. While sympathy invites to love and obedience, harshness provokes aversion and resistance. The poet is right who says that "power itself hath not one half the might of gentleness."

We've All Our Angel Side.

The huge, rough stones from out the mine,
Unsightly and unfair,
Have veins of purest metal hid
Beneath the surface there.
Few rocks so bare but to their hights
Some tiny moss-plant clings;
And on the peaks so desolate,
The sea-bird sits and sings.
Believe me, too, that rugged souls,
Beneath their rudeness, hide

Much that is beautiful and good— We've all our angel side.

In all there is an inner depth,
A far-off, secret way,
Where, through the windows of the soul,
God sends His smilling ray.
In every human heart there is
A faithful, sounding chord
That may be struck, unknown to us,
By some sweet, loving word.
The wayward will in man may try
Its softer thoughts to hide—
Some unexpected tone reveals
It has an angel side.

Despised, and lone, and trodden down, Dark with the shades of sin, Deciphering not those halo-lights Which God has lit within; Groping about in endless night, Poor, poisoned souls they are, Who guess not what life's meaning is Nor dream of heaven afar. O that some gentle hand of love Their stumbling steps would guide, And show them that, amidst it all, Life has its angel side!

Brutal, and mean, and dark enough,
God knows some natures are;
But He, compassionate, comes near,
And shall we stand afar?
Our cruse of oil will not grow less
If shared with hearty hand;
For words of peace and looks of love
Few natures can withstand.
Love is the mighty conqueror,
Love is the beauteous guide,
Love, with her beaming eyes, can see
We've all our angel side.

Sympathy, when allowed to take a wider range, assumes the larger form of public philanthropy. It influences man in the endeavor to elevate his fellow-creatures from a state of poverty and distress, to improve the condition of the masses of the people, to diffuse the results of civilization far and wide among mankind, and to unite in the bonds of peace and brotherhood the parted families of the human race. And it is every man's

duty, whose lot has been favored in comparison with others, who enjoys advantages of wealth, or knowledge, or social influence, of which others are deprived, to devote at least a certain portion of his time and money to the promotion of the general well-being.

It is not great money power, or great intellectual power, that is necessary. The power of money is overestimated. Paul and his disciples spread Christianity over half the Roman world, with little more money than is gained from a fashionable bazaar. The great social doctrines of Christianity are based on the idea of brotherhood. "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

Be a Helper.

Each is to assist the other; the strong the weak, the rich the poor, the learned the ignorant; and, to reverse the order, those who have least are no less to assist those who have most. All depends on higher degrees of power, for disciples do not make their teachers, nor the ignorant and helpless those who are to instruct and assist them.

Man can make of life what he will. He can give as much value to it, for himself and others, as he has power given him. When circumstances are not against him, he has entire control over his moral and spiritual nature. He can do much for himself, and all that God gives must pass through man and his own exertions, as if it were his own peculiar work.

Though we may look to our understanding for amusement, it is to the affections only that we must trust for happiness. This implies a spirit of self-sacrifice, and our virtues, like our children, are endeared to us for what we suffer for them. "The secret of my mother's influence," says a well-known lady, "was accurately expressed by one who

wrote her, 'I have never known any one so tenderly and truly and universally beloved as you are, and I believe it arises from your capacity of loving.'"

The men most to be pitied are those who have no command over themselves, who have no feeling of duty to others, who wander through life seeking their own pleasure, or who, even while performing good deeds, do so from mean motives, from regard to mental satisfaction, or from fear of the reproaches of conscience. Some of those who are vain of their fine feelings love themselves dearly, but have little regard for the individuals about them. They are very polite to extraneous society; but follow them home and see how they conduct themselves toward their family. "An angel abroad and a devil at home," is an old saying.

Misplaced Sympathy.

False sympathy is very common. Sharpe says that one of the most serious objections to pathetic works of fiction is, that they tend to create a habit of feeling pity or indignation, without actually relieving distress or resisting oppression. Thus Sterne could sympathize with a dead donkey, and leave his wife to starve.

The man who throws himself into the existence of another, and exerts his utmost efforts to help him in all ways—socially, morally, religiously—exerts a divine influence. He is enveloped in the strongest safeguard. He bids defiance to selfishness. He comes out of his trial humble yet noble. The alleviation of pain and misery was a discovery of Christianity, a discovery like that of a new scientific principle. The best and the noblest men are the most sympathetic. Wilberforce was distinguished by his power of sympathy. A friend was asked, "What is the secret of Wilberforce's success?"

"In his power of sympathy," was the ready answer. He was large-hearted, generous, and liberal. He went straight to the front, and threw himself heart and soul into every project which had good for its object. He took the lead in every experiment which seemed to him worth trying. And success was the result.

Sympathy is the capacity of feeling for the sufferings, the difficulties, and the discouragements of others. It was said of Norman Macleod that sympathy was the first and the last thing in his character. He found in humanity so much to interest him. The most commonplace man or woman yielded up some contribution of humanity. "When he came to see me," said a blacksmith, "he spoke as if he had been a smith himself, but he never went away without leaving Christ in my heart."

There is Need of Men.

When about to enter on his work in Glasgow, Norman Macleod said: "We want living men! not their books or their money only, but themselves. The poor and needy, the naked and outcast, the prodigal and broken-hearted, can see and feel, as they never did anything else in this world, the love which calmly shines in that eye, telling of inward light and peace possessed, and of a place of rest found and enjoyed by the weary heart. They can understand and appreciate the utter unselfishness-to them a thing hitherto hardly dreamed of-which prompted a visit from a home of comfort and refinement to an unknown abode of squalor or disease, and which expresses itself in those kind words and tender greetings that accompany their ministrations."

There is a tremenduous lack of sympathy. This is the main evil of our time. There is a widening chasm which divides the various classes of society. The rich shrink back from the poor, the poor shrink back from the rich. The one class withholds its sympathy and guidance, the other withholds its respect.

Instead of the old principle that the world must be ruled by kind and earnest guardianship, in which the irregularities of fortune are in part made up by the spontaneous charity and affection of those who were better born, the rule now is, that self-interest, without regard to others, is the polar star of our earthly sphere, and that everything that stands in the way is to be trodden down beneath our unfeeling hoofs.

What Might be Done.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Sympathy seems to be dying out between employers and employed. In the great manufacturing towns the masters and workmen live apart from each other. They do not know each other. They have no sympathy with each other. If the men want higher wages, there is a strike; if the masters want lower wages, there is a lock-out. There is combination on both sides. Then a conference is proposed, sometimes with good results, sometimes with bad. Agitation goes



FLOWERS FOR THE SICK.

on, and hard things are said. Sometimes trains are stopped and railroad property is burned, the militia are called out, and there is a pause; but what an injury has been done to head and heart on both sides!

And what shall we say of domestic service? The want of sympathy has died out, at least in large cities. There is a constant change going on—one set of servants succeeds another. And yet the lives of families cannot be carried on upon the principles of mere barter—so much money, so much service. Servants, when they enter our homes, should be regarded, in one sense, as members of the family.

It is now far otherwise; the servant, though her help is essential to our daily comfort, is regarded as but a hired person, doing her appointed work for so many greenbacks. She lives in the kitchen and sleeps in the attic. With the region between she has no concern, excepting as regards the work to be done there. No sympathy exists between the employer and the employed, any more than if they inhabited different countries, and spoke in different languages.

Governed only by Self-Interest.

The want of sympathy pervades society. We do not know each other, or do not care for each other, as we ought to do. Selfishness strikes its roots very deep. In pursuit of pleasure or wealth we become hard and indifferent. Each person is eager to run his or her race, without regard to the feelings of others. We do not think of helping onward those who have heavier burdens to bear than ourselves. It makes men regardless of fraud and crime. Not recognizing the brotherhood of the race, they selfishly and keenly pursue their own interest over the bodies and souls, and over the lives and properties of others.

The idle and selfish man cares little for

the rest of the world. He does nothing to help the forlorn or the destitute. "What are they to me?" he says; "let them look after themselves. Why should I help them? They have done nothing for me! They are suffering? There always will be suffering in the world. What can't be cured must be endured. It will be all the same a hundred years hence!"

"Don't care" can scarcely be roused by a voice from the dead. He is so much engrossed by his own pleasures, his own business, or his own idleness, that he will give no heed to the pressing claims of others. The discussions about poverty, ignorance, or suffering, annoy him. "Let them work," he says; "why should I keep them? Let them help themselves." The sloth is an energetic animal compared with "Don't care."

Cannot Escape the Consequences.

But "Don't care" is not let off so easily as he imagines. The man who does not care for others, who does not sympathize with and help others, is very often pursued with a just retribution. He doesn't care for the foul pestilential air breathed by the inhabitants of houses a few streets off: but the fever which has been bred there floats into his house, and snatches away those who are dearest to him. He doesn't care for the criminality, ignorance, and poverty massed there; but the burglar and the thief find him out in his seclusion. He doesen't care for pauperism; but he has to pay for poorhouses. He doesn't care for politics; but tricksters and plunderers get into power; and, after all, he finds that "Don't care" is not such a cheap policy after all.

"Don't care" was the man who was to blame for the well-known catastrophe: "For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the man was lost." Gallio was a "Don't care," of whom we are told that "he cared for none of these things." "Don't cares" like Gallio generally come to a bad end.

The political economists say that the relationship of employers and employed is simply a money bargain—so much service, so much wage. In the calculations of the economists this is doubtless the contract which they are required to recognize. But the moralist, the philosopher, the statesman, the man, should acknowledge, in the positions of employers and employed, a social tie, imposing upon the parties certain duties and affections growing out of their common sympathies as human beings, and the positions they respectively fill. There should be kindness on both sides, with the respect due to immortal beings.

"A Man's a Man for a' That."

Without this sort of respect, which can only exist where the sense of the real dignity of man as a living soul has penetrated, not merely in the convictions but in the feelings, any amelioration of the condition of society is hopeless.

"Yes!" said Sydney Smith, "he is of the utilitarian school! The man is so hard that you might drive a broad-wheeled wagon over him, and it would produce no impression. If you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, I am convinced sawdust would come out of him. That school treats mankind as if they were machines; the feelings or the heart never enter into their consideration."

Where has our faithfulness, loyalty and disinterestedness gone? Fidelity seems to be a lost art. It is now a matter of money. Mutual respect has departed. "He that respects not is not respected," says Herbert.

We have to go back to the old times for our guiding maxims. The workman respects not the master, and the master respects not the servant. For many years the workman in this country received higher wages than prevailed over the rest of Europe. That time has come to a close. Railways and steamboats tend to make the wages of all countries nearly equal. The time has come when all classes will have to begin a new course of life.

A Matter of the Heart.

It is not so much literary culture that is wanted as habits of reflection, thoughtfulness, and right conduct. Wealth cannot purchase pleasures of the highest sort. It is the heart, taste, and judgment which determine the happiness of man, and restore him to the highest form of being. Burns says:

It's not in titles nor in rank:
It's not in wealth like London Bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's not in making much still more;
It's not in books; it's not in lore,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

It is not for ourselves alone that we work and strive. It is for others as well as for ourselves. There are moral laws, family ties, domestic affections, home government and guidance, which stand on a higher level and are based on nobler considerations than selfish pleasures or money payment. We must beware how we allow our views to centre in ourselves.

"No one," said Epictetus, "who is a lover of riches, or a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, can at the same time be a lover of men," "To be a lover of men," said St. Anthony, "is, in fact, to live." Thus love is

the universal principle of good. It is glorified in human intelligence. It is the only remedy for the woes of the human race. It is sweet in action—in learning, in philosophy, in manners, in legislation, in government.

Thoughtfulness, kindness, and consideration for others will always repay themselves. They will produce a grateful return on the part of the objects, and services will be performed with a willingness and alacrity which mere money could never secure. Sympathy is the true warmth and light of the home—which binds together mistresses and servants, as well as husband and wife, father, mother, and children; and the home cannot be truly happy where it is not present—knitting together the whole household in one bond of domestic affection and concord.

Who is the Successful Man?

The late Arthur Helps, in one of his wise essays, says, "You observe a man becoming day by day richer, or advancing in station, or increasing in professional reputation, and you set him down as a successful man in life. But if his home is an ill-regulated one, where no links of affection extend throughout the family, whose former domestics (and he has had more of them than he can well remember) look back upon their sojourn with him as one unblessed by kind words or deeds, I contend that that man has not been successful.

"Whatever good fortune he may have in the world, it is to be remembered that he has always left one important fortress untaken behind him. That man or woman's life does not surely read well when benevolence has found no central home. It may have sent forth rays in various directions, but there should have been a warm focus of love—that home nest which is formed round a good man's heart."

No man was more sympathetic than Charles Lamb. There are few who have not heard of the one awful event in his life. When only twenty-one his sister Mary, in a fit of frenzy, stabbed her mother to the heart with a carving-knife. Her brother, from that moment, resolved to sacrifice his life to his "poor, dear, dearest sister," and voluntarily became her companion. He gave up all thoughts of love and marriage. Under the strong influence of duty, he renounced the only attachment he had ever formed. With an income of scarcely five hundred dollars a year, he trod the journey of life alone, fortified by his attachment for his sister. Neither pleasure nor toil ever diverted him from his purpose.

When released from the asylum, she devoted part of her time to the composition of the "Tales from Shakespeare," and other works. Hazlitt speaks of her as one of the most sensible women he ever knew, though she had through life recurring fits of insanity, and even when well was constantly on the brink of madness.

A Brother's Tender Care.

When she felt a fit of insanity coming on, Charles would take her under his arm to the Hoxton Asylum. It was affecting to see the young brother and his elder sister walking together and weeping together on this painful errand. He carried the straightjacket in his hand, and delivered her up to the care of the asylum authorities.

When she had recovered her reason, she went home again to her brother, who joyfully received her—treating her with the utmost tenderness. "God loves her," he says; "may we two never love each other less." Their affection continued for forty years, without a cloud, except such as arose from the fluctuations of her health. Lamb

did his duty nobly and manfully, and he reaped a fitting reward.

Sympathy for others often exhibits itself in the desire to save the lives of those who are in peril. We have already related many instances of this kind; but another remains to be mentioned. One day Lady Watson was walking along the sea-shore collecting shells for her museum. In looking up, she saw a solitary man on a ledge of rock surrounded by water. She knew not who he was; but he was in risk of losing his life, and she determined to save him. The tide was rising rapidly, and the waves were furiously rushing in upon the land. It appeared almost impossible to rescue the forlorn man from his perilous position.

In the Nick of Time.

Nevertheless, she appealed to the boatmen, and offered a high reward to those who would go to sea and save the man. At first they hesitated, but at length a boat started, and reached the rock just as the man's strength was exhausted. They got him on board, and bore him safely to land. What was the lady's astonishment to find in the rescued man her own husband, Sir William Watson!

Even a word spoken in good season is remembered. The famous Dr. Sydenham remarked that everybody, some time or other, would be the better or the worse for having but spoken to a good or bad man. The curate of Olney, the friend of Cowper, was one of those persons to whom few people could speak without being the better for it. He said of himself, "he could live no longer than he could love."

"A woman's memory saved me from much temptation," wrote one who had lived a wild life in a wild land. Not one of my own people ever knew her; she was dead before I left home. But there were some things that might otherwise have been too much for me, that I was quite safe from, just because I had loved her; I never felt that I had in any way lost her love, and I could not go with it in my heart to places where I could never have taken her. When I felt a little lonely because I could not join those who had been my comrades, I just braced up my heart with the thought, 'for her sake.'"

Story by a Noted Preacher.

Here is a story which shows the utter want of sympathy. It was told in a sermon by Rev. Robert Collyer, pastor of the Unity Church of Chicago, and later of New York. Mr. Collyer was born at Keighley, in Yorkshire, but spent most of his early life at Ilkley, now a fashionable watering-place. He was apprenticed to Jackie Birch, a blacksmith. He married while a workman at the anvil. He became a lay preacher among the Methodists. Afterward he came to America, and became a preacher here. His sermons are full of life, poetry, and eloquence, founded upon a large experience of human character.

"I remember," he says, "in one of our love feasts in the Methodist Church in England, thirty years ago and more, that a man got up and told us how he had lost his wife by the fever, and then, one by one, all his children, and that he had felt as calm and serene through it as if nothing had happened; not suffering in the least, not feeling a pang of pain; fended and shielded, as he believed, by the Divine grace, and up to that moment when he was talking to us, without a grief in his heart.

"As soon as he had done, the wise and manful old preacher who was leading the meeting got up and said, 'Now, brother, go home, and into your closet, and down on your knees, and never get up again, if you can help it, until you are a new man. What you have told us is not a sign of grace; it is a sign of the hardest heart I ever encountered in a Christian man. Instead of you being a saint, you are hardly good enough to be a decent sinner. Religion never takes the humanity out of a man, it makes him more human; and if you were human at all, such troubles as you have had ought to have broken your heart. I know it would mine, and I pretend to be no more of a saint than other people; so I warn you never tell such a story at a love feast again.'"

The Little Street Boy.

Let us take from Mr. Collyer another touching story, showing the power of sympathy in another and truer direction. "Away off, I believe in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel one very cold day, when a little boy, with a poor thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said, 'Please, sir, buy some matches.' 'No, I don't want any,' said the gentleman. 'But they're only a penny a box,'the little fellow pleaded. 'Yes; but you see I don't want a box.' 'Then I'll gie ve two boxes for a penny,' the boy said at last. 'And so, to get rid of him,' the gentleman, who tells the story in an English paper, says, 'I bought a box, but then I found I had no change, so I said, 'I'll buy a box to-morrow.' 'Oh, do buy them the nicht,' the boy pleaded again; 'I'll rin and get ye the change; for I'm very hungry.'

"So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; but still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think badly of him.

"' Well, late in the evening a servant came

and said a little boy wanted to see me. When he was brought in, I found it was a smaller brother of the boy who got my shilling, but, if possible, still more ragged, and poor, and thin. He stood a moment diving into his rags, as if he were seeking something, and then said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?' 'Yes!' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence oot o' yer shillin'. Sandie canna come. He's no weel. A cart ran ower him, and knocked him doon; and he lost his bonnet, and his matches, and your elevenpence; and both his legs are broken, and he's no weel at a', and the doctor says he'll dee. And that's a' he can gie ye the noo,' putting fourpence down on the table; and then the poor child broke down into great sobs. 'So I fed the little man,' the gentleman goes on to say, 'and then I went with him to see Sandie.

"Who'll Care for Reuby?"

"'I found that the two little things lived with a wretched drunken step-mother; their own father and mother were both dead. I found poor Sandie lying on a bundle of shavings; he knew me as soon as I came in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back; and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs are broken. And Reuby, little Reuby! I am sure I am deein'! and who will take care o' ye, Reuby, when I am gane? What will ye do, Reuby?'

"'Then I took the poor little sufferer's hand, and told him I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look at me as if he would thank me; then the light went out of his blue eyes; and in a moment

""He lay within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest,"

Sympathy glorifies humanity. Its synonym is love. It goes forth to meet the wants and necessities of the sorrow-stricken and oppressed. Wherever there is cruelty, or ignorance, or misery, sympathy stretches forth its hand to console and alleviate. The sight of grief, the sound of a groan, takes hold of the sympathetic mind, and will not let it go.

On Another's Sorrow.

Can I see another's woe, And not be in sorrow too? Can I see another's grief, And not seek for kind relief? Can I see a falling tear, And not feel my sorrow's share? Can a father see his child Weep, nor be with sorrow filled? Can a mother sit and hear An infant groan, an infant fear? No, no! never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all Hear the wren with sorrows small, Hear the small bird's grief and care, Hear the woes that infants bear—And not sit beside the nest, Pouring pity in their breast? And not sit the cradle near, Weeping tear on infant's tear? And not sit, both night and day, Wiping all our tears away? Oh no! never can it be! Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all; He becomes an infant small; He becomes a man of woe; He doth feel the sorrow too. Think not thou canst sigh a sigh, And thy Maker is not by. Oh, he gives to us his joy, That our griefs he may destroy: Till our grief is fled and gone, He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

One of the finest traits of President Lincoln was his tenderness of heart, and numerous instances are on record which illustrate his

generous sympathy. A poor woman from Philadelphia had been waiting, with a baby in her arms, for three days to see the President. Her husband had deserted and was sentenced to be shot. Late in the afternoon of the third day Mr. Lincoln heard the baby cry. He rang the bell. "Daniel," said he, "is there a woman with a baby in the anteroom?" Daniel said there was, and if he would allow him to say it, he thought it was a case he ought to see, for it was a matter of life and death. Said he, "Send her at once." The President pardoned her husband. As she came out from his presence her eyes were lifted and her lips moving in prayer, the tears streaming down her cheeks. Said Daniel, "I went up to her, and pulling her shawl said, 'Madam, it was the baby that did it!""

"Care for this Poor Boy."

On another occasion among the persons in waiting was a small, pale, delicate-looking boy about thirteen years old. The President saw him, and said, "Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want." With bowed head and timid accents, he said: "Mr. President, I have been a drummer-boy in a regiment for two years, and my colonel got angry with me and turned me off; I was taken sick, and have been a long time in hospital. This is the first time I have been out, and I came to see if you cannot do something for me."

The President looked at him tenderly, and asked him where he lived. "I have no home," answered the boy. "Where is your father?" "He died in the army," was the reply. "Where is your mother?" "My mother is dead also. I have no mother, no father, no brothers, no sisters," and, bursting into tears, "no friends—nobody cares for me."

Mr. Lincoln's eyes were filled with tears,

and he said to him, "Can't you sell newspapers?" "No," said the boy; "I am too weak, and the surgeon of the hospital told me I must leave, and I have no money and no place to go to." The scene was wonderfully affecting. The President drew forth a card and gave special directions "to care for this poor boy."

Says Dr. Guthrie, "To weep with them that weep' belongs alone to man. The horse will enjoy his feed of corn while his yoke-fellow lies a-dying in the neighboring stall, and never turn an eye of pity to the sufferer. They have strong passions, but no sympathy."

Sympathy is not content to merely look on and then do nothing. Queen Isabella was in sympathy with Columbus in his desires to seek a new world in the west. She pledged her jewels in order to raise the necessary means to enable him to prosecute his purpose.

Kindred Sympathy.

A man's nearest kin are oftentimes far other than his dearest.

Yet in the season of affliction those will haste to help him.

For, note thou this, the providence of God hath bound up families together,

To mutual aid and patient trial: yea, those ties are strong.

Friends are ever dearer in thy wealth, but relations to be trusted in thy need,

For these are God's appointed way, and those the choice of man;

There is lower warmth in kin, but smaller truth in friends, The latter show more surface, and the first have more

depth.

Relations rally to the rescue, even in estrangement and neglect,

Where friends will have fled at thy defeat, even after promises and kindness.

For friends come and go; the whim that bound, may

loose them;

But none can dissever a relationship, and fate hath tied the knot.

M. F. TUPPER.

The Manly Tear.

No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears; No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears; Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn; Nor rising sun, that gilds the vernal morn; Sline with such lustre as the tear that flows Down virtue's manly check for others' woes.

E. DARWIN.

Why is it that so many people keep all their pleasant thoughts and kind words about a man bottled and sealed until he is dead, when they come and break the bottle over his coffin, and bathe his shroud in fragrance? Many a man goes through life with scarcely one bright, cheerful, encouraging, hopeful word. He toils hard and in lowly obscurity. He gives out his life freely and unstintedly for others.

I remember such a man. He was not brilliant; he was not great; but he was faithful. He had many things to discourage him. Troubles thickened about his life. He was misrepresented and misunderstood. Everybody believed that he was a good man, but no one ever said a kindly word or pleasant thing to him. He never heard a compliment, scarcely ever a good wish. No one ever took any pains to encourage him, to strengthen his feeble knees, to lighten his burdens, or to lift up his heart by a gentle deed of love, or by a cheerful word. He was neglected. Unkind things were often said of him.

I stood at his coffin, and then there were many tongues to speak his praise. There was not a breath of aspersion in the air. Men spoke of self-denial—of his work among the poor, of his quietness, modesty, his humility, his pureness of heart, his faith and prayer.

But his ears were closed then, and could not hear a word that was spoken. The love blossomed out too late.

CHAPTER XX.

SELF-CONTROL.



E have an old proverb that says: "He is a fool who cannot be angry, but he is a wise man who will not." The fools, then, are scarce, for you seldom meet a person who

cannot get angry upon occasion, and you meet many who can get angry without any occasion. Or they are so fond of showing ill temper that if there is no real occasion they look one up without any delay. Weak persons they are, of little account, fit only to bluster and make a noise, to stir up dust as a blast of wind does, and you shut your eyes, hold your breath, and if you see another blast coming you hurry round the corner.

Yes, the most disagreeable people are those who cannot or will not control themselves. A horse that has no self-control is the very one you don't want. "Gentle," the owner says, "no shying, no jumping, no rearing, no kicking—you can face a locomotive or street roller—this animal is safe"—and when you buy it that very gentleness is a large part of what you pay for. All that is done in breaking a colt is to teach it to break itself. You could not control it if it had no self-control. It knows what the it means, what the "whoa" means; it has learned to obey orders and govern itself.

There are people who never lose an opportunity of pulling at the hitch-line. They chafe and fret. They are happy only when trying to get away. They are never calm and self-possessed. You never know when they will boil over, or rather you do know they are at the boiling over point whenever they are not asleep. There is only one time when they can be trusted, and that is when they are not awake.

You may not be aware how much a lack of self-control has to do with the ill-successand the failures which so many persons deplore in all social, domestic and businesslife. Here is one main source of disappointment. The fault is not always outside of you. You cannot control others until you can control yourself. The man who is frustrated or in a passion is fit for nothing except to get quiet and cool off. No one will pay any serious attention to a man who cannot govern himself. He unmans himself and has no more influence over you than a crazy person would have; in fact, he is crazy to the extent that his reason and self-possession are gone.

No True Manhood Without It.

Self-control is only courage under another form. It may almost be regarded as the primary essence of character. It is in virtue of this quality that Shakespeare defines man as a being "looking before and after." It forms the chief distinction between man and the mere animal; and, indeed, there can be no true manhood without it.

Self-control is at the root of all the virtues. Let a man give the reins to his impulses and passions, and from that moment he yields up



SELF-CONTROL.

his moral freedom. He is carried along the current of life, and becomes the slave of his strongest desire for the time being.

To be morally free—to be more than an animal—man must be able to resist instinctive impulse, and this can only be done by the exercise of self-control. Thus it is this power which constitutes the real distinction between a physical and a moral life, and that forms the primary basis of individual character.

The Greatest Man.

In the Bible praise is given, not to the strong man who "taketh a city," but to the stronger man who "ruleth his own spirit." This stronger man is he who, by discipline, exercises a constant control over his thoughts, his speech, and his acts. Ninetenths of the vicious desires that degrade society, and which, when indulged, swell into the crimes that disgrace it, would shrink into insignificance before the advance of valiant self-discipline, self-respect, and self-control. By the watchful exercise of these virtues, purity of heart and mind become habitual, and the character is built up in chastity, virtue, and temperance.

The best support of character will always be found in habit, which, according as the will is directed rightly or wrongly, as the case may be, will prove either a benignant ruler or a cruel despot. We may be its willing subject on the one hand, or its servile slave on the other. It may help us on the road to good, or it may hurry us on the road to ruin.

Habit is formed by careful training. And it is astonishing how much can be accomplished by systematic discipline and drill. See how, for instance, out of the most unpromising materials—such as roughs picked up in the streets, or raw unkempt country

lads taken from the plough—steady discipline and drill will bring out the unsuspected qualities of courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice; and how, in the field of battle, or even on the more trying occasions of perils by sea, such men, carefully disciplined, will exhibit the unmistakable characteristics of true bravery and heroism!

Nor is moral discipline and drill less influential in the formation of character. Without it, there will be no proper system and order in the regulation of the life. Upon it depends the cultivation of the sense of self-respect, the education of the habit of obedience, the development of the idea of duty.

The most self-reliant, self-governing man is always under discipline; and the more perfect the discipline, the higher will be his moral condition. He has to drill his desires, and keep them in subjection to the higher powers of his nature. They must obey the word of command of the internal monitor, the conscience—otherwise they will be but the mere slaves of their inclinations, the sport of feeling and impulse.

Value of Self-Restraint.

"In the supremacy of self-control," says Herbert Spencer, "consists one of the perfections of the ideal man. Not to be impulsive—not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost—but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined—that it is which education, moral education at least, strives to produce."

The first seminary of moral discipline, and the best, as we have already shown, is the home; next comes the school, and after that the world, the great school of practical life. Each is preparatory to the other, and what the man or woman becomes, depends for the most part upon what has gone before. If they have enjoyed the advantage of neither the home nor the school, but have been allowed to grow up untrained, untaught, and undisciplined, then woe to themselves—woe to the society of which they form a part!

The best-regulated home is always that in which the discipline is the most perfect, and yet where it is the least felt. Moral discipline acts with the force of a law of nature. Those subject to it yield themselves to it unconsciously; and though it shapes and forms the whole character, until the life becomes crystallized in habit, the influence thus exercised is for the most part unseen and almost unfelt.

Best Remedy for Vexations.

Thus the strongest and most explosive natures can be brought into subjection. The man who said he always stopped to count a hundred when provoked before making a reply would have done better had he been incapable of being provoked. Or, if one cannot always show such a heavenly disposition, if there must be irritation when there is good reason for it, the calm demeanor will always be found to remedy the trouble better than rage.

Although the moral character depends in a great degree on temperament and on physical health, as well as on domestic and early training and the example of companions, it is also in the power of each individual to regulate, to restrain, and to discipline it by watchful and persevering self-control. A competent teacher has said of the propensities and habits, that they are as teachable as Latin and Greek, while they are much more essential to happiness.

Dr. Johnson, though himself constitutionally prone to melancholy, and afflicted by it

as few have been from his earliest years, said that "a man's being in a good or bad humor very much depends upon his will." We may train ourselves in a habit of patience and contentment on the one hand, or of grumbling and discontent on the other. We may accustom ourselves to exaggerate small evils, and to underestimate great blessings. We may even become the victim of petty miseries by giving way to them.

The Cheerful Disposition.

Thus, we may educate ourselves in a happy disposition, as well as in a morbid one. Indeed, the habit of viewing things cheerfully, and of thinking about life hopefully, may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.

The religious man's life is pervaded by rigid self-discipline and self-restraint. He is to be sober and vigilant, to eschew evil and do good, to walk in the Spirit, to be obedient unto death, to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand; to wrestle against spiritual wickedness, and against the rulers of the darkness of this world; to be rooted and built up in faith, and not to be weary in well-doing; for in due season he shall reap, if he faint not.

The man of business, also, must needs be subject to strict rule and system. Business success depends in no small degree upon that regulation of temper and careful self-discipline, which give a wise man not only a command over himself, but over others. Forbearance and self-control smooth the road of life, and open many ways which would otherwise remain closed. And so does self-respect; for as men respect themselves, so will they usually respect the personality of others. And this, it must be remembered, is a prime factor in gaining the best results in everyday life.

An Even Temper.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year.
It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent,
For mortals to increase.

A charm to banish grief away,
To free the brow from care—
Turns tears to smiles, makes dulness gay,
Spreads gladness everywhere.
And yet 'tis cheap as summer's dew
That gems the lily's breast—
A talisman for love as true
As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud When threat'ning storm begins, As music 'mid the tempest loud That still its sweet way wins, As springs an arch across the tide When waves conflicting foam, So comes the seraph to our side, The angel to our home.

What may this wondering spirit be, With power unheard before; This charm, this bright divinity? Good nature—nothing more. Good temper—'tis the choicest gift That woman homeward brings, And can the poorest peasant lift To bliss unknown to kings.

CHARLES SWAIN.

A strong temper is not necessarily a bad temper. But the stronger the temper, the greater is the need of self-discipline and self-control. It is not men's faults that ruin them so much as the manner in which they conduct themselves after the faults have been committed. The wise will profit by the suffering they cause, and eschew them for the future; but there are those on whom experience exerts no ripening influence, and who only grow narrower and bitterer, and more vicious with time.

What is called strong temper in a young

man, often indicates a large amount of unripe energy, which will expend itself in useful work if the road be fairly opened to it. It is said of Stephen Girard that when he heard of a clerk with a strong temper, he would readily take him into his employment, and set him to work in a room by himself; Girard being of opinion that such persons were the best workers, and that their energy would expend itself in work if removed from the temptation to quarrel.

Girard was as shrewd in managing men as he was in making money; in fact, his ability to control men was one great secret of his fortune. In the College that stands as his monument in Philadelphia, the pupils are put under military drill and strict discipline with a view to teaching them perfect self-control.

Foam and Fury.

Strong temper may only mean a strong and excitable will. Uncontrolled, it displays itself in fitful outbreaks of passion; but controlled and held in subjection—like steam engine, the use of which is regulated and controlled by slide-valves and governors and levers—it may become a source of energetic power and usefulness. Hence some of the greatest characters in history have been men of strong temper, but of equally strong determination to hold their motive-power under strict regulation and control.

Cromwell is described as having been of a wayward and violent temper in his youth—cross, untractable, and masterless—with a vast quantity of youthful energy, which exploded in a variety of youthful mischiefs. He even obtained the reputation of a rowdy in his native town, and seemed to be rapidly going to the bad, when religion, in one of its most rigid forms, laid hold upon his strong nature, and subjected it to the iron discipline

of Calvinism. An entirely new direction was thus given to his energy of temperament, which forced an outlet for itself into public life, and eventually became the dominating

of self-control, self-denial, and determination of purpose. William the Silent was so called, not because he was a taciturn man—for he was an eloquent and powerful speaker



OLIVER CROMWELL.

influence in England for a period of nearly twenty years. The iron hand was always felt under the velvet glove.

The heroic princes of the house of Nassau were all distinguished for the same qualities

where eloquence was necessary—but because he was a man who could hold his tongue when it was wisdom not to speak, and because he carefully kept his own counsel when to have revealed it might have been dangerous to the liberties of his country and equally dangerous to himself.

He was so gentle and conciliatory in his manner that his enemies even described him as timid and pussillanimous. Yet, when the time for action came, his courage was heroic, his determination unconquerable. "The rock in the ocean," says Mr. Motley, the historian of the Netherlands, "tranquil amid raging billows, was the favorite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness."

Two Renowned Patriots.

Mr. Motley compares William the Silent to Washington, whom he in many respects resembled. The American like the Dutch patriot, stands out in history as the very impersonation of dignity, bravery, purity, and personal excellence. His command over his feelings, even in moments of great difficulty and danger, was such as to convey the impression, to those who did not know him intimately, that he was a man of inborn calmness and almost impassiveness of disposition. Yet Washington was by nature ardent and impetuous; his mildness, gentleness, politeness, and consideration for others. were the result of rigid self-control and unwearied self-discipline, which he diligently practiced even from his boyhood. biographer says of him, that "his temperament was ardent, his passions strong, and, amidst the multiplied scenes of temptation and excitement through which he passed, it was his constant effort, and ultimate triumph. to check the one and subdue the other."

And again: "His passions were strong, and sometimes they broke out with vehemence, but he had the power of checking them in an instant. Perhaps self-control was the most remarkable trait of his character. It was in part the effect of discipline; yet he

seems by nature to have possessed this power in a degree which has been denied to other men."

His faculties were so well balanced and combined that his constitution, free from excess, was tempered evenly with all the elements of activity, and his mind resembled a well-organized commonwealth; his passions, which had the intensest vigor, owned allegiance to reason; and with all the fiery quickness of his spirit, his impetuous and massive will was held in check by consummate judgment. He had in his composition a calm which gave him in moments of highest excitement the power of self-control, and enabled him to excel in patience, even when he had most cause for disgust.

Calm in Battle.

The Duke of Wellington's natural temper, like that of Napoleon, was irritable in the extreme, and it was only by watchful self-control that he was enabled to restrain it. He studied calmness and coolness in the midst of danger, like any Indian chief. At Waterloo, and elsewhere, he gave his orders in the most critical moments without the slightest excitement, and in a tone of voice almost more than usually subdued.

Napoleon when twenty-six years of age was made commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, with many veteran officers under him.

He said, "I pursued a line of conduct in the highest degree irreproachable and exemplary. My supremacy could be retained only by proving myself a better man than any other man in the army. Had I yielded to human weaknesses I should have lost my power."

Wordsworth the poet was, in his childhood, "of a stiff, moody and violent temper," and "perverse and obstinate in defying chastisement." When experience of life had | to defy the criticism of his enemies. Nothing

disciplined his temper, he learnt to exercise was more marked than Wordsworth's self-



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

the qualities which distinguished him as a child were afterwards useful in enabling him | his long and brilliant history.

greater self-control; but, at the same time, | respect and self-determination, as well as his self-consciousness of power, at all periods of Henry Martyn, the missionary, was another instance of a man in whom strength of temper was only so much pent-up, unripe energy. As a boy he was impatient, petulant and perverse; but by constant wrestling against his tendency to wrongheadedness, he gradually gained the requisite strength, so as to entirely overcome it, and to acquire what he so greatly coveted—the gift of patience.

A man may be feeble in organization, but, blessed with a happy temperament, his soul may be great, active, noble and sovereign. Professor Tyndall has given us a fine picture of the character of Faraday, and of his selfdenying labors in the cause of scienceexhibiting him as a man of strong, original, and even fiery nature, and yet of extreme tenderness and sensibility. "Underneath his sweetness and gentleness," he says, "was the heat of a volcano. He was a man of excitable and fiery nature; but, through high self-discipline, he had converted the fire into a central glow and motive-power of life, instead of permitting it to waste itself in useless passion."

Had no Use for a Bad Temper.

This may be said of all strong characters. The Duke of Marlborough, possessed great command of temper, and never permitted it to be ruffled by little things, in which even the greatest men have been occasionally found unguarded. As he was riding one day with Commissary Marriott, it began to rain, and he called to his servant for his cloak. The servant not bringing it immediately, he called for it again. The servant, being embarrassed with the straps and buckles, did not come up to him. At last, it raining very hard, the Duke called to him again, and asked him what he was about that he did not bring his cloak. "You must stay,

sir," grumbled the fellow, "if it rains cats and dogs, till I can get at it." The Duke turned round to Marriott, and said very coolly, "Now I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."

Milton says: "He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than a king."

"I Hold Still."

Pain's furnace-heat within me quivers, God's breath upon the flame doth blow, And all my heart within me shivers And trembles at the fiery glow; And yet I whisper—"As God will!" And in the hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into His own fair shape to beat it,
With His own hammer, blow on blow,
And yet I whisper—"As God will!"
And at His heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart, and beats it— The sparks fly off at every blow: He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it, And lets it cool, and makes it glow; And yet I whisper—''As God will!'' And in the mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow Thus only longer lived would be; Its end may come, and will, to-morrow, When God has done His work in me. So I say, trusting—"As God will!" And trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely Affliction's glowing, fiery brand, And all His heaviest blows are surely Inflicted by a Master's hand; So I say, praying, "As God will!" And hope in Him and suffer still.

It is necessary to one's personal happiness, to exercise control over one's words as well as acts: for there are words that strike even harder than blows; and men may "speak daggers," though they use none. The stinging repartee that rises to

the lips, and which, if uttered, might cover an adversary with confusion, how difficult it sometimes is to resist it! Heaven keep us from the destroying power of words! There are words which sever hearts more than sharp swords do; there are words the point of which sting the heart through the course of a whole life.

Regard for Others' Feelings.

Thus character exhibits itself in self-control of speech as much as in anything else. The wise and forbearant man will restrain his desire to say a smart or severe thing at the expense of another's feelings; while the fool blurts out what he thinks, and will sacrifice his friend rather than his joke. "The mouth of a wise man," said Solomon, "is in his heart; the heart of a fool is in his mouth."

There are, however, men who are no fools, that are headlong in their language as in their acts, because of their want of forbearance and self-restraining patience. The impulsive genius, gifted with quick thought and incisive speech—perhaps carried away Ly the cheers of the moment—lets fly a sarcastic sentence which may return upon him to his own infinite damage.

Even statesmen might be named, who have failed through their inability to resist the temptation of saying clever and spiteful things at their adversary's expense. This was the great failing of that man of magnificent abilities, Senator Roscoe Conkling. While he had a host of admirers, even worshippers, he also had the bitterest enemies, made so by his lack of control over his own sarcastic tongue.

"The turn of a sentence," says Bentham, "has decided the fate of many a friendship, and, for aught that we know, the fate of many a kingdom." So, when one is tempted to write a clever but harsh thing, though it may be difficult to restrain it, it is always better to leave it in the inkstand. "A goose's quill," says the Spanish proverb, "often hurts more than a lion's claw."

Carlyle says, when speaking of Oliver Cromwell, "He that cannot withal keep his mind to himself, cannot practice any considerable thing whatsoever." It was said of William the Silent, by one of his greatest enemies, that an arrogant or indiscreet word was never known to fall from his lips. Like him, Washington was discretion itself in the use of speech, never taking advantage of an opponent, or seeking a short-lived triumph in a debate. And it is said that, in the long run, the world comes round to and supports the wise man who knows when and how to be silent.

Holding One's Tongue.

We have heard men of great experience say that they have often regretted having spoken, but never once regretted holding their tongue. "Be silent," says Pythagoras, "or say something better than silence." "Speak fitly," says George Herbert, "or be silent wisely." St. Francis de Sales, whom Leigh Hunt styled "the Gentleman Saint," has said: "It is better to remain silent than to speak the truth ill-humoredly, and so spoil an excellent dish by covering it with bad sauce."

There are, of course, times and occasions when the expression of indignation is not only justifiable but necessary. We are bound to be indignant at falsehood, selfishness, and cruelty. A man of true feeling fires up naturally at baseness or meanness of any sort, even in cases where he may be under no obligation to speak out. "I would have nothing to do," said Perthes, "with the man who cannot be moved to indignation.

There are more good people than bad in the world, and the bad get the upper hand merely because they are bolder. We cannot help being pleased with a man who uses his powers with decision; and we often take his side for no other reason than because he does not so use them. No doubt, I have often repented speaking; but not less often have I repented keeping silence."

To acquire the art of properly commanding ourselves, in all circumstances—especially in the most trying emergencies, and at a moment of danger, when not a minute, perhaps not a second, should be lost—is as difficult as it is important to every person; and to none perhaps more so, than to young women. Not that their trials of this sort will be more frequent than those of other people; but because the usual course of their education is such as to prepare them but poorly to meet those which fall to their lot.

A Heroic Woman.

Some years ago, when the Indians had not yet done making depredations on the inhabitants of our then frontier states, Kentucky and Ohio, a band of these savage men came to the door of a house in Nelson county, Ky., and having shot down the father of the little family within, who had incautiously opened the door, they attempted to rush in and put to death the defenceless and unoffending mother and her children. But Mrs. Merrill-for that was the name of the heroic woman-had much of that selfcommand, or presence of mind, which was now so needful. She drew her wounded husband into the house, closed the door and barred it as quickly as possible, so that the Indians could not enter at once, and then proceeded to the defence of "her castle," and all those in it whom she held dear.

The Indians had soon hewed away a part of the door, so that they could force themselves in, one by one, but not very rapidly. This slow mode of entrance gave time to Mrs. Merrill to despatch them with an axe, and drag them in; so that before those without were aware of the fate of those inside, she had, with a little assistance from her husband, formed quite a pile of dead bodies within and around the door; and even the little children, half dead though they at first were with fear, had gradually begun to recover from their fright.

Conquered by Strategy.

The Indians, finding their party so rapidly disappearing, at length began to suspect what was their fate, and accordingly gave up their efforts in that direction. They now attempted to descend into the house by way of the chimney. The united wisdom and presence of mind of the family was again put in requisition, and they emptied upon the fire the contents of a feather bed, which brought down, half smothered, those Indians that were in the chimney, who were also soon and easily despatched. The remainder of the party, now very much reduced in numbers, became quite discouraged, and concluded it was best to retire.

I have not related this story because I suppose any of my readers will ever be tried in this particular manner. Many of them, however, may be placed in circumstances exceedingly trying; and their lives and those of others may depend on a little presence of mind.

Suppose, now, that Mrs. Merrill, instead of dragging her wounded husband into the house and fastening the door, had stood still and screamed; or suppose she had fainted, or run away; what would have been the result? We do not know, it is true; but we

know enough of the Indian mode of warfare to see that no condition could well be more perilous.

It cannot be denied that the large share of nervous sensibility which is allotted to the female constitution, peculiarly unfits woman for scenes of blood. And yet we see what can be done, as a last resort.

But if most females were fitted for trying emergencies, how much better they could meet the more common accidents and dangers to which human existence is daily more or less liable. And ought they not to be thus fitted?

Do you ask how it can be done? It is a work that is at present chiefly left undone, both by parents and teachers, and yet hundreds of lives are lost every year for the want of it; and hundreds of others are likely to be lost in the same way every year for many years to come, unless the work is taken up as a work of importance, and studied with as much zeal as grammar, or geography, or botany, or mathematics.

You should have Presence of Mind.

It is a most pitiable sight to see a young woman, twelve, fifteen, or it may be eighteen years of age, left to take care of a babe, suffer its clothes to get on fire by some accident, and then, without the least particle of self-command, only jump up and down and scream, till the child is burnt to death; or what perhaps is still worse, rush out for relief, leaving the door wide open to let through a current of air to hasten the work of destruction.

Equally distressing and pitiable is it, to see females, young or old, losing all presence of mind the moment a horse takes fright, or a gale of wind capsizes the vessel in which they are traveling, and by their erratic movements, depriving themselves of the only opportunity which remains to them, of saving themselves or of assisting to save others.

But the question recurs—How can these evils be prevented? In what way can our young women be taught—or in what way can they be induced to teach themselves—the important art of commanding themselves, on all occasions, and in all emergencies?

The only way of being prepared for the sudden accidents of life—by being able to keep cool, and possess our souls in peace—is to think on the subject often, and consider what we would do, should such and such accidents occur.

Anticipating Dangers.

Thus we should consider often what we ought to do, if a horse in a carriage should run away with us; if we should awake and find the house on fire over our heads—what to be done, if we were in this room or in that; if our clothes should take fire; if we should be burnt or scalded—what to be done if scalded with water, and what, if with milk, oil, or any other substance; if a child should fall into a well, be kicked by a horse, be seized by convulsions, or break or dislocate a limb.

It will be asked of what avail it is to think over and over what should be done, without the instructions, either of experience or science. But we can have these instructions, to some extent, whenever we seek after them. The great trouble is, we are not in the habit of seeking for them; and what we do not seek, we rarely, if ever, find.

There are around every young woman, those whose judgment is worth something in this matter. It is not always the old—though it is more generally such. There are those who live in the world almost half a century without learning anything; and there are also those who become wise in a quarter

of a century. The wise, whatever may be their age, are the persons for you to consult; and the older such persons are, the better—because the greater is likely to be their wisdom. The truly wise, are always growing wiser; it is the fool alone who remains stationary.

It is no part of my purpose to direct to the appropriate methods of saving ourselves or our friends from harm, in case of accidents or emergencies; but only to point to the subject, and leave the reader to pursue it. The intelligent young woman who sets about gaining the habit of self-command, will not only consult the experience of others, but observe, and reflect, and reason on the case herself. She will often originate plans and means of escape, in places and circumstances of danger, which she would not gain from others in a hundred or a thousand years.

Make the Most of It.

There is one other means of improvement in the art of self-command. It is to make the most of every little accident or emergency that actually overtakes or surprises us. There are those who, though they were formerly frightened half out of their senses, at the sudden sight of a harmless snake, have brought themselves, by dint of long effort, to so much presence of mind, as only to start a little at first-and to be as calm. and composed, and self-possessed, in a few seconds afterward, as if nothing had happened. And the same presence of mind may be obtained in other surprises or emergencies. Besides, she who is learning to command herself at sight of a snake or a dog, is at the same time acquiring the power to command herself in any other circumstances where self-command may be necessary.

What we want is, to gain the habit of self-

command in all circumstances, rather than to be able to work ourselves up to a proper state of feeling in particular cases; and this habit is to be acquired by frequent familiar conversation on the subject, and by daily practice in the continually recurring small matters of life.

Acquiring Self-Control.

It is, indeed, in governing ourselves in these small matters—which recur so frequently, and are regarded as so trifling as to have not only no moral character in themselves, but no influence in the formation of character—that the art of self-control is to be chiefly acquired. They who defer the work till some larger or more striking emergency arrives, will not be likely to make much progress; for they begin at the wrong end of the matter. They begin exactly where they ought to end.

Life will always be, to a great extent, what we ourselves make it. The cheerful man makes a cheerful world, the gloomy man a gloomy one. We usually find but our own temperament reflected in the dispositions of those about us. If we are ourselves querulous, we will find them so: if we are unforgiving and uncharitable to them, they will be the same to us. A person returning from an evening party not long ago, complained to a policeman on his beat that an ill-looking fellow was following him: it turned out to be only his own shadow! And such usually is human life to each of us; it is, for the most part, but the reflection of ourselves.

If we would be at peace with others, and insure their respect, we must have regard for their personality. Every man has his puculiarities of manner and character, as he has peculiarities of form and feature; and we must have forbearance in dealing with them,

as we expect them to have forbearance in dealing with us. We may not be conscious of our own peculiarities, yet they exist nevertheless. There is a village in South America where goitres—an enlargement of the neck—are so common that to be without one is regarded as a deformity. One day a party of Englishmen passed through the place, when quite a crowd collected to jeer them, shouting: "See, see these people—they have got no goitres!"

Senseless Worry.

Many persons give themselves a great deal of fidget concerning what other people think of them and their peculiarities. Some are too much disposed to take the ill-natured side, and, judging by themselves, infer the worst. But it is very often the case that the uncharitableness of others, where it really exists, is but the reflection of our own want of charity and want of temper. It still oftener happens, that the worry we subject ourselves to has its source in our own imagination. And even though those about us may think of us uncharitably, we shall not mend matters by exasperating ourselves against them. We may thereby only expose ourselves unnecessarily to their ill-nature or caprice. "The ill that comes out of our mouth," says George Herbert, "ofttimes falls into our bosom."

The great and good philosopher Faraday communicated the following piece of admirable advice, full of practical wisdom, the result of a rich experience of life, in a letter to a friend: "Let me, as an old man, who ought by this time to have profited by experience, say that when I was younger I found I often misrepresented the intentions of people, and that they did not mean what at the time I supposed they meant; and further, that, as a general rule, it was better to be a little dull

of apprehension where phrases seemed to imply pique, and quick in perception when, on the contrary, they seemed to imply kindly feeling. The real truth never fails ultimately to appear; and opposing parties, if wrong, are sooner convinced when replied to forbearingly, than when overwhelmed.

"All I mean to say is, that it is better to be blind to the results of partisanship, and quick to see good-will. One has more happiness in one's self in endeavoring to follow the things that make for peace. You can hardly imagine how often I have been heated in private when opposed, as I have thought unjustly and superciliously, and yet I have striven, and succeeded, I hope, in keeping down replies of the like kind; and I know I have never lost by it."

Something hard to Practice.

It is far easier to recommend self-control than to practice it. We can always advise what others should do better than we can do the same thing ourselves.

No one knew the value of self-control better than the poet Burns, and no one could teach it more eloquently to others; but when it came to practice, Burns was as weak as the weakest. He could not deny himself the pleasure of uttering a harsh and clever sarcasm at another's expense. One of his biographers observes of him, that it was no extravagant arithmetic to say that for every ten jokes he made himself a hundred enemies. But this was not all. Poor Burns exercised no control over his appetites, but freely gave them the rein:

"Thus thoughtless follies laid him low And stained his name."

One of Burns's finest poems, written in his twenty-eighth year, is entitled "A Bard's Epitaph." It is a description, by anticipation, of his own life. It concludes with these lines:

Reader, attend—whether thy soul Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, Or darkling grubs this earthly hole In low pursuit;

Know—prudent, cautious self-control, Is wisdom's root.

The courage of self-control exhibits itself in many ways, but in none more clearly than in honest living. Men without the virtue of self-denial are not only subject to their own selfish desires, but they are usually in bondage to others who are like-minded with them selves. What others do, they do. They must live according to the artificial standard of their class, spending like their neighbors, regardless of the consequences, at the same time that all are, perhaps, aspiring after a style of living higher than their means.

Each carries the others along with him, and they have not the moral courage to stop. They cannot resist the temptation of living high, though it may be at the expense of others; and they gradually become reckless of debt, until it enthralls them. In all this there is great moral cowardice, pusillanimity, and want of manly independence of character.

A right-minded man will shrink from seeming to be what he is not, or pretending to be richer than he really is, or assuming a style of living that his circumstances will not justify. He will have the courage to live honestly within his own means, rather than dishonestly upon the means of other people; for he who incurs debts in striving to maintain a style of living beyond his income, is in spirit as dishonest as the man who openly picks your pecket.

SELF-CONTROL IN ADVERSITY.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned, And sun and stars forevermore have set, The things which our weak judgments here have spurned—

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet— Will flash before us, out of life's dark night, As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue; And we shall see how all God's plans were right, And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as wise parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So, God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine, We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink, Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine Pours out this portion for our lips to drink. And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"
MAY RILEY SMITH.



CONTENTMENT.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONTENTMENT.



T is very easy for those who have everything they need, to advise those who have not everything they need to be contented, and make the best of their lot. Nothing is cheaper than advice and nothing is more common than

to gravely tell other people what they should do when we really know nothing of their circumstances and trials. The bird in the fable could not understand why the fish on the bank of the stream was so uneasy, but the bird if plunged in the water would have been no less troubled. The fact is, we give advice when we do not know anything about the situation.

Why should not rich people and all those whose wants are gratified be contented? "Don't worry," they say, "don't fret, don't get into a passion, be content with your lot." One might well reply, "Exchange places with me and I will be as contented as you are." Certainly, a contented mind is a continual feast, but how am I to have the continual feast when plans fail, health is broken, the purse yawns, the wardrobe is shabby, the agent is clamoring for rent, the children's toes are in plain sight in winter, and all things are against me?

Yet it is certain there is such a thing as contentment and it is a good thing to have. You do not need to make the worst of your lot; you should make the best of it. Don't pull your hat down over your eyes and then complain that you cannot see God's sunlight and flowers. Have an eye to the bright and

beautiful things of life. No outward lot can give content to a grumbling soul. Astor's millions could not do it. And a contented spirit may be found in the humblest home. "It is a great blessing to possess what one wishes," said a man to an ancient philosopher. "It is a greater still," was the reply, "not to desire what one does not possess."

John Newton once made this remark, "If two angels were sent down from heaven, one to conduct an empire and the other to sweep a street, they would feel no inclination to change employments." You, being human, would much prefer to give up the street sweeping and govern the empire; so would I. We would rebel against the menial employment, but then we are not angels. This chapter, to be really practical, should be aimed at those who are habitual fault-finders.

Cultivating Contentment.

If we cannot have all we wish upon the earth,
Let us try to be happy with less if we can;
If wealth be not always the guerdon of worth,
Worth, sooner than wealth, makes the happier
man.

Is it wise to be anxious for pleasures afar— And the pleasures around us to slight or decry? Asking Night for the sun—asking Day for the star? Let us conquer such faults, or, at least, let us try.

If the soil of a garden be worthy our care
Its culture delightful, though ever so small;
Oh then let the heart the same diligence share,
And the flowers of affection will rival them all.

There ne'er was delusion more constantly shown,

Than that wealth every charm of existence can
buy;

As long as love, friendship, and truth are life's own,
All hearts may be happy, if all hearts will try!

CHARLES SWAIN.

Contentment Gained.

My conscience is my crown, contented thoughts my rest,

My heart is happy in itself, my bliss is in my breast.

Enough I reckon wealth: a mean the surest lot, "hat lies too high for base contempt, too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few, all easy to fulfil,

I make the limits of my power the bonds unto my

I have no hopes but one, which is of heavenly reign; Effects attained, or not desired, all lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care of coin, well-doing is my wealth,
My mind to me an empire is, while grace affordeth
health.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

There are some persons who are always complaining. They are miserable and unharpy throughout the year, or, at least, they seem to be. The world is constantly at fault with them, and they rarely smile. Address them with the ordinary compliments of the day, and they are sure to find something to grumble at. The weather is never of the right kind. It is too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; and thus they move on among their fellow-creatures, as a sort of personified chill. Their very appearance casts a shadow-like gloom over all around and about them.

At home their meals are badly cooked, the servants are neglectful, and the children noisy and disobedient. Nothing goes on as it should. Everything has a drawback. Gayety is denounced as boisterousness, and a laugh is treated as a vulgarity. The poor wife, however obedient, is complained of, while, if she should be so unfortunate as to commit an error, it is magnified into a crime.

These gloomy persons are never in good

health. They are always troubled with some ache or pain. They are born to be miserable. At least, they so contend, and they often make themselves unhappy without the slightest cause. Life to them is a curse instead of a blessing. They will not or they cannot appreciate the beneficence of Providence. If in narrow circumstances, they regard themselves as among the most unfortunate of mankind; and if, in the enjoyment of abundant wealth, they become nervous, restless and anxious lest the golden prize should slip from their hands. Too much property they regard as a care and an incumbrance. And yet they are eager for the accumulation of more. They are not satisfied with themselves, and are at the same time envious and jealous of the rest of mankind. They look through jaundiced eves, and are the victims of a discontented mind

Sour Grumblers.

The curse is within. It is in the temper or heart. Alas! for these wretched grumblers—these miserable monomaniacs. They do not deserve the blessing of God's sunshine, the pure air and the clear light of heaven, for they are ungrateful, insensible and unappreciating. They have no thought for others. Self is the absorbing idea; and thus the poor may shiver in the shade, or languish on a bed of sickness, without exciting in their bosoms even a momentary sympathy!

How beautiful, in contrast, is the cheerful, the buoyant and the bounding spirit. Life is to such all bright and beautiful. Every new scene has a charm, every fresh incident an interest. The clouds of to-day are regarded as passing clouds, and sunshine is looked for on the morrow. A kind word is ever on the lips, a gentle thought is ever in the heart,

a pleasant smile is ever in the countenance. To say a clever thing, or to do a good turn, is deemed a pleasure. Friendship is treasured as one of the brightest jewels of the human soul and love, in all its richness and truth, fidelity and warmth is regarded as an emanation from the Divine Being himself. Life is full of hope and promise; and even the mishaps and misfortunes to which all are more or less liable, are viewed in the true spirit of philosophy, as intended to chasten, to restrain, to keep us within moderate bounds and to remind us of our dependence upon Providence.

The presence of the cheerful in spirit acts like a beam of sunshine to the social circle. It warms and brightens. It softens and subdues. The quality is a happy one in every condition of life. But it is especially so among friends and associates, and with those who have pledged themselves for weal or for woe. Imagine the household that is presided over by a spirit of discontent, disquiet, dissatisfaction and gloom.

A Cheerless Home.

The effect cannot be but disheartening and chilling. Nay, one result inevitably is to make that home deserted. The cheerfulness that cannot be found there will be sought elsewhere. The complaints that are uttered again and again, at last become painful, and are avoided. Cheerfulness we regard as one of the essentials of domestic life. It should be cultivated with constant assiduity. Without it, fretfulness, peevishness, anxiety and collision are almost inevitable.

All who have determined, by choice, or who are forced by circumstances, to mingle together freely and frequently, to occupy hours and days in each other's society, should not permit themselves to give way to discontent, dissatisfaction, fretfulness and complaint. A sunny smile of welcome has touched and won many an obdurate heart. A kind word and a genial look, together with a cheerful temper, will, in the end, prove irresistible. At least, this is our doctrine, and we bespeak for it a fair trial.

Riches of Contentment.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor;
For some that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough; but wants in greater store;
And other, that hath little, asks for more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches; fools therefore
They are which fortune do by vows devise,
Sith each unto himself his life may fortunize.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Pleased with what I Have.

I weigh not fortune's frown or smile; I joy not much in earthly joys; I seek not state, I seek not style; I am not fond of fancy's toys; I rest so pleased with what I have, I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack; I tremble not at noise of war; I swound not at the news of wrack; I shrink not at a blazing star; I fear not loss, I hope not gain, I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased;
I see some Tantals starved in store;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;
I see e'en Midas gape for more:
I neither want, nor yet abound—
Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship, where I hate;
I fawn not on the great in show;
I prize, I praise a mean estate—
Neither too lofty nor too low:
This, this is all my choice, my cheerA mind content, a conscience clear.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER

Contentment is not a mere passive indifference. There is an easy-going class of people who seem incapable of any great disquietude. They are placid as a summer sky. They are too sluggish ever to be much excited; their nerves are buried a thousand miles deep; they never explode, never chafe, never effervesce, never worry, are never found in an uncorked condition with a liability of running over. They appear to suffer no alarms; they were never known to be in a hurry; they believe the world was made a long time ago and nothing remains to be done to it; they take thunder and lightning just about as they do sunshine. When others are moved they are serence.

Easy-Going People.

The nature is dull; the disposition is that of indifference. The modulations of feeling have a very limited range, and are mostly played upon a single string. When they are awake and wish to go to sleep they never have to travel very far. Are they not contented souls? You never see them ruffled or aroused. They are not of the sort who are always up in arms. They languidly float through life, and the experiences that disturb some natures do not ruffle their even repose. Good, easy souls, the blows that strike them do not send back the ring of metal-it is the dull thud of lifeless wood.

This is not contentment. It would be nearer truth to call it the contentment of laziness. It is the peace of sluggishness. Water may stand in pools all lifeless and be very placid, or it may move in deep rivers, fresh and cool and clear, and still be unruffled. The Amazon has its repose, and the stars reflected in its depths are not more calm.

While contentment is not lazy indifference, it is equally removed from stoicism. A stoic is a man who really feels, yet says he will not feel; who is sensitive and susceptible, yet hardens himself; who cultivates a don't-care spirit, and turns a man of flesh into a man of stone.

This was an old philosophy. A certain school of moralists in Greece taught that the only mastery over the ills of life was to resist them, just as a bullet-headed, thickskinned boy would nerve himself up to take his chastisement without wincing. Marble never flinches, bronze never weeps. the force of an unconquerable will arraying itself against adversity. The Red Indian calls it a brave thing to stand in the fire and neither shrink nor quiver. Well, any man can put on an appearance of contentment, of uncomplaining repose, when he has hardened his soul into granite. Winter does not chill him, summer does not sweat him, poverty does not pinch him, fortune does not excite him, sickness does not weary him, losses do not fret him.

A Heart of Stone.

Yet what, after all, is this save the contentment of paralysis? A man may be benumbed with cold until he is quiet-yes, and by as much as he is stiffened, by so much less is he a man. Your heart goes out as the stone comes in. Life vanishes as slumber and death creep on. This is not contentment. In truth, while all this is going on and there may be the most sullen outward unconcern, there may be disturbance, storm and night, within the soul. The ancients had it in a fable that Aeolus, god of the winds, kept them imprisoned in the caves of the earth; they were in chains, yet the fury was all there, wrath ready to break loose.

Mark the fact, too, that anything like forced submission to the inevitable is not contentment; for such a submission would change the existing state of things if it could, and may in fact be the rankest discontent. People sometimes say, "We might as well take things as they come—we can't help ourselves." They are quiet, and thankful for the quietness. They have made up their minds that they will not have what they cannot get. They say, "Lord, I thank thee that I never fret, but I would fret if it would do any good." Just so I have known children that were quiet on Sunday—so long as they were tied up. This is the contentment of a caged bird; open the cage and you will find the bird is more contented to go than to stay.

Inward Dissatisfaction.

There is not any large amount of virtue in giving up because you cannot help yourself. An unwilling contentment is not contentment at all, for the unwillingness takes away the real essence of the thing. For any thing short of a cheerful acquiescence in the existing state of things cannot be accounted contentment. To assent because compelled to-to give consent because there is no possible way to evade it-to yield as a man submits to a policeman's club-what virtue can there be in such submission to force to iron bars and chains, to hydraulic pressure and grim compulsion? There is a species of contentment which is only waiting its opportunity. There is a submission which would rebel if anything could be gained by it. It goes to the end of the chain, and then stops because the chain will not break.

Contentment, then, is not a dead indifference, a stupid slumber, a peace born of stoicism or forced submission to the inevitable. It is an active thing. It is a willing, cheerful, grateful satisfaction with present circumstances, with life as it is, with the existing state of things, believing that the

existing condition of things is ordered or permitted in infinite wisdom and love, is the best, all things considered, and therefore does not call for murmuring or feverish complaint. It is a feeling which simply takes what kind Providence gives, be it much or little, and is satisfied.

Domestic Peace.

And here you will remember what it is important never to forget, that contentment is largely independent of external circumstances or possessions. Perhaps it is found in the lowly places more frequently than in the high places of the earth. If Robby Burns' genius was ever inspired it waswhen he wrote, "The Cotter's Saturday Night"-that cottage scene "beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale"-scene in humble life, the week's labor ended; the clustering children gathered at parental feet like young twigs under the outspread arms of the forest oak; repose. that breath of heaven, falling upon the household: a devout calm which even palaces might covet, smoothing out the wrinkles of care.

"O Scotia! my dear, native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil

Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!"

The fact is, a cottage is a palace, a Balmoral, an Osborne; the little walk up to its doorstep is a Champs Elyisses; its windows look out upon celestial fields; its straw mattress is soft as the down of angel's wing; its cup of water is the nectar of the gods; its plain table, whose only luxury is a stale crust, is the banquet of kings; the open crannies do but let in an unearthly light, when the poor old cottage is the home of a heart that is blest with sweet contentment.

It is not the beauty of the cage that makes the bird sing; indeed I have known the bird to pine and die in a painted cage.

It is possible to be satisfied with far less than many people imagine. If you are poor, try and be content, and reflect that you are free from the troubles and worries and fears that are almost sure to go with wealth. Do not fly to the absurdity of supposing that external things are all in all. It is the privilege of the millionaire to carry a happy heart; it is the privilege of Burns' humble cottager to have a heart no less happy. The mistake has always been in supposing that a man needs great possessions to help him to be contented. If his heart is right, he will sing his song at any time and anywhere.

Unreasonable Envy.

Now, one main cause of discontent is found in that envy at once unreasonable and foolish, which leads you to compare yourself with others, and always to your own disparagement. You have enough to satisfy every lawful demand, but having made the painful discovery that some one else is apparently better off than you are, you are ready to repine at the allotments of Providence. Everything in ordinary society goes by comparisons, and we are always placing ourselves in competition with others, looking at them with feelings of envy, thinking how much more fortunate they are than we, wishing for something they have which we have not and forgetting what we have by thinking of what we might have, or would like to have. Brain compares itself with brain, dress with dress, social standing with social standing, business with business; and the one long, desperate, heart-burning struggle with many is to get up where others are and be accounted of equal consequence. It is not difficult to be content with the food if it is the best in the market; it is easy to be content with the raiment if it is just a little finer than any one else wears. We consent to be contented and satisfied on condition that we have the best of everything.

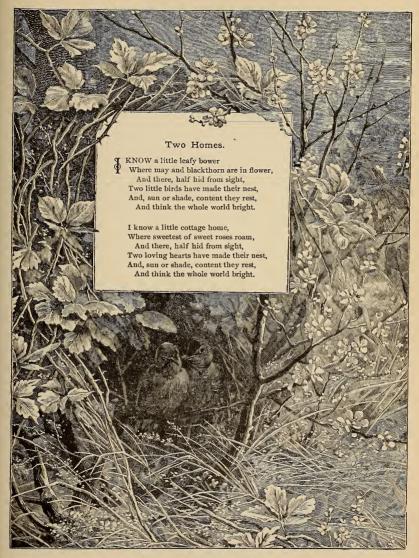
It is very much the spirit of the little girl, who, seeing another little girl in Sunday-school with a pretty sash on, prayed that night for such a sash as that, only just a yard longer. Ah, that extra yard—how the idea of it runs through all human society. There is something wanting. The income is less than another's; the flowers in the next yard are finer; the neighbor's children attract more attention; the horse is not so showy as he might be; there ought to be an improvement here and another there, so that you shall not be behind all others. Yes, something wanting! Just another yard!

Certainly, if a man can choose his own portion, mark out his own life, have everything to suit him, make out an unlimited order and have it filled, why should he not be content? But the correct idea is that we shall be satisfied when we have but little.

Three Conditions.

Says an old author: "I think I could be content on—say, three conditions: First, I should wish to select my food; next, I should wish to have my pick of raiment, and then I should want the assurance that the supplies would never fail." In short, it would not be difficult to walk by sight; but as for walking by faith, living on cheap tare and wearing threadbare raiment—all this is another matter.

Another, and one of the principal causes of discontent, is immoderate desires and expectations. It is not that we are in actual suffering and hardship, but having coveted and failed to gain, having sought and fruitlessly, having built a castle and



made it of so unsubstantial a thing as air, we have on hand a general assortment of unrealized hopes, and are unable to be reconciled to a condition so different from and so far short of what we had anticipated. You may be better off than a thousand others and be well aware that you are, yet if you have fallen back from your expectations and have failed to reach and gain the prize upon which you had set your ambition, ten chances to one if your life is not embittered and your heart dissatisfied.

Blasted Hopes.

And so it comes about that a large part of human unrest arises not from any actual loss, but from defeated desires, from wishes that have been blasted and have turned to ashes. We are overreaching; we are too eager. We may be doing very well, but, with unhappy perversity, we insist upon making ourselves miserable because we are not doing as well as we thought we would. It is hard to be contented on bare food and raiment when you fondly thought you would have, in addition, a mansion that would defy competition and a livery that would astonish the town. Well, if I must come down, I do not therefore need to give up; if I cannot have what I desired, let me be satisfied with what I have. All this fever and complaint and cold grumbling is largely from hopes and avaricious expectations unrealized.

Suffering there always is, but as matter of fact those who complain the loudest are not likely to be deprived of the necessaries of life. The trouble is they are not making as much money as they wished. They expected a ship, three masts, full rigged, hull loaded to the brim and drawing twenty feet of water, and when it came, it was nothing but a shallow sloop, one mast flapping a tattered sail, a cargo shrunk to moderate

dimensions, and they stood in disgust and said, "Of all things in the world, has it come to this?"

Now, we can do with much less and be happy on it, than clamorous greed would have us think. Give a man all his avarice craves, and what have you? An Atlas groaning and chafing under the attempt to carry a world. If the angels of heaven ever weep and the demons of hell ever laugh in derision, is it not at a man carrying immortality in his breast and with six feet of earth, doomed to darkness and dust, for his final possession, yet nettled, unnerved, crushed, whimpering like a baby because he cannot grasp a kingdom?

What Diogenes Said.

Alexander conquered a world and Diogenes lived on the refuse of the market—one an emperor and the other a tramp—and when Alexander asked Diogenes what he wanted, "Nothing," said the old philosopher, "except that you should stand out of my light." And Diogenes was the greater man.

I am not saying we should be satisfied with nothing, and never aspire, but only that we can be content on very little, on what is a long way this side of fortune, and that we are not to whine like a spoiled child because we cannot have every whim, every notion and demand of pride gratified. Yet so it often is. It is the want of that extra yard which keeps us whimpering when we ought to be praying.

I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied: "It was to find content in some of them." But his friend, knowing

his temper, told him if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a neek and quiet soul. The inscription upon the tombstone of the man who had endeavored to mend a tolerable constitution by taking physic: "I was well; I wished to be better; here I am," may generally be applied with great justness to the distress of disappointed avarice and ambition.

Unhappy Faces.

We sometimes go musing along the street to see how few people there are whose faces look as though any joy had come down and sung in their souls, . We can see lines of thought, and of care, and of fear-money lines, shrewd, grasping linesbut how few happy lines! The rarest feeling that ever lights the human face is the contentment of a loving soul. Sit for an hour on the steps of the Exchange in Wall Street, and you will behold a drama which is better than a thousand theatres, for all the actors are real. There are a hundred successful men where there is one contented man. We can find a score of handsome faces where we can find one happy face.

An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, upon which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any man contented." He soon had an applicant. "Well, sir; are you a contented man?" "Yes, sir; very." "Then what do you want of my field?" The applicant did not stop to reply.

It is one property which, they say, is required of those that seek the philosopher's stone, that they must not do it with any covetous desire to be rich, for otherwise they shall never find it. But most true it is, that whosoever would have this jewel of

contentment, (which turns all into gold, yea, want into wealth,) must come with minds divested of all ambitious and covetous thoughts, else are they never likely to obtain it.

The foundation of content must be laid in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove. No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.

Growth of Contentment.

O years gone down into the past; What pleasant memories come to me Of your untroubled days of peace, And hours of almost ecstasy!

Yet would I have no moon stand still, Where life's most pleasant valleys lie; Nor wheel the planet of the day Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died, My youth itself went with them, too; To-day, aye! even this very hour, Is the best hour I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me More blessings than in days gone by, Dropping in my uplifted hands All things for which I blindly cry;

But that His plans and purposes
Have grown to me less strange and dim;
And where I cannot understand,
I trust the issues unto Him.

And spite of many broken dreams,
This have I truly learned to say—
Prayers which I thought unanswered once
Were answered in God's own best way.

And though some hopes I cherished once, Perished untimely in their birth, Yet have I been beloved and blest Beyond the measure of my worth.

PHŒBE CAREY.

"I Can Laugh and Sing."

Even I—but I can laugh and sing,
Though fettered and confined—
My mind I may to fortune bring,
Not fortune to my mind.

How seldom is our good enjoyed, Our ill how hardly borne, When all our fancies are employed, To kick against the thorn!

But, sure, ourselves aright to see
True wisdom well may bear:
'Tis nobly great to dare to be
No greater than we are.

SAMUEL WESLEY, JR.

A Common Blessing.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf, Not one will change his neighbor with himself. The learn'd is happy nature to explore, The fool is happy that he knows no more; The rich is happy in the plenty given, The poor contents him with the care of Heave See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing, The sot a hero, lunatic a king, The starving chemist in his golden views Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

ALEXANDER POPE.

I once met with a worthy citizen about sixty years of age, who had just retired from business. He was in good health and high spirits, but he had been engaged in manufacturing pursuits for something like forty years, had earned a pecuniary independence, and to use his own language, was "satisfied." In brief, he had enough, more than sufficient to meet his ordinary wants, and he deemed it the policy of wisdom to retire while he could do so with safety, and be contented with a reasonable fortune.

It would be well for many who are at this moment engaged in the active and perilous pursuits of commerce and trade, if they could profit by this example. The great multitude are not satisfied with a moderate fortune. They become avaricious to a certain extent,

and hence they struggle for more, even after they have accumulated a sufficiency, and at the risk very often of health and strength, and even life itself.

They are greedy and grasping, and if engaged in a profitable business, they are unwilling to abandon such a source of income to other hands, either forgetful of the short tenure of human life, unmindful of their own increasing infirmities, or so absorbed in accumulation, that they have no time to think either of health here, or of destiny hereafter. They thus go on from day to day and from year to year, until at last they are paralyzed by time or disease, and are hurried into another world, before, as they erroneously supposed, they had half finished their work in this.

They are Self-Deceived.

This is no fancy sketch. Men are apt to become so engrossed by the pursuit of wealth, the accumulation of property, or the acquisition of power, as to prove unmindful of all higher and more thoughtful considerations. They deceive themselves in many respects. They persuade themselves that they are young when they are old, that they are strong when they are weak, that they are advancing physically and mentally when in fact they are declining.

How frequently does death surprise even the affluent, before they have made provision for the distribution of their property? They cannot bring themselves to part with their earnings, even on paper, and thus postpone from time to time, the important duty of apportioning their estates by will, to heirs, friends, and benevolent institutions. Let any one mix and mingle in a thoughtful and inquiring spirit in the marts of trade, and watch closely and narrowly, the figures and the features of the many who day by day devote

all their energies to the various objects of enterprise, speculation, and of money-getting, and the discovery will then be made, that not a few of those who are straining and striving, are, in the ordinary course of nature, but a year or two distant from the grave.

They cannot be contented. They are not, and never will be satisfied. They can never secure enough. More—a little more—is the great object of their toil, and as they pile up dollar upon dollar in their coffers, they inwardly promise themselves that they will soon be in a condition of positive independence, when they will gracefully retire. But year follows year, and they are still a busy as ever, or their places are vacant, and they have departed to the land of spirits!

It is, indeed, more difficult to be contented than the hasty and inconsiderate are apt to imagine. With our means, too, our wants almost invariably increase, and thus, what might have suited at one period of life, will not answer at another. It should be remembered, moreover, that almost every business pursuit is chequered with light and shadow, with adversity and prosperity; and that, therefore, all who persist, after they have secured enough, encounter the risk of losing their dearly-prized earnings, and of thus overleaping the object of their ambition, and perilling the very security and independence which they regard as so desirable.

Hence, when age begins to show itself, when the physical man begins to fail, when the mind reels and faints under the ordinary efforts and excitements, it is the policy of prudence to be admonished, and if in a condition so to do, to retire quietly from the exciting arenas of commerce and of trade.

Better thus to be contented and satisfied than to toil on under the double risk of losing fortune as well as health, of encountering bankruptcy as well as shortening life. The human machine, it should be remembered, is certain to give out after a specified amount of effort, use, and exhaustion. This is seen every day, and almost every hour. Changes are constantly taking place around and about us. We meet, in our daily walks, friends, neighbors and acquaintances, bent, feeble and failing, who but a year or two ago were apparently firm, vigorous and active. But nature has assumed her right, and the result is distinct and palpable.

And so it must be sooner or later, with all of us. How much wiser then, how much more philosophic, to measure and judge ourselves according to the history of others, and when we are reminded that we have played out our part, that we are descending the hill of life, to prepare ourselves accordingly, and to relax somewhat of the wear and tear of body and mind that are so apt to weaken, paralyze and destroy. And if, moreover, we have accumulated enough-if we have prospered and attained an independent pecuniary position-why should we not be satisfied, and, in a spirit of gratitude to Providence, and of justice to our fellow man, retire and leave the field to others?



HEROIC ENDURANCE.

CHAPTER XXII.

ENDURANCE.

U will find much in your life to try you and show the kind of material of which you are made. There is a difference between steel and wood; the wooden blade is bent and

broken, the steel cuts through and does its work. One of the jokes of our Civil War was the deception practised on the army of the Potomac by the Confederates placing wooden guns on their earthworks at Manassas in Virginia. The guns were painted, and from a distance had all the appearance of being real. It was supposed that cannon of solid iron were mounted and ready for action, and the Northern army was held back, and hesitated to make an advance. Wooden guns would have fired no solid balls. They would have exploded and would have been shattered into ten thousand fragments. It will make a vast difference whether you are a mere wooden man, or have some iron in your composition.

Standing on the shore of the ocean, you see the wild, disordered billows rolling in. They are driven by the storm. They are hurled upon the beach and, with nothing to oppose them, they fling up the sand, rush into the shallows and sport themselves in glee. Walk along the shore until you come to that solid rock, towering aloft in rugged grandeur, defying the onslaught of waves and tempests, breasting the charges of the sea, and standing as calmly as it does in sunshine. In the clefts of that rock you can take shelter: on its calm summit you

could build your house, and ages from now it would stand as securely as it does to-day. Here is a picture of endurance. Here is an illustration of the granite which belongs to every true character. Here is a reminder of that force and resistance by which troubles are overcome, outward opposition is defeated, and you prove yourself to be the master of the situation.

The Noblest Character.

Do not be a weak, good-for-nothing reed that a child's foot might crush. Do not be a frail flower that every little blast beats down to the earth. Do not be a puny twig that is bent by every wind. Have something of the oak in you-the sturdy, grand, brawny oak that storms do not bend. Weak people are not attractive: they are not efficient or useful; like the frail vine, they must have something stronger to cling to; they must be pitied and babied; they amount to very little, and it is only by courtesy that they may receive any consideration at all. There is a grand, heroic character that is superbly competent to take care of itself. Do you possess it? You are not asking favors, nor fawning at the feet of others, nor whimpering when things go wrong, nor everlastingly whining over trifling misfortunes. nor wishing you were dead.

The Spartan children were not under tutors purchased or hired with money, nor were the parents at liberty to educate them as they pleased; but as soon as they were seven years old Lycurgus ordered them to be enrolled in companies, where they were all kept under the same order and discipline, and had their exercises and recreations in common. He who showed the best conduct and courage among them was made captain of the company. The rest kept their eyes upon him, obeyed his orders and bore with patience the punishment he inflicted; so that their whole education was an exercise of obedience.

As for learning, they had just what was absolutely necessary. All the rest of their education was calculated to make them subject to command, to endure labor, to fight and conquer. They added, therefore, to their discipline, as they advanced in age: cutting their hair very close, making them go barefoot, and play, for the most part. quite naked. At twelve years of age their under garment was taken away, and but one upper one a year allowed them. Hence they were necessarily dirty in their persons, and not indulged the great favor of baths and oils, except on some particular days of the year. They slept in companies, on beds made of the tops of reeds, which they gathered with their own hands, without knives, and brought from the banks of the Eurotas. In winter they were permitted to add a little thistle-down, as that seemed to have some warmth in it. They were taught the sternest endurance.

All Evils Can Be Borne.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife; Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel, Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life; Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal That still, although the trembling flesh be torn, This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray—
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still,
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life—
We hold it closer, dearer than our own—
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn—
This, also, can be borne.

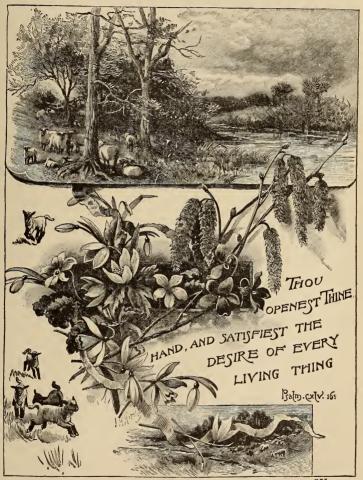
Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain, all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;
Lo! all things can be borne.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

They were Taught at Home.

Among the principal objects of the institutions of Lycurgus, the education of the youth of the republic was that on which the legislator had bestowed the most particular attention. Children, after they had attained the age of seven, were no longer the charge of their parents, but of the State. Before that period they were taught at home the great lessons of obedience and frugality. Afterward, under public masters, they were taught to despise equally danger and pain. To shrink under the stroke of punishment was a sufficient reason for having that punishment redoubled. Their very sports and amusements were such as are fitted to promote a strength of constitution and vigor and agility of body.

The athletic exercises were prescribed alike for both sexes, as the bodily vigor of the mother is essential to that of her off-spring. To run, to swim, to wrestle, to hunt, were the constant exercise of the



youth. With regard to the culture of the mind, the Spartan discipline admitted none of those studies which tend to refine or embellish the understanding. But the duties of religion, the inviolable bond of a promise, he sacred obligation of an oath, the respect due to parents, the reverence for old age, the strictest obedience to the laws, and, above all, the love of their country, the noble dame of patriotism, were early and assiduously inculcated. This rigid training made heroes of those who, otherwise, would have been weaklings, and they were shining examples of courage and endurance.

There is an old proverb that says by "bravely enduring, an evil which cannot be avoided is overcome." An old author says, "The greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it. Skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests." Louis Kossuth, the brightest mind and most glorious martyr of Hungary, says, "The palm-tree grows best beneath a ponderous weight, and even so the character of man. The petty pangs of small daily cares have often bent the character of men, but great misfortunes seldom."

Willing Laborers.

Some men are willing to throw themselves away in the pursuit of a great object. The early martyrs, the early discoverers, the early inventors, the pioneers of civilization—all who work for truth, for religion, for patriotism—are the forlorn hope of humanity. They live and labor and die without any hope of personal reward. It is enough for them to know their work, and by the exercise of moral power to do it.

The man of energy and genius is guided by his apprehension of the widest and highest tendencies. He may be thwarted and discouraged. Difficulties may surround him. But he is borne up by invincible courage; and if he dies, he leaves behind him a name which every man venerates. Death has fructified his life, and made it more fruitful to others. "When God permits His ministers to die for the gospel," said Brousson, "they preach louder from their graves than they did during their lives." "What we sow," said Jeremy Taylor, "in the minutes and spare portions of a few years grows up to crowns and sceptres in a happy and glorious eternity."

Bearing all Things.

Are not difficulty and suffering necessary to evoke the highest forms of character, energy and genius? Effort and endurance, striving and submitting, energy and patience, enter into every destiny. There is a virtue in passive endurance which is often greater than the glory of success. It bears, it suffers, it endures and still it hopes. It meets difficulties with a smile, and strives to stand erect beneath the heaviest burdens. Suffering, patiently and enduringly borne, is one of the noblest attributes of man. There is something so noble in the quality as to lift it into the highest regions of heroism. It was a saying of Milton, "Who best can suffer, best can do,"

It is a mistake to suppose that there is ever an age when there is not a demand for the heroic virtue, or that the martyr-ages, or the ages of death struggle with tyranny, alone call for the practice of this virtue. To withstand the every-day course of ageneration which has lost the sense of man's high destiny, and allowed pleasure to usurp the place of duty, may demand as much real heroism as to confront tyrant power, or to face the axe of the executioner.

Even in war itself endurance is as high a virtue as courage; and now that war has

become scientific, endurance has taken the higher position. The well-disciplined soldier must stand erect in the place that has been assigned to him. "Be steady, men!" is the order. He braves danger without moving while bullets are dealing death around him. When he advances he has still to endure. He must not fire until the word of command is given. And then the charge comes. But it is not merely in action that endurance is highest. It is in retreat rendered necessary by defeat. Viewed in this light, the retreat of Xenophon's Ten Thousand outshines the conquests of Alexander; and the retreat of Sir John Moore to Corunna was as great as the victories of Wellington.

The Brave Three Hundred.

When Xerxes endeavored to conquer Greece, Leonidas, with three hundred men, marched to the Pass of Thermopylæ, to resist the immense Persian army. A fierce combat ensued; great numbers of the invaders were killed. Leonidas and the little band of heroes were destroyed, but Greece was saved.

Not less brave than Leonidas was Judas Maccabeus, "the hammerer." With his forlorn hope of eight hundred men he resisted the attack of twenty thousand Syrians, who were overrunning the Holy Land. Judas took his last stand at Eleasah. His followers would fain have persuaded him to retreat. "God forbid," he answered, "that I should flee away before them. If our time be come, let us die manfully for our brethren; let us not stain our honor." The battle was heavy and fierce: Judas and his men fought valiantly, and were killed to the last man, with their faces to the foe. They did not die in vain. The Jews took heart; they beat back the invaders; the Temple was rebuilt; and Judea again became the most prosperous country in the East. It lived, but its deliverer was dead.

The Romans also knew the value of heroism and devotion on behalf of their country. But let us come to more modern times. Little countries, of comparatively small populations, have contrived to maintain and preserve their liberties in spite of enormous difficulties. It is not the size of a country. but the character of its people, that gives it sterling value. We find men constantly calling for liberty, but who do nothing to deserve it. They remain inert, lazy, and selfish. There is a so-called patriotism that has no more dignity in it than the howling of wolves. True patriotism is of another sort It is based on honesty, truthfulness, generosity, self-sacrifice, and genuine love of freedom

A Refuge for the Persecuted.

Look, for instance, at the little Republic of Switzerland, which has been hemmed in by tyrannical governments for hundreds of years. But the people are brave and frugal, honest and self-helping. They would have no master, but governed themselves. They elected their representatives, as at Apenzell, by show of hands in the public market-places. They proclaimed liberty of conscience; and Switzerland, like England and America, has always been the refuge of the persecuted for conscience sake.

It was not without severe struggles that Switzerland conquered its independence The leaders of these brave men have ofter sacrificed themselves for the good of their country. Take, for instance, the example of Arnold von Winkelried. In 1481 the Austrians invaded Switzerland, and a comparatively small number of men determined to resist them. Near the little town of Sempach the Austrians were observed advancing

in a solid compact body, presenting an unbroken line of spears. The Swiss met them, but their spears were shorter, and being much fewer in number, they were compelled to give way.

Observing this, Arnold von Winkelried, seeing that all the efforts of the Swiss to break the ranks of their enemies had failed, exclaimed to his countrymen, "I will open a path to freedom! Protect, dear comrades, my wife and children!" He rushed forward, and, gathering in his arms as many spears as he could grasp, he buried them in his bosom. He fell, but a gap was made, and the Swiss rushed in and achieved an exceeding great victory. Arnold von Winkelried died, but saved his country. The little mountain republic preserved its liberty. The battle took place on the 9th of July, and to this day the people of the country assemble to celebrate their deliverance from the Austrians, through the self-sacrifice of their leader.

Courage of Women.

But Swiss women can be as brave as Swiss men. Women pass through moral and physical danger with a courage that is equal to that of the bravest. They are pre-eminent in steady endurance; and they are sometimes equal to men in a becoming valor to meet the peril which is sudden and sharp. The saying is, that the brave are the sons and daughters of the brave; simply because they are brought up by the brave, and are infected by their example.

In 1622, nearly two hundred years after the battle of Sempach, the Emperor of Austria desired to make himself master of the Grisons, in order to extinguish the Protestant religion and banish its ministers. His army first appeared in the valley of the Prātigāu. The valley is shut in by high mountains. It is rich in pasturage, and is still famous for its large cattle. The men were high up on the hills, driving and watching their herds. Only the women remained; and so soon as they heard of the approach of the Austrians, between Klosters and Landquart, they took up their husbands' arms—pikes and scythes and pitchforks—and rushed out to meet them.

Honors to the Brave.

There are passes in Switzerland where a few well-armed men or women can beat back a thousand. With the help of stones showered down from the hills upon the enemy, the women prevailed. The Austrians were driven back. Of course, the men were as brave as the women. Not long after, the castle of Castel, opposite Fideris, was stormed and taken by the peasants, armed only with sticks! On account of the gallant defence of the women, it continues to be a standing rule in the valley that the women go first to the Communion, and the men follow.

Such are the heroic men and women whom the Swiss venerate—Tell, the daunt-less cross-bowman, and Winkelried, the spearman. Though the former is probably traditional, the latter is a man of history. The house in which he lived is still pointed out at Stanz, in Unterwalden; his coat of mail is still in the Rathhaus; and a statue is erected to him in the market-place, with the sheaf of spears in his arms.

Some five centuries ago England suffered a grievous defeat in the North, which afterward proved to be one of her greatest blessings. Scotland was poor, consisting principally of mountains and moors. It did not contain a fourth of the present population of London. The people were widely scattered. The country lay close to England, and was

always open to invasion. It was not, like Ireland, protected by a wide and deep seamoat. Besides, it was not a united nation nor were its people of the same race. On the north and west were the Celts or Highlanders; on the south and east were the descendants of the Saxons, Anglians and Northmen. The Highland clans warred against each other. They gave no help to the Lowlanders in their wars for freedom. Robert Bruce was nearly killed by the Macdougals in his flight through Lorne.

Wallace preceded Bruce. The Lowland country was conquered by Edward I. All its strong places were in the hands of the English. Wallace endeavored to rouse the spirit of patriotism throughout the western counties. Though a man of great personal prowess, he was not a great warrior. He was never able to raise a sufficient number of men to fight a pitched battle. He was defeated at Falkirk. Indeed, he was a man who failed. He was the forlorn hope of Scotland at that time.

A Martyr to Liberty.

Yet his faith in the future of his country nourished the national spirit more than even the victories of his successor, Robert Bruce. At last Wallace was betrayed, and delivered over to the English. He was taken to London, and, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, 1305, he was dragged on a sledge from the Tower to Smithfield, where he was hanged, and quartered while still living. Thus died the martyr for freedom. He did not live in vain. He inspired his country with the love of liberty; and the time came when they could follow his example with success.

Robert Bruce was the descendant of a Norman. He was half an Englishman and half a Scotchman; and, by his mother's side, he was a claimant to the Scottish crown.

After many daring adventures and rude perils—borne up throughout by strong persevering conscience and an ardent love of liberty—Bruce was able to get together a patriotic army to meet the English at Bannockburn in 1314. Before the battle began the Scottish army knelt down in prayer. Edward II. was looking on. He turned to his favorite knight and said, "Argentine, the rebels yield! They beg for mercy!" "They do, my liege," was the reply; "but net from you." The battle ended, not only in a victory, but in a rout.

Endurance for Principle.

The English ambassadors at the Papal Court induced John XXII. to excommunicate Robert Bruce, and to lay his kingdom under an ecclesiastical ban. The interdict was met by a heroic Parliament held at Arbroath in 1320. Eight earls and twenty-one nobles appended their names to a letter from the parliament to the Pope, which, for the principle it asserted, was worth any document in European history.

It asked the Pope to require the English king to respect the independence of Scotland, and to mind his own affairs. "So long as a hundred of us are left alive," say the signatories, "we will never in any degree be subjected to the English. It is not for glory, riches, or honors that we fight, but for liberty alone, which no good man loses but with his life."

Although numerous wars followed, and although attempts were made by the stronger nation to force new forms of religion upon the weaker nation, the result was always the same. The history of Scotland has been a perpetual protest against despotism. Its lesson is—first, the power of individualism; and latterly, that of the rights of conscience.

There was another great defeat which

England sustained about the same time, which, though regarded as deplorable, yet turned out to be as great a blessing as that of Bannockburn. It was at the siege of Orleans, which, Dr. Arnold says, was "one of the turning-points in the history of nations." The following are Dr. Arnold's words:

"The siege of Orleans is one of the turning-points in the history of nations. Had the English dominion in France been established, no man can tell what might have been the consequence to England, which would probably have become an appendage to France. So little does the prosperity of the people depend upon success in war, that two of the greatest defeats we ever had have been two of our greatest blessings-Orleans and Bannockburn. It is curious, too, that in Edward II.'s reign the victory over the Irish at Athunree proved our curse, as our defeat by the Scots turned out a blessing. Had the Irish remained independent, they might afterward have been united to us, as Scotland was; and had Scotland been reduced to subjection, it would have been another curse to us like Ireland."

The Famous Peasant Girl.

The English were overrunning France. They had won many battles; they had entered Paris, and were besieging Orleans. France was in a dismal condition. The principal nobles abandoned the king (Charles VII.), and each endeavored to set up a petty sovereignty of his own. The towns gave themselves up without making any resistance. The taxes were levied by force, and even the king had scarcely the means to live upcn, still less to maintain his army. The people lost faith in both king and nobles, and longed that God might work some means of deliverance for their country.

Strange! how small a circumstance may alter the destiny of a nation. It was a woman—a country girl, who spinned and knitted at home, and looked after the cattle out of doors—who came to the help of France. Joan of Arc was born at the village of Domrémy, in Lorraine. She was simple, virtuous, and religious. Being of a nervous temperament, in her exalted state she dreamed dreams, and heard solemn words spoken to her. She was told to "go to the help of the King of France," and was assurred "that she would restore his kingdom to him."

Thought She Was Mad.

Captain Baudricourt, who was informed of her wishes, thought at first that she was mad. At last he was so touched by her earnestness that he offered to furnish her with an equipment of armed men, and to conduct her to the king. She travelled through the 150 miles of country occupied by the English; and at length reached the king and court at Chinon in safety.

The king was only too glad to have any means of help, no matter from what quarter it came. The bishops and priests thought her a witch and inspired by the devil. Nevertheless, the king sent her on to Orleans, and she reached the besieged city. The English were already beginning to be distressed. They had sat down before Orleans during the winter, and their forces were fast melting away.

After the death of the Earl of Salisbury, many of the men-at-arms whom he had enlisted separated from the camp. The Burgundians, who were in league with the English, were recalled by their duke. Only about 2000 or 3000 English troops remained, and these were distributed among a dozen bastilles, between which there was no connection. "On reading," says Michelet,



JOAN OF ARC BEFORE KING CHARLES VII.

"the formidable list of captains who threw themselves into the city with their forces, the deliverance of Orleans does not seem so miraculous after all."

Joan of Arc headed the attack upon the English in the bastilles. They were driven out, though in storming the last (the Tournelles) the Maid was wounded. But she was not satisfied with raising the siege of Orleans. The English must be driven out of the country. The army, under her direction, followed the enemy to Patay, where they were again defeated. Then followed the crowning of Charles VII. at Rheims, as she had predicted. "The originality of Joan of Arc," says Michelet, "the secret of her success, was not her courage or her visions, but her good sense. By taking Charles VII. straight to Rheims, and having him crowned, she gained over the English the decision of his coronation."

Made a Prisoner.

She had done and finished what she had intended to do; she now desired to return home to her parents, and to her flocks and herds. But the king refused his consent. He had seen how Joan had brought back success to the ranks of the French army. He therefore desired her presence among the soldiers. From this time she had not the same confidence in herself; she felt irresolute and restless, and though she continued fighting, it was without any decisive results.

The English and Burgundians, having again coalesced, laid siege to Compiègne, on the river Oise. The citizens had already declared themselves in favor of Charles VII., and Joan at once threw herself into the place. On the same day she headed a sortie, and had nearly surprised the besiegers, but she was driven back to the city gates,

where she was surrounded by the French (Burgundians), dragged from her horse, and made prisoner. She was given by her countrymen to the English, who handed her over to the Inquisition at Rouen to be judged. The Vicar presided, and was assisted by the Bishop of Beauvais, the Bishop of Lisieux, and other French priests. Estevet, one of the Canons of Beauvais, was appointed the promoter of the prosecution.

Condemned to be Burned Alive.

The sovereign, Charles VII, who owed his throne to the bravery of the young enthusiast, took no steps whatever for her deliverance. The Sorbonne, the great theological tribunal, was appealed to, and decided that "this girl was wholly the devil's," and ought to be treated accordingly. The French Burgundians did not protest against the hideous punishment she was about to receive. The usual process in those days was to burn all witches and sorcerers possessed by the devil; and Joan of Arc was accordingly condemned to be burned alive. Her martyrdom took place at Rouen, on the site now known as the Place de la Pucelle, not far from the Quai de Havre, where a statue has been erected to her memory.

"There have been martyrs," says Michelet; "history shows us numberless ones, more or less pure, more or less glorious. Pride has had its martyrs, so have hate and the spirit of controversy. No age has been without martyrs militant, who, no doubt, died with a good grace when they could no longer kill.

"Such fancies are irrelevant to our subject. The sainted girl is not of them; she had a sign of her own—goodness, charity, sweetness of soul. She had the sweetness of the ancient martyrs, but with a difference. The first Christians remained pure only by shunning action, by sparing themselves the strug-

gles and trials of the world. Joan was gentle in the roughest struggle; good among the bad; pacific in war itself; she bore into war the Spirit of God."

The French people have not forgotten Joan of Arc. Many statues have been erected to her memory. She has been an object of veneration to generation after generation of French soldiers. When a regiment marches through Domrémy the soldiers always halt and present arms in honor of her birthplace. It is touching to hear of the custom having survived so long, and the memory of the maiden heroine being still kept green by the country she served so faithfully.

Corruption and Frivolity.

Let us go back to some of the great heromartyrs of Italy, to Arnold of Brescia, Dante and Savonarola. Shortly after the fall of the Roman Empire the baser influences of human nature again obtained the ascendency. The Church could not prevail against them. Indeed, the Church followed them. St. Bernard of Clairvaux stigmatized the vices of the Romans in these biting words: "Who is ignorant of their vanity and arrogance? A nation nursed in sedition, untractable and scorning to obey unless they are too feeble to resist. Dexterous in mischief, they have never learned the science of doing good. Adulation and calumny, perfidy and treason, are the familiar acts of their policy."

Corruption and frivolity in high places never fail to exert a pernicious influence on the condition of society. They extend to the lower classes, when all become alike profligate. Italy was abandoned to luxury and frivolity by the higher classes, while poverty, misery and vice pervaded the lower. The churchmen were no better than the

multitude. Thus a once brave and vigorous people were on the verge of moral destruction.

In the twelfth century Arnold of Brescia sounded the trumpet of Italian liberty. His position in the Church was of the lowest rank. He was an impassioned and eloquent preacher. He preached purity, love, righteousness. He also preached liberty. This was the most dangerous of all his teachings. Yet the people revered him as a patriot. There were not wanting enemies to report his sayings to the authorities, who condemned his views, and the magistrates of Brescia proceeded to execute his sentence. But Arnold, forewarned, fled over the Alpa into Switzerland, where he found refuge at Zurich, the first of the Swiss Cantons.

A New Reformer Appears.

Undismayed by fear, he crossed the Alps again, proceeded to Rome, and there erected his standard. He was protected by the nobles and the people, and for ten years his eloquence thundered over the Seven Hills. He exhorted the Romans to assert the inalienable rights of men and Christians and to restore the laws and magistrature of the republic.

His rule continued during the lives of two Popes, but on the accession of Adrian IV., the only Englishman who ever ascended the throne of St. Peter, Arnold was opposed with vigor and power, was apprehended and sentenced to death.

Italy went on in its career of frivolity, dissipation and vice. State warred against state, and Guelphs and Ghibellines wasted the country. In the thirteenth century Dante appeared, and again sounded the note of liberty. He believed in eternal justice. In virtue of the truth and love which dwelt in his own soul, he contrasted

the life of Italy with the higher and nobler tendencies of humanity. The mad Italian world trembled in the light of time; between heaven above and hell beneath. He discerned eternal justice under the wild strivings of men. His whole soul rose to the height of the great argument, and he poured forth, in unequalled song, his vindication of the ways of God to man.

A Guiding Star.

During the long centuries of Italian degradation and misery his burning words were as a watch-fire and a beacon to the true and faithful of his country. He was the herald of his nation's liberty—braving persecution, exile and death for the love of it. In his "De Monarchia" he advocated, like Arnold of Brescia, the separation of the spiritual from the civil power. His "De Monarchia" was publicly burned at Bologna.

He was always the most national of the Italian poets, the most loved, the most read. He was banished from Florence in 1301. His house was given up to plunder, and he was sentenced in his absence to be burned alive. During his banishment he wrote some of his noblest works. Men thought of him, reverenced him and loved him. It was desired that his sentence of banishment should be repealed, and that he should return to Florence.

It was an ancient custom to pardon certain criminals in Florence on the festival of St. John—the apostle who "loved much." It was communicated to Dante that he would receive such a pardon on condition of his presenting himself as a criminal. When the proposal was made to him he exclaimed, "What! is this the glorious revocation of an unjust sentence, by which Dante Alighieri is to be recalled to his country after suffering about three lustres

of exile? Is this what patriotism is worth? Is this the recompense of my continued labor and study? If by this way only can I return to Florence, then Florence shall never again be entered by me. And what then? Shall I not see the sun and the stars wherever I may be, and ponder the sweet truth somewhere under heaven, without first giving myself up, naked in glory, and almost in ignominy, to the Florentine people? Bread has not yet failed me. No! no! I shall not return!"

Heroic Fortitude.

Dante accordingly refused the pardon thus offered. He remained in banishment for twenty years, and died at Ravenna in 1321.

History is full of incidents that illustrate the great principle of fortitude and endurance. Here is one narrated by Plutarch:

Mucius entered into the camp of Porsena, a powerful Italian prince, to assassinate him. Not knowing which man was Porsena, he killed the wrong man. Upon this he was seized and examined. Meantime, as there happened to be a portable altar there, with fire upon it, where the king was about to offer sacrifice, Mucius thrust his right hand into it; and as the flesh was burning, he kept looking upon Porsena with a firm and menacing aspect, until the king, astonished at his fortitude, returned him his sword with his own hand.

He received it with his left hand, from whence we are told he had the surname of *Scævola*, which signifies *left-handed*; and thus addressed himself to Porsena: "Your threatenings I regarded not, but am conquered by your generosity, and out of gratitude will declare to you what no force should have wrested from me. There are three hundred Romans that have taken the same

resolution with mine, who now walk about your camp, watching their opportunity. It was my lot to make the first attempt, and I am not sorry that my sword was directed by fortune against another, instead of a man of so much honor, who, as such, should rather be a friend than an enemy to the Romans."

Porsena believed this account, and was more inclined to hearken to terms, not so much in my opinion through fear of three hundred assassins, as admiration of the dignity of the Roman valor.

It is recorded by our own historian, Bancroft, that Hugh Peters, once minister of Salem, Massachusetts, was condemned as a regicide, being an enemy of Charles I.

He was allowed no council. At the gallows he was compelled to wait while the body of his friend Cooke, who had just been hanged, was cut down and quartered before his eyes. "How like you this?" cried the executioner, rubbing his bloody hands. "I thank God," replied the martyr, "I am not terrified at it; you may do your worst." To his friends he said, "Weep not for me; my heart is full of comfort."

Story of Abraham Holmes.

Macaulay relates in his History of England that Abraham Holmes, a retired officer of the Parliamentary army, and one of those zealots who would own no king but King Jesus, had been taken at Sedgemoor. His arm had been frightfully mangled and shattered in the battle; and, as no surgeon was at hand, the stout old soldier amputated it himself. He was carried up to London and examined by the king in council, but would make no submission. "I am an aged man," he said, "and what remains to me of life is not worth a falsehood or a baseness. I have always been a Republican, and I am so still."

He was sent back to the west and hanged.

The people remarked with awe and wonder that the beasts which were to drag him to the gallows became restive and went back. Holmes himself doubted not that the Angel of the Lord, as in the old time, stood in the way, sword in hand, invisible to human eyes, but visible to the inferior animals. "Stop, gentlemen," he cried, "let me go on foot. There is more in this than you think. Remember how the ass saw Him whom the prophet could not see." He walked manfully to the gallows.

Cowards are Scorned.

The resolute qualities of human character have always been admired; the opposite have met with derision and contempt. Says Bancroft: The Romans in their triumphal processions exhibited captives to the gaze of the Roman people; the Indian conqueror compels them to run the gauntlet, through the women and children of his tribe. To inflict blows that cannot be returned, is proof of full success and the entire humiliation of the enemy; moreover, it is an experiment of courage and patience. Those who show fortitude are applauded; the coward becomes an object of scorn.

Says Tyler, speaking of the Indians, when one party prevailed, it was a rule to pursue their success by an undistinguishing carnage, as long as the enemy gave the smallest resistance. When that was over, they bound and carried off the prisoners, who were reserved for the most cruel and tormenting death. This the captives themselves knew, and were prepared for. They had, however, one chance of life; for, on returning to their village, the victors made offer to each family of a captive for every relation they had lost in the war. This offer they might either accept or reject. If accepted, the captive become a member of the family; if rejected,

he was doomed to die under the most excruciating tortures.

In these executions the women would bear their part, and seem actuated by the spirit of furies. What is most remarkable is the fortitude with which these unhappy wretches submitted to their fate. There was a contest between them and their tormentors which should exceed, these in inflicting, or the others in enduring the greatest exacerbations of pain. It is even said that by insults they endeavored to provoke their executioners and stimulate their fury by telling them of the cruelties they had themselves inflicted on their countrymen.

We are not without our occasions for firmness and resolute endurance, although we may never be called, as it is to be hoped we never will be called, to mingle in "war's dread alarms."

Bear it Bravely.

O, never from thy tempted heart Let thine integrity depart! When disappointment fills the cup, Undaunted, nobly drink it up; Truth will prevail, and justice show Her tardy honors, sure though slow. Bear on—bear bravely on!

Bear on! Our life is not a dream,
Though often such its mazes seem;
We were not born for lives of ease,
Ourselves alone to aid and please.
To each a daily task is given,
A labor which shall fit for heaven;
When duty calls, let love grow warm;
Amid the sunshine and the storm,
With faith life's trials boldly breast,
And come a conqueror to thy rest.
Bear on—bear bravely on!

We have another thrilling incident related by Macaulay: Margaret Maclachlan and Margaret Wilson, the former an aged widow, the latter a maiden of eighteen, suffered death for their religion in Wigtonshire. They were offered their lives if they would consent to abjure the cause of the insurgent Covenanters, and to attend the Episcopal worship. They refused, and they were sentenced to be drowned. They were carried to a spot which the Solway overflows twice a day, and fastened to stakes fixed in the sand, between high and low water mark. The elder sufferer was placed near to the advancing flood, in the hope that her last agonies might terrify the younger into submission.

The sight was dreadful; but the courage of the survivor was sustained by an enthusiasm as lofty as any that is recorded in martyrology. She saw the sea draw nearer and nearer, but gave no sign of alarm. She prayed and sang verses of psalms till the waves choked her voice. When she had tasted the bitterness of death, she was, by a cruel mercy, unbound and restored to life. When she came to herself pitying friends and neighbors implored her to yield. "Dear Margaret, only say God save the king!" The poor girl, true to her stern theology, gasped out: "May God save him if it be God's will!"

Her friends crowded round the presiding officer. "She has said it; indeed, sir, she has said it." "Will she take the abjuration?" he demanded. "Never!" she exclaimed. "I am Christ's; let me go!" And the waters closed over her for the last time.

Stand by the Ship.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood?
Yet lives our Pilot still: is it meet that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too
much:

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on a rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

Endurance is also to be shown in bearing the ills and misfortunes that are common to all alike. General Daniel Morgan, of Revolutionary fame, said: As to the fighting part of the matter, the men of all nations are pretty much alike; they fight as much as they find necessary, and no more. But, sir, for the grand essential in the composition of the good soldier, give me the Dutchman—he starves well.

Enduring Trials.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root of life and sufferance make its firm abode In base and desolate bosoms: mute The camel labors with the heaviest load, And the wolf dies in silence: not bestowed In vain should such example be; if they, Things of ignoble or of savage mood, Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay May temper it to bear—it is but for a day.

LORD BYRON.

We are apt to imagine that warriors and heroes are the ones who afford the finest examples of endurance. We celebrate in glowing eulogy the "Father of his country" and his little army, passing that long and terrible winter at Valley Forge, shivering in the snow, clothed only in thin rags, living on the plainest fare, yet never once giving up their hope in the success of the Revolution.

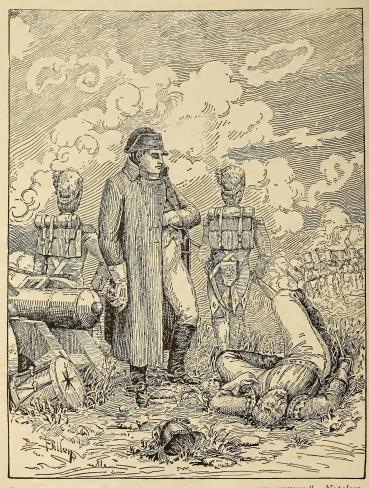
Without detracting from the fame of heroes, the glory of patriots, the dazzling crown of martyrs, be assured that you can step into the humblest walks of life and there find exhibitions of endurance that form as grand a theme for epics as any of which Homer sang. Many a mother, bending over the cradle of her child, watching the little sufferer all night, pouring upon it the treasures of her heart, an unsleeping mother, gentle, patient, thoughtful, self-sacrificing, deserves

more to have a monument of bronze or marble than many whose fame fills the world and whose achievements are applauded.

It is in the home, in the kitchen, in the garret, by the bedside—it is in the dull routine of daily life that the brightest examples of patient endurance are found. Histories do not speak of them, newspapers do not blow trumpets for them, society in full dress does not invite them to receptions, yet these great ones of the earth, God's noblest and best, would leave the world very poor if they were not with us. Thus all common ideas of our finest virtues have to be reversed when we come to study the deep things of life.

The Wife of a Ship Captain.

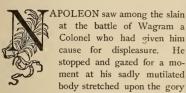
Edward Everett, the famous Boston orator, delivered in many places his celebrated oration on Washington. It was a masterly production, and one of the most captivating parts of it narrated the story of a humble woman, the wife of a ship captain. She was with him on the vessel that was sailing from New York to San Francisco. The crew was made up of men of the roughest class. The captain fell sick, died, and was buried at sea. Immediately there were signs of mutiny. This woman, discovering that the crew was about to seize the ship, rose to the very height of courage, armed herself, stepped on deck, took command of the vessel and steered it safe to port. Everett offered this as a bright example of heroism. It was such and merited all the glowing periods in which it was told, but are there not examples in ten thousand homes throughout our land no less worthy of praise? They who suffer, they who pine yet wait, they who bear all things and endure-for these let the world weave its brightest chaplets.



"I regret that I cannot tell him I have forgotten everything."—Napoleon. 364

CHAPTER XXIII.

FORGIVENESS.



field, and said with emotions which every generous heart will understand: "I regret not having been able to speak to him before the battle, in order to tell him that I had long ago forgotten everything."

You will notice that Napoleon said he had "forgotten." There are people who say they have forgiven, but they have not forgotten. This really means that the forgiveness is not complete; something is wanting in it, it is defective, it is not free and generous, it is lame and weak. In so far as the injury is not forgotten and entirely overlooked, it is not forgiven and there is still resentment in

your breast.

You are not required to forget the injury and blot it entirely from your memory. You are compelled to recall it to mind, just as you do any other event in your life. The bitter words, the sudden break of confidence, the terrible thrust that rankled in your heart, the dark hour in which you felt yourself to be so grievously wronged, all this is lodged in memory and sometimes comes back to you in spite of yourself. Napoleon remembered his former displeasure toward his gallant officer, now struck by death in the storm of battle, but he meant to say that he had so fully forgiven and overlooked the

offence that it was now as if that offence had never been committed.

Let us be just to this great man and give him credit for all the good that was in him. The world has glorified him as a military genius. His march was the march of a conqueror. As was said of Luther, so can it be said of him, that his very "words were half-battles." Europe cringed before him. and trembled when he gave his commands. The carnage, the myriads of dead, the blazing torch of war, the slaughter and destruction, have largely been ignored in admiration for his splendid generalship, his vaulting ambition, his iron will, his dazzling success. Even now everything that pertains to Napoleon has a mystic charm. Let his picture be placed in a shop window and, familiar as it is, crowds will stand before it, as if believing him to have been a kind of human god. We too often lose sight of the dark side of this man's character and career. The more sober, honest judgment of history must inevitably be, that the world would have been better and happier if he had never lived.

An Admirable Trait.

It is, therefore, a relief to discover any noble traits in this great leader and commander. Stained as he was with blood, we will yet give him credit for that nobility of soul which shone so brilliantly in his readiness to forgive an injury. It is but simple truth to say that forgiveness is a trait that belongs to every noble character. How many people there are who are so selfish, so

base, so narrow-minded, so fiendish, that the first impulse of a forgiving spirit never once shows itself in their treatment of others. They take their fancied wrong, hug it to their hearts, pet and fondle it, remember it constantly, make it a dear favorite, nurse it as faithfully as a mother would her babe, and appear to take an exquisite pleasure in cherishing resentment.

Always Getting Offended.

Such people are always ready to take offence. Their toes are everlastingly getting stepped on. And if not stepped on, they easily imagine that they are. They persuade themselves that they are the victims of neglect, that they are slighted and set aside, that they are angels—and there are so few people who appreciate angels—that others have mean designs toward them, that damaging things have been said against their character and reputation. They are not going to overlook the dreadful injury that has been inflicted upon them. attempts to appease them, to explain matters, to put them in a pleasant mood, utterly fail. If some kind soul is willing to admit that the injury is real, and is generous enough to ask forgiveness, they are unequal to the generous spirit that overlooks and forgets the wrong which has perhaps inadvertently been committed.

Forgiveness should be exercised for your own peace of mind, if for no other reason. While it injures one's reputation to be harsh and unforgiving, a far greater injury still is inflicted upon the inward life, for with the spirit of revenge and malice rankling in the breast, there can be no such thing as happiness.

Anger and revenge are uneasy passions; hence it appears that the command of loving our enemies, which has been thought a hard saying and impossible to be fulfilled, is really no more, when resolved into its first principles, than bidding us to be at peace with ourselves, which we cannot be so long as we continue at enmity with others.

The heathen themselves saw the reasonableness of the spirit which we are now inculcating and approved of it. It is said concerning Julius Cæsar, that upon any provocation he would repeat the Roman alphabet before he would suffer himself to speak, that he might be more just and calm in his resentments, and also that he could forget nothing but wrongs, and remember nothing but benefits.

Sayings of the Wise.

"It becomes a man," says the Emperor Antoninus, "to love even those that offend him." "A man hurts himself," says Epictetus, "by injuring me; and what then? Shall I therefore hurt myself by injuring him?" "In benefits," says Seneca, "it is a disgrace to be outdone; in injuries, to get the better." Another heathen, when he was angry with one by him, said, "I would beat thee, but I am angry."

Philip, king of Macedon, discovered great moderation, even when spoken to in shocking and injurious terms. At the close of an audience which he gave to some Athenian ambassadors who were come to complain of some act of hostility, he asked whether he could do them any service. "The greatest service thou couldst do us," said Demochares, "will be to hang thyself." though he perceived all the persons present were highly offended at these words, made the following answer, with the utmost calmness of temper: "Go; tell your superiors that those who dare make use of such insolent language are more haughty and less peaceably inclined than those who can forgive them." It was a noble reply from one who had great provocation for anger.

Mr. Burkitt observes in his journal that some persons would never have had a particular share in his prayers but for the injuries they had done him. This reminds me of an exemplary passage concerning Amos Lawrence's once going, with some of his sons, by the house of a gentleman that had been injurious to him. He gave a charge to his sons to this purpose: "That they should never think or speak amiss of that gentleman for the sake of anything he had done against him; but, whenever they went by his house, should lift up their hearts in prayer to God for him and his family." This good man had learned to practice that admirable precept of our Lord, "Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute vou."

A Soft Answer.

Of Mr. John Henderson it was observed, that the oldest of his friends never beheld him otherwise than calm and collected: it was a state of mind he retained under all circumstances. During his residence at Oxford, a student of a neighboring college, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation with the renowned Henderson; some mutual friends introduced him, and, having chosen his subject, they conversed for some time with equal candor and moderation; but Henderson's antagonist, perceiving his confutation inevitable (forgetting the character of a gentleman, and with a resentment engendered by his former arrogance), threw a full glass of wine in his face. Henderson, without altering his features or changing his position, gently wiped his face and then cooly replied, "This, sir, is a digression; now for the argument."

We sometimes hear individuals, when in a state of excitement, and indeed occasionally when calm and cool, avow a determination never to forgive an offence or an insult on the part of another. This disposition, so bitter and relentless, is not only anti-Christian, but it is impolitic and unreasonable. If we were to submit ourselves to the same severe standard-if we were to have treasured up against us, never to be cancelled or blotted from the record, all our errors and misdoings, the future would present a sad and gloomy prospect indeed. We are all more or less liable to temptation—the temptations of feeling, of passion, of prediudice, of ambition, and of interest. And if. having yielded in any one case, the door of penitence and forgiveness should be closed against us, our lot would be embittered through life.

Power of Temptation.

Many, very many, says an eminent writer, "fall before some overpowering temptation, not only in youth but in mature years. But God forbid that either the one or the other should shut us out from all return. It is only against the man who wilfully and deliberately chooses the wrong course, as that which he is determined to follow, that the door can be said to be closed. For every other there is always an opportunity of retreading his steps—of abandoning evil, and seeking right."

This is liberal, benevolent, and humane doctrine. No one can tell the inducements and vicissitudes by which another has been surrounded—the struggle of mind, the conflict of heart, the excitement, the madness and the despair, at the time of having departed from the right path and followed the wrong. We have known instances in which individuals have trembled with dismay

after the commission of some act of guilt; have been perfectly appalled at the enormity of the offence, overwhelmed with shame and confusion, and puzzled and confounded as to the infatuation that could so have overcome them.

Under all such circumstances, the erring should, by gentle and generous means, be won back to well doing. They see the false step they have taken, and they would gladly retrace the path. But the world too often joins in the shout of reproach and indignation, exults over the fall of another human being, and hurries on the poor wretch who has committed the error to some more desperate act of darkness and despair. There is no angel voice to whisper consolation, to urge penitence, to utter sympathy and forgiveness.

How to Treat the Erring.

And yet mercy is one of the noblest attributes of our nature. The man who can look with a lenient eye upon the errors of his fellow-creatures; who, seeing they have done wrong, is willing to make allowances, and to urge them to return again to the paths of rectitude and of duty, is indeed a Christian in the true, the real, the ennobling sense. Would that this disposition were more general; would that greater efforts were made to win the erring from their first misdeeds, to forgive them for the past, and cheer them on to better conduct for the future.

When, however, the guilty, by sudden temptation by penury, passion, or despair, find themselves not only denounced and abandoned, but hunted and persecuted, the heart shrinks and changes within them. The better qualities of their nature are embittered, their faith in humanity is weakened or lost, and they rush on wildly and blindly

in a dark career of guilt and all its fearful consequences. Who has not committed error? Who has not strayed away from high principle, unwavering rectitude, and the lofty standard of perfection?

And yet who would not revolt at the idea of having the door of forgiveness closed against him-of being doomed to suffer, no matter how deep his contrition, or how severe his penalty of regret, remorse and punishment? A penitent should ever be welcomed again to the fold of virtue. If, in the first place, he found himself unable to resist the temptations of his position in the world, if despite his convictions to the contrary, he nevertheless went astray and kept astray for years, the effort by which he at last recovered himself, and asserted the supremacy of the moral and the right over the immoral and wrong, must have been a vigorous and a noble one.

Forgiving and Forgetting.

He deserves credit therefor; and, if sincere, should not only be taken by the hand freely and willingly, but the darkness of his past character should be blotted forever from the memory. We should forget, if possible, and assuredly we should forgive. We should act towards others here, in humble imitation of the spirit that our faith teaches us to hope from the justice and the mercy of the Great Judge hereafter. How beautifully is this idea conveyed by Tupper:

To forget? It is hard for a man with a mind, However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all perils and dangers behind,
And but for the future to live.
Then how shall it be? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of injury smolder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal, And mind shall be partner with heart, While to thyself I bid conscience reveal, And show thee how evil thou art. Remember thy follies, thy sins, and—thy crimes; How vast is that infinite debt! Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times Been swift to forgive and forget!

Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too—
Count not their sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue;
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now Mercy with Justice is met,
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of Heaven,
And learn to forgive and forget!

Yes, yes, let a man, when his enemy weeps,
Be quick to receive him a friend;
For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
Hot coals,—to refine and amend!
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn
As a nurse on her innocent pet.
Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,
And whisper, "forgive and forget."

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Our Common Frailties.

An intelligent friend contends that all men have their peculiarities, and are more or less monomaniacs. He admits his own infirmities, but expresses a hope that they partake of the amiable and the mild rather than the malignant and the vicious, and he therefore indulges the belief that, to a certain extent, his errors are of a harmless character. Nothing human, indeed, is perfect. All have their frailties and their short-comings, and it very frequently happens that the very blemishes we see and complain of in others are those by which we ourselves are disfigured, but to which we, nevertheless, are unconscious or blind.

But is it true that all are more or less monomaniacs—that every member of the human family is deluded and deceived to a certain extent upon some one subject? The position is startling at the first blush, and yet it is not without a semblance of truth. We cannot, in most cases, discover the fact in

ourselves, although there are many who know and admit that they have tastes, habits and prejudices to which they are in some sense slaves, which control and master them with an irresistible power, and from which they endeavor in vain to escape.

At certain periods they will wrestle and battle in the most vigorous manner against their evil genius, and with apparent success; and yet the effect will only be temporary. The old habit will come back at some unexpected moment, and they will yield to it unconsciously.

But with others the difficulty of discovering the weakness and the vice is indeed great. It is curious, but it is not the less true, that the faults and follies of our neighbors are the ordinary themes of comment and criticism, that others are ridiculed as monomaniacs upon this subject or upon that, and are denounced accordingly, while we cannot or will not see a similarity in ourselves.

Habitual Slanderers.

There is scarcely an individual who cannot single out from amongst his circle of acquaintance some one who is characterized by peculiarities so marked and strong as to render him eccentric. If the error, habit or infirmity be of an evil tendency, so much the worse. If it be to defame, to denounce, to abuse and misrepresent, it is indeed censurable and deplorable, and calculated to do much harm. And that there are such persons with such habits, slanderers by constitution, calumniators by monomania, is beyond all question.

There are others, again, who run wild upon some peculiar idea. They can think and talk of nothing else. Their minds and their hearts seem to have become absorbed in a delusion, a dream or a prejudice, and in this they indulge in season and out of season.

and without reference to discretion, common sense, or of the ordinary rules of social life. They are enthusiasts, zealots, nay, worse—monomaniacs. Everything—according to their doctrine—should yield to the one great purpose. All other interests or considerations should be forgotten; and, infatuated for the time by their peculiar idiosyncrasy, they can think of nothing else, and frequently sacrifice themselves to an *ignis fatuus* of the brain.

Even among the most illustrious men of ancient and modern times, peculiarities, and often of a most ridiculous kind, have been noticed. If, therefore, great intellectual lights have been thus characterized, we cannot be surprised that the comparatively feeble in atellect should manifest similar infirmities. There are, indeed, not a few individuals who in their ordinary course of life are frank, manly and generous, but who, nevertheless, in certain cases, are narrow, contracted and aiggardly.

Hard-Hearted People.

They will spend thousands in particular kinds of pomp and display, and yet turn the hivering beggar starving from the door. They will invest large sums in public enterprises, and manifest deep interest in patrictic movements, and yet they are insensible to the appeals of real benevolence. They have, by some false mode of reasoning, persuaded themselves that all the unfortunate and the poor are idle and dishonest, and they act upon this bitter and heartless policy.

This is, indeed, a deplorable description of monomania, for it not only deforms the character of the victim, but it misleads his judgment, hardens his heart, and renders him a curse instead of a blessing to society. We are acquainted with an intelligent and estimable citizen, who is a passionate collector of

all kinds of pamphlets, old and new. He must have accumulated thousands and tens of thousands—more than he could read during a long lifetime. He is now in the "sere and yellow leaf," and yet the passion is, if possible, more active than ever. It is, of course, perfectly harmless, and we only mention it by way of illustrating the general topic.

The Duty of Charity.

The moral of our philosophy is, that while we are blind to, or unconscious of, our own errors in this respect, we should be indulgent to those of others. We should, at least, consider all the circumstances, and not denounce harshly or hastily. And if, moreover, we are exempt from, and have escaped any serious infirmity, if we have no particular vice or weakness, no inveterate habit or bitter prejudice, if, in brief, we know ourselves, and are capable of governing our tastes, appetites and passions, we should not only be grateful to Providence, but endeavor to deal generously and forbearingly toward those who are less fortunate in their moral. mental, and social temper, composition and constitution. Let us believe, moreover, that we have some infirmity of the kind, which, although not seen by our eyes, is visible to those of others.

Yes; it is too true that every human being has faults and infirmities, and is constantly liable to be the occasion of pain and sorrow to others. We shall always be liable to errors of judgment. In short, we shall need to be forgiven. We shall be most excellent subjects for charity. Now, we should be willing to grant fair play to everybody; we should not expect to receive more than we are disposed to give. There is an old golden rule that says: "Do to others as you would that they should do to you."



THE RECONCILIATION.

Why call this rule golden? Gold is the most precious of all metals, and so by common consent this rule is the best ever given for human conduct. If we observe it, we Ishall have a forgiving disposition, because we are sure to need that gentle forbearance and charity, which form the brightest gems in every character. How unreasonable then to cherish ill-will and refuse to overlook an injury. Be more generous. Be more noble. Be more like Him who, with dying breath, prayed for his enemies, and in that prayer which has become the world's prayer, made our forgiveness of others the condition on which we are to expect forgiveness for ourselves.

Joseph Bradford was for many years the travelling companion of the Rev. John Wesley, and considered no assistance to him too servile, but was subject to changes of temper. Wesley directed him to carry a package of letters to the post; Bradford wished to hear his sermon first; Wesley was urgent and insisted; Bradford refused. "Then," said Wesley, "you and I must part." "Very good, sir," replied Bradford.

They slept over it. On rising the next morning Wesley accosted his old friend and asked if he had considered what he had said, that "they must part." "Yes, sir," replied Bradford. "And must we part?" inquired Wesley. "Please yourself, sir," was the reply. "Will you ask my pardon?" rejoined Wesley. "No, sir." "You won't?" "No, sir." "Then I will ask yours!" replied the great man. Bradford melted under the example, and wept like a child.

A Hard Lesson.

When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she, who bloomed so beauteously,
Beneath the weapon bends—
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,

Dying she breathes her sweetest breath, As if to token in her fall Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
And render only love again !
ONE had it—But He came from heaven,
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed;
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made,
But when in death's dark pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers, and died.

J. Edmeston.

Pleasure of Forgiveness.

Have you never felt the pleasure of forgiving fraud or wrong

Rippling through your soul like measure sweet of sweetest poet's song?

Have you never felt that beauty lies in pain for others borne?

That the sacredness of duty bids you offer love for scorn?

'Tis the Christian, not the Stoic, that best triumphs over pain.

It is related in ancient history that Pompey had resolved to chastise the Himereans for attempting to support his enemies, when the orator Sthennis told him he would act unjustly if he passed by the person that was guilty, and punished the innocent. Pompey asked him who was the guilty person, and he answered, "I am the man. I persuaded my friends, and compelled my enemies. to take the measures they did." Pompey, delighted with his frank confession and noble spirit, forgave him first, and afterward all the people of Himera.

One of our American historians makes particular mention of the fact that among the propensities of the red men was the passion for war. Their wars, however, were always undertaken for the redress of grievances, real and imaginary, and not for conquest. But with the Indian a redress of grievances meant a personal, vindictive and bloody vengeance on the defender. The

Indian's principles of war were easily understood, but irreconcilable with justice and humanity. The forgiveness of an injury was reckoned a weakness and a shame. Revenge was considered among the nobler virtues.

The open honorable battle of the field was an event unknown in Indian warfare. Fighting was limited to the surprise, the ambuscade, the massacre; and military strategy consisted of cunning and treachery. Quarter was rarely asked and never granted; those who were spared from the fight were only reserved for a barbarous captivity, ransom or the stake. In the torture of his victims all the diabolical ferocity of the savage warrior's nature burst forth without restraint.

In contrast with this unforgiving and bloodthirsty spirit, read what is said of one of England's great chief justices.

Generous Forbearance.

A man who had done Sir Matthew Hale a great injury came afterward to him for his advice in the settlement of his estate. Sir Matthew gave his advice very frankly to him, but would accept of no fee for it; and thereby showed, both that he could forgive as a Christian, and that he had the spirit of a gentleman, not to take money of one who had wronged him so grievously. When he was asked how he could use a man so kindly who had wronged him so much, his answer was, he thanked God he had learned to forget injuries.

Similar was the spirit of Napoleon, as already stated. After his escape from exile at Elba, and his re-ascension of the throne of France, members of that senate which had pronounced Napoleon's forfeiture of the throne, called tremblingly, with their congratulations. The emperor received them with courtesy, and gave no indication of the

slightest resentment. "I leave that act," said he, "for history to relate. For my part, I forget all past occurrences."

Be assured that much depends upon the manner in which we forgive an injury. Mr. A. goes to Mr. B. and says, "You and I have lived here side by side for many years and without any trouble or signs of a quarrel until lately. I feel uneasy; I am very unhappy because our pleasant relations have been disturbed, and I am very anxious to talk the matter over with you and see if we cannot make up and be as good friends as ever."

A Cool Reception.

"I should think it was about time you came to your senses," blurts out Mr. B. "Do you know, you have acted like a simpleton? You ought to have come to me with your confession long ago. However, go on, let me hear what you have got to say, but understand that you have been in the wrong and the blame is all on your side."

"We will not stop to discuss that," says Mr. A. "I have not come to rake up the old trouble and live it all over again. Suppose for the sake of peace I take all the blame."

"Well, how could you do anything else? You must be very obtuse, to suppose I'm going to take the blame for your blunders and malicious deeds. You have said and done what you knew was wrong at the time. You are an evil-disposed, crusty, thoughtless person anyway."

And so Mr. B. takes Mr. A., roasts him over the fire of his resentment, gives him a piece of his mind, as he calls it, and is eager to have the quarrel continue. Now, Mr. B., you had better not give a piece of your mind to anybody. A mind as small as yours is can't afford to part with any. You have

very little mind and you should be economical and keep all you have.

"You surprise me," says Mr. A., "for I thought you would be neighborly, and would overlook the past, as I have asked you to do. Don't blow the embers into a flame again. I am not only willing to meet you half way but more; now let us be friends again."

Mr. B. is one of those resentful, unforgiving mortals, who are never quite so happy as when they are nursing some old grudge. They are weak-minded, sour, crabbed, detestable. They die some time or other, and that is the best thing they can do. The world does not want them, is better off without them, is glad to get rid of them.

A Human Porcupine.

Finally, after Mr. B. has raked up the old trouble, has made the worst out of it, has given vent to his petty revenge, has gratified his fiendish spirit, has poured the vials of his vengeance on the head of his old neighbor, he reluctantly consents to shake hands and come to terms. The manner in which the trouble was settled is so unsatisfactory that you might almost say there is no settlement at all. How different it would have been if this porcupine, Mr. B., instead of bristling up, instead of snapping and snarling and digging up the old root of bitterness, had said in a noble generous way, "I'm more than glad to see you, neighbor A. In fact, I have thought many times of calling to see if we could not be reconciled. Don't talk about the past; let it all go; it was a most unfortunate circumstance; I don't want you to take the blame any more than I am willing to take it myself. Friends again? Of course, we will be friends and never ought to have been anything else."

This would have been a happy termination

of the quarrel. The sunlight of forgiveness would have beamed in each face and each would have known the joy of charity and reconciliation.

It happened that a gentleman in one of our eastern towns took great offence against a merchant in the same place, and after brooding a long time over the fancied injury, stepped into the store one morning, bent on a pitched battle. His lip curled, fire was in his eye, the heat of anger burned upon his cheek, and he was more like a madman than a Christian. Meeting the merchant, he said in a loud tone of voice, "It was all false, every word of it. You are a base scoundrel, and I have come to tell you right to your face what I think of you."

Said the merchant with his blandest smile, "O, no matter about that; I will excuse you; I've nothing against you, but see here, I've some choice goods I would like to show you this morning, and I will sell them very cheap."

Nine-Tenths are Foolish.

The merchant went on talking about his goods and was as pleasant as sunshine, very affable and polite. The other tried to say some severe things, but finding he would have the quarrel all to himself, saw the absurdity of what he was doing and with a look of shame turned and left the store. "A soft answer," says the proverb, "turneth away wrath." This merchant had a good knowledge of human nature. He was not ready for an encounter, and probably understood that nine-tenths of the personal misunderstandings in the world are causeless and foolish. How often it happens that a simple explanation will give an entirely new view to conduct that was first thought to be very reprehensible. For this reason it is important that we should meet all enmity in

a charitable spirit and should be ready to forgive.

Says Sir Thomas Browne: "Let not the sun in Capricorn [when the days are shortest] go down upon the wrath, but write thy wrongs in ashes. Draw the curtain of night upon injuries, shut them up in the tower of oblivion, and let them be as though they had not been. To forgive our enemies, yet hope that God will punish them, is not to forgive enough. To forgive them ourselves, and not to pray God to forgive them, is a partial act of charity. Forgive thine enemies totally, and without any reserve that, however, God will revenge thee."

We Should be Silent.

Says Addison: "If a man has any talent in writing, it shows a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness in which they are offered. But when a man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great and heroical. There is a peculiar merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it."

Says Chalmers: "Tell us, ye men who are so jealous of right and honor, who take sudden fire at every insult, and suffer the slightest imagination of another's contempt, or another's unfairness, to chase from your bosom every feeling of complacency; ye men whom every fancied affront puts in such a turbulence of emotion, and in whom every fancied infringement stirs up the quick and the resentful appetite for justice, how will you stand the rigorous application of that test by which the forgiven of God are ascer-

tained, even that the spirit of forgiveness is in them, and by which it will be pronounced whether you are, indeed, the children of the Highest, and perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect?"

Says Cowper: "Alas! if my best Friend, who laid down his life for me, were to remember all the instances in which I have neglected Him, and to plead them against me in judgment, where should I hide my guilty head in the day of recompense? I will pray, therefore, for blessings upon my friends, even though they cease to be so, and upon my enemies, though they continue such."

Says Lord Herbert: "He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven."

How Injuries are Defeated.

Says Dr. Johnson: "A constant and unfailing obedience is above the reach of terrestrial diligence; and, therefore, the progress of life could only have been the natural descent of negligent despair from crime to crime, had not the universal persuasion of forgiveness to be obtained by proper means of reconciliation recalled those to the paths of virtue whom their passions had solicited aside, and animated to new attempts and firmer perseverance those whom difficulty had discouraged, or negligence surprised."

Says Alexander Pope: "Whoever is really brave has always this comfort when he is oppressed, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him, by forgiving it."

Says Paul Richter: "Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another. Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation: our weaknesses are thus indemnified, and are not too costly, being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness; and the archangel who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl."

Says Sterne: "The brave only know how to forgive: it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions; cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave—it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security, and above all the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness."

Not to Overlook Justice.

Says Whateley: "The duty of the Christian forgiveness does not require you, nor are you allowed, to look on injustice, or any other fault, with indifference, as if it were nothing wrong at all, merely because it is you that have been wronged.

"But even where we cannot but censure, in a moral point of view, the conduct of those who have injured us, we should remember that such treatment as may be very fitting for them to receive may be very unfitting for us to give. To cherish, or to gratify, haughty resentment, is a departure from the pattern left us by Him who 'endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself,' not to be justified by any offence that can be committed against us. And it is this recollection of Him who, faultless Himself, designed to leave us an example of meekness and long-suffering, that is the true

principle and motive of Christian forgiveness. We shall best fortify our patience under injuries by remembering how much we ourselves have to be forgiven."

"An old Spanish writer says, 'To return evil for good is devilish; to return good for good is human; but to return good for evil is Godlike.'"

History has many records of harsh severity and revenge. One of the most painful is the treatment accorded to Sir Walter Raleigh. There was an alleged conspiracy against James I. Raleigh underwent a trial, which, though the issue declared him guilty, leaves the mind in a state of absolute skepticism with regard to the reality of this conspiracy, or of his concern in it. Raleigh's sentence was suspended for the course of fifteen years, during most of which time he was confined in the Tower, where he employed himself in the composition of his "History of the World," a work excellent in point of style, and in many branches valuable in point of matter.

Executed at Last.

In the last year of his life he received the king's commission of admiral to undertake an expedition for the discovery of some rich mines in Guiana. This, which, if not law, humanity at least ought to have interpreted into a pardon of his offence, was, however, not so understood by the monarch, whose heart had no great portion of the generous feelings. Raleigh's expedition was unsuccessful; the court of Spain complained of an attack which he had made upon one of their settlements. James wished to be at peace with Spain, and Raleigh, at his return, was ordered to be beheaded on his former sentence.

A striking instance of the folly of resentment is furnished by the duel between Commodores Decatur and Barron. The word being given, they fired so exactly together that it sounded like the report of one pistol. Barron fell, badly wounded. Decatur was about to fall, but was caught, and staggered forward a few steps, and sank down close to Barron; and, as they lay on the ground, both expecting to die, they conversed together as follows, as near as could be collected: "Let us," said Barron, "make friends before we meet in heaven. Everything has been conducted in the most honorable manner, and I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

"I have never been your enemy," Decatur replied, "and I freely forgive you my death, though I cannot forgive those who stimulated you to seek my life." "Would to God," said Barron, "that you had said as much yesterday!" According to one witness, Decatur added: "God bless you, Barron." To which Barron replied, "God bless you, Decatur." Decatur died and Barron survived.

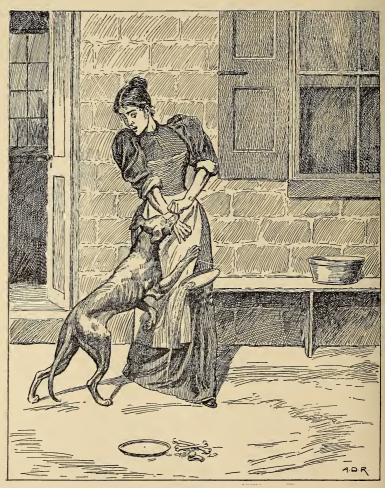
But not merely on great occasions when we feel that we have been injured in connection with some very important transaction, but in the little affairs of everyday life and in the home is there need of showing the spirit of forgiveness.

The well-known authoress, Mrs. Gaskell, draws a beautiful picture in one of her

works of a forgiving disposition. Perhaps some of my readers will remember the little household of Captain Brown and his two daughters. The elder of these was unfortunately an invalid. Her natural disposition was not the most amiable, and to this was added the peevishness which arises from illhealth. She was a chronic fault-finder. Only occasionally did there come a gleam of cheerfulness and affection.

Her younger sister showed almost the devotion of an angel, was kind and attentive, and with all a sister's gentleness, nursed the sufferer until death gave her a happy release. In her last moments she felt that she could not die without asking forgiveness from the dear one, who had been so devoted and patient. The scene as described is enough to move every heart. With noble, womanly magnanimity the younger sister took the hand of the dying one, assured her that all was forgiven even before that forgiveness was asked, and with a smile upon her face the elder sister fell peacefully asleep.

O, what peace and happiness does it bring to ask and receive forgiveness when we know we have injured another, and what joy does it bring to grant what is asked. If it must needs be that offences come, this is God's own way of settling them and blotting them from the record of our lives.



BASE INGRATITUDE

CHAPTER XXIV.

GRATITUDE.



HERE is a world of meaning in those two short words, "Thankyou." You may have spoken them many times from the mere force of habit; you have uttered them formally and without thought.

They belong to the better side of life and stand opposed to ingratitude.

Did you ever think how much is meant by our national Thanksgiving? Bear in mind that the Government at Washington appoints a special day for the expression of gratitude. It is expected that all business will be suspended, that the shop and the store will be closed, that the wheels of the factory will rest, that the sounds of labor will be hushed, and the people will think of their blessings. Is he not an ungrateful wretch who fails to catch the meaning of this day, recall the benefits he has received, and prize the treasures of health and prosperity? A national Thanksgiving is reasonable, for, as we receive the season's bounty. so we should give evidence that we appreciate it. The very flowers lift up their beautiful lips as if to bless the sun that warms them into loveliness.

Practically, our national Thanksgiving is a national harvest festival, fixed by proclamation of the president and the governors of States, and ranks as a legal holiday. In 1789 the Episcopal Church formally recognized the civil government's authority to appoint such a feast, and in 1888 the Roman Catholic Church also decided to honor a

festival, which had long been nearly univer sally observed—though nowhere with such zest as in the New England States, where it ranks as the great annual family festival, taking the place which in England is accorded to Christmas.

The earliest harvest Thanksgiving in America was kept by the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth in 1621, and was repeated often during that and the ensuing century; Congress commended days of thanksgiving annually during the revolution, and in 1789 after the adoption of the constitution, and in 1795 for the general benefits and welfare of the nation. Since 1817 the festival has been observed annually in New York, and since 1863 the presidents have always issued proclamations appointing the last Thursday of November as Thanksgiving Day.

Grateful for Everything.

People who have all the luxuries of life, who are possessed of abundant means, who have only to wish, and the wish is gratifled, yet are forever complaining, moping, grumbling, and appear to be disgusted with everything in general, except themselves, may smile in derision at the historic statement that the good old Pilgrim Fathers should have appointed a day of thanksgiving. What had they to be thankful for? No stately mansions, no gardens of floral beauty, no velvet carpets, no rosewood furniture, no glittering chandeliers, no service of silver or gold, no silks and satins, no fashions from Worth in Paris. How did the poor crea-

tures live? Log houses, chinked with mortar, bare floors and unpainted ceilings, homespun garments, a wilderness of savages around, the real comforts of home entirely wanting, plain clothes, plain fare, plain manners—these very commonplace accessories make up the picture of their rugged life. They toiled, they struggled, they fought, they suffered, they sometimes knew hunger and privation—they were happy.

Story of a Cripple.

At all events, they resigned themselves to the situation, made the most of their mercies. were always thankful, and went so far as to appoint a day for expressing their gratitude. Do you say they had nothing for which to be thankful? Would you say that the poor beggar in the streets of New York who had lost both arms in the war was a self-deceiver, when he made a reply one day to a person who was pitying him? "Poor fellow," said a lady, who met him, "you have been very unfortunate." "Poor fellow," exclaimed the man, "why, I saw a man the other day who had lost both legs and both arms, and came near losing his head at that. Madam, I'm thankful for what's left of me." You may think this beggar was a philosopher. What hinders you from being a philosopher? You may think others are far better off than you are; you live in a mansion, but the man across the street has a house that is two feet higher than yours, and grounds that are a vard wider, and your heart is just broken. And so you are making yourself miserable and ungrateful. I had almost said you ought to be stripped as clean as Robinson Crusoe was on his island. You do not deserve such a tow jacket as the old Pilgrim Fathers were glad to get, and thought was good enough to go to church in. Be grateful for the bounty that crowns your life. Have some nobility of character; take and enjoy what you have. Don't sour all your blessings, with the vinegar of a mean, unthankful spirit.

Causes for Thankfulness.

For all that God in mercy sends;
For health and children, home and friends
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,
In everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,
For these and everything we see,
O Lord! our hearts we lift to Thee,
For everything give thanks!

ELLEN ISABELLA TUPPER.

Said a very old man: "Some folks are complaining about the weather; but I am very thankful when I wake up in the morning to find any weather at all." We may smile at the simplicity of the old man, but still his language indicates a spirit that contributes much to a calm and peaceful life. It is better and wiser to cultivate that spirit than to be always complaining of things, as we are. Be thankful for such mercies as you have, and if God sees that it will be for your good and his glory, he will give you many more. At least, do not make yourself and others unhappy by your ingratitude and complaints. Amidst abundance do not make yourself poor by persuading yourself that you have nothing.

Base Ingratitude.

The stall-fed ox, that is grown fat, will know His careful feeder, and acknowledge too; The generous spaniel loves his master's eye, And licks his fingers though no meat be by: But man, ungrateful man, that's born and bred By Heaven's immediate power; maintained and fed By His providing hand; observed, attended, By His indulgent grace; preserved, defended, By His prevailing arm: this man, I say, Is more ungrateful, more obdure than they.

Man, O, most ungrateful man, can ever Enjoy Thy gift, but never mind the Giver; And like the swine, though pampered with enough, His eyes are never higher than the trough.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Blessings Forgotten.

We find the fiercest things that live, The savage born, the wildly rude, When soothed by Mercy's hand, will give Some faint response of gratitude.

But man!—oh! blush, ye lordly race!— Shrink back, and question thy proud heart! Do ye not lack that thankful grace Which ever forms the soul's best part!

Will ye not take the blessings given,
The priceless boon of ruddy health,
The sleep unbroken, peace unriven,
The cup of joy, the mine of wealth—

Will ye not take them all, and yet
Walk from the cradle to the grave,
Enjoying, boasting, and forget
To think upon the God that gave?

Thou'lt even kneel to blood-stained kings, Nor fear to have thy serfdom known; Thy knee will bend for bauble things, Yet fail to seek its Maker's throne.

· ELIZA COOK.

Gratitude is a painful pleasure, felt and expressed by none but noble souls. Such are pained, because misfortune places them under the stern necessity of receiving favors from the benevolent, who are, as the world would say, under no obligations to bestow them—free-will offerings, made by generous hearts, to smooth the rough path, and wipe

away the tears of a fellow being. They derive a pleasure from the enjoyment of the benefits bestowed, which is rendered more exquisite by the reflection that there are those in the world who can feel and appreciate the woes of others, and lend a willing hand to help them out of the ditch; those who are not wrapped up in the cocoon of selfish avarice, who live only for themselves, and die for the devil.

This pleasure is farther refined by a knowledge of the happiness enjoyed by the person whose benevolence dictated the relief in the contemplation of a duty performed, imposed by angelic philanthropy, guided by motives pure as heaven. The worthy recipient feels deeply the obligations under which he is placed; no time can obliterate them from his memory, no statute of limitation bars the payment; the moment, means and opportunity are within his power, the debt is joyfully liquidated, and this very act gives a free 'i vigor to his long-cherished gratitude.

Planting Trees for Others.

A very poor and aged man, busied in planting and grafting an apple tree, was rudely interrupted by this interrogation: "Why do you plant trees, who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?" He raised himself up, and leaning upon his spade, replied: "Some one planted trees for me before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others, that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone." It is a species of agreeable servitude to be under an obligation to those we esteem. Ingratitude is a crime so shameful that the man has not yet been found who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

Nothing tenders the heart, and opens the gushing fountain of love, more than the exercise of gratitude. Like the showers of spring, that cause flowers to rise from seeds that have long lain dormant, tears of gratitude awaken pleasurable sensations, unknown to those who have never been forced from the sunshine of prosperity into the cold shade of adversity, where no warmth is felt but that of benevolence; no light enjoyed but that of charity; unless it shall be the warmth and light communicated from Heaven to the sincerely pious, who alone are prepared to meet, with calm submission, the keen and chilling winds of misfortune, and who, above all others, exercise the virtue of gratitude, in the full perfection of its native beauty.

The Grecian Soldier.

A certain soldier in the Macedonian army had in many instances distinguished himself by extraordinary marks, of valor, and had received many marks of Philip's favor and approbation. On some occasion he embarked on board a vessel, which was wrecked by a violent storm, and he himself cast on the shore helpless and naked, and scarcely with the appearance of life. A Macedonian, whose lands were contiguous to the sea, came opportunely to be witness of his distress; and, with all humane and charitable tenderness, flew to the relief of the unhappy stranger. He bore him to his house, laid him in his own bed, revived, cherished, comforted, and for forty days supplied him freely with all the necessaries and conveniences which his languishing condition could require.

The soldier, thus happily rescued from death, was incessant in the warmest expressions of gratitude to his benefactor, assured him of his interest with the king, and of him power and resolution of obtaining for him, from the royal bounty, the noble returns which such extraordinary benevolence had merited. He was now completely recovered,

and his kind host supplied him with money to pursue his journey. In some time after he presented himself before the king; he recounted his misfortunes, magnified his services; and this inhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye of envy on the possessions of the man who had preserved his life, was now so abandoned to all sense of gratitude as to request that the king would bestow upon him the house and lands where he had been so tenderly and kindly entertained.

Evil for Good.

Unhappily, Philip, without examination, inconsiderately and precipitately granted his infamous request; and this soldier, now returned to his preserver, repaid his goodness by driving him from his settlement, and taking immediate possession of all the fruits of his honest industry. The poor man, stung with this instance of unparalleled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly determined, instead of submitting to his wrongs, to seek relief; and, in a letter addressed to Philip, represented his own and the soldier's conduct in a lively and affecting manner.

The king was instantly fired with indignation; he ordered that justice should be done without delay; that the possessions should be immediately restored to the man whose charitable offices had been thus horribly repaid; and having seized the soldier, caused these words to be branded on his forehead, The Ungrateful Guest; a character infamous in every age and among all nations, but particularly among the Greeks, who from the earliest times were most scrupulously observant of the laws of hospitality. If all the foreheads that deserve to be branded with the mark of ingratitude had it burned there, many people would wear their hats very low on their heads.



Gratitude Personified.

Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes! With love and gladness weepingly they shed Ecstatic smiles; the incense that her hands Uprear is sweeter than the breath of May Caught from the nectarine's blossoms, and her

Is more than voice can tell; to Him she sings, To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns, Who made, and who preserves whatever dwells In air, in steadfast earth, or fickle sea.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

A Fragrant Incense.

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart, And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise For benefits received: propitious Heaven Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense, And doubles all its blessings.

GEORGE LILLO.

Mrs. Jameson writes: "Once, when I was at Vienna, there was a dread of hydrophobia, and orders were given to massacre all the dogs which were found unclaimed or uncollared in the city or suburbs. Men were employed for this purpose, and they genereall carried a short heavy stick, which they flung at the poor proscribed animal with such certain aim as either to kill or maim it mortally at one blow.

"It happened one day that, close to the edge of the river, near the Ferdinand's Brücke, one of these men flung his stick at a wretched dog, but with such bad aim that if ell into the river. The poor animal, following its instinct or its teaching, immediately plunged in, redeemed the stick, and laid it down at the feet of its owner, who, snatching it up, dashed out the creature's brains. I wonder what the Athenians would have done to such a man—they who banished the judge of the Areopagus because he flung away the bird which had sought shelter in his bosom."

Gratitude may be improvident, as Wash-

ington Irving points out in the case of Oliver Goldsmith. He intended to proceed to Paris and pursue his medical studies there, and was furnished by his friend with money for the journey. Unluckily, he rambled into the garden of a florist just before quitting Leyden. The tulip mania was still prevalent in Holland, and some species of that splendid flower brought immense prices. In wandering through the garden Goldsmith recollected that his Uncle Contarine was a tulip-fancier.

The thought suddenly struck him that here was an opportunity of testifying, in a delicate manner, his sense of that generous uncle's past kindnesses. In an instant his hand was in his pocket; a number of choice and costly tulip roots were purchased and packed up for Mr. Contarine; and it was not until he had paid for them that he bethought himself that he had spent all the money borrowed for his traveling expenses.

He Traveled on Foot.

Too proud, however, to give up his journey, and too shamefaced to make another appeal to his friend's liberality, he determined to travel on foot, and depend upon chance and good-luck for the means of getting forward; and it is said that he actually set off on a tour of the Continent, in February, 1755, with but one spare shirt, a flute, and a single guinea.

Among the many stories told of President Lincoln the following deserves a worthy place: Hon. Thaddeus Stevens called with an elderly lady in great trouble, whose son had been in the army, but for some offence had been court-martialed and sentenced either to death or imprisonment. After a full hearing, the President proceeded to execute the paper granting pardon. The gratitude of the mother was too deep for expres-

sion, save by her tears, and not a word was said between her and Mr. Stevens until they were half way down the stairs when she suddenly broke forth in an excited manner with the words, "I knew it was a copperhead lie!" "What do you refer to, madam?" asked Mr. Stevens. "Why, they told me he was an ugly-looking man," she replied, with vehemence. "He is the handsomest man I ever saw in my life!"

The Prophet's Reply.

It is related that a Bedouin woman, mounted on a dromedary, ran toward Malnomet. "The enemy," said she, "have seized upon my flock, that I was pasturing in the desert; I mounted this dromedary, and made a vow to immolate it in your presence to God should I succeed in escaping through its speed. I come to fulfil the vow." "But," said the prophet, smiling, "would it not be ingratitude to the generous animal to whom thou owest thy safety? Thy vow is null, because it is unjust; the animal which thou has consecrated to me is thine no more, it is mine; I gave it in trust to thee; go and console thy family."

Few incidents are more pathetic than one narrated in our nation's early annals. During our Revolutionary War, eighty old German soldiers, who, after having long served under different monarchs in Europe, had retired to America and converted their swords into plowshares, voluntarily formed themselves into a company, and distinguished themselves in various actions in the cause of Independence. The captain was nearly one hundred years, had been in the army forty years, and present in seventeen battles. The drummer was ninety-four, and the youngest man in the corps on the verge of seventy.

Instead of a cockade, each man wore a piece of black crape, as a mark of sorrow for

being obliged, at so advanced a period of life, to bear arms. "But," said the veterans, "we should be deficient in gratitude, if we did not act in defense of a country which has afforded us a generous asylum, and protected us from tyranny and oppression." Such a band of soldiers never before perhaps appeared on the field of battle.

How delightful the ability as well as the disposition to confer favors! What pleasure it must afford the rich and the powerful to relieve the wants and soothe the sufferings of the poor! The recollection of such conduct is calculated to sweeten every hour of after existence. What reflections could be more felicitous than those caused by having rescued some erring child of humanity from a downward career-having brightened the hearth of some lonely and impoverished widowhaving averted the bankruptcy of some friend -having tendered a loan at the moment it was least expected and most desired—having appeared as a messenger of generosity and joy: when, to the sufferer, all the world seemed mercenary and heartless!

Tears of Gratitude.

The "Pleasures of Philanthropy" are yet to be described. But volumes might be produced by some competent mind and heart upon such a fruitful subject. We once happened to enter the sick chamber of an estimable citizen, who had been unable, in consequence of severe illness, to attend to his business affairs for some weeks. We found his wife overcome by some sudden act of kindness, and shedding tears of gratitude and joy. We inquired the cause, and ascertained that a neighbor who had called before had just paid a visit, and, apprehensive that the pecuniary affairs of the sick man might be in some confusion, he had made a generous tender of his purse, satisfied, he said, that all

would be well again in a short time, but anxious to prevent distress under any circumstances.

The relief was not needed, but the act was so full of touching and disinterested kindness, that the wife was quite overcome, and showered blessings upon the head of the worthy individual referred to. This was, indeed, true benevolence, genuine liberality—a golden deed among the many hollow and sounding acts of this working-day world. It is conduct like this that elevates our race—allies the nature of man to that of superior beings.

They Avoid Display.

And such cases are by no means rare. They seldom find their way into the public prints, for the truly benevolent are modest and retiring, and shrink from all display and ostentation. When they give, they do so quietly, satisfied with the consciousness of doing good.

But, alas! for the weakness and the viciousness of human nature. How often does it happen that favors are sources of anxiety rather than of pleasure, because of the ingratitude of mankind. How often do they convert friends into enemies, make individuals hate their benefactors, simply because of that vicious, selfish passion of the human heart, which, under a sense of obligation, begets a feeling of rancor even amongst the most intimate friends.

Do you not know such cases, gentle reader? Have you not experienced this strange perversity? Can you not call to mind some individual who is indebted to you for a kindness, a favor, a loan, and who has grown colder and colder from day to day and from year to year, until he is now an enemy rather than a friend? Have you not also seen cases in which the obligation, at first regarded as kindly and generous in

an eminent degree, was afterward derided, contemned, and attributed to improper motives?

What fiend is more marble-hearted than Ingratitude? How strange it is that individuals so circumstanced can revile or assail their benefactors? How dark and deplorable a feature of the human heart! And yet its existence how few will deny! The ungrateful man is, indeed, a disgrace to humanity. He is neither entitled to sympathy nor respect. He not only injuries himself, but he excites distrust as to mankind at large, and checks the hand of generosity when about to act in the most liberal spirit.

A Quick Response.

But all, thank Heaven! are not so. All do not yield to this demon of our evil nature. There are many who are grateful for the smallest favors, who appreciate and remember acts of kindness and goodwill till the latest hour of existence. Nothing so delights them as an opportunity to reciprocate. They are never so happy as when acknowledging and repaying a kindness. They are true to the best impulses of generosity and justice, and they love their fellow-creatures with a spirit of brotherhood and affection.

We have known individuals who years after some slight favor had been conferred, and when it was forgotten by the benefactor, returned it gladly and eagerly a hundred fold. The cup of water given in the right spirit to the beggar who knocks at our door, the crumb that falls from the table, the alms, however, trifling—all have their uses and their reward. Let no one be deterred from the exercise of charity, because in his progress through life he has encountered many an instance of black ingratitude. Let not the innocent suffer for the guilty!

We hold to the faith that no act of hu-

manity, no word of kindness, no smile of benevolence, is altogether valueless or lost. We may not see the effect to-day. It may escape our observation entirely. But it will, nevertheless, have existence. It is our duty, at least, to act in a generous, a benevolent and a Christian spirit, satisfied that there is One who penetrates far deeper than any human foresight and notes not only every deed, but every thought of the great human family.

Unselfish Givers.

It is not too much to say that the majority of people are too slow in expressing gratitude for favors received. They are willing to get the benefits and frequently willing to take them as if they had a right to them. When it comes to real thankfulness they halt or they forget. There are few, indeed, who have not at one time or another received favors which placed them under immense obligations to the giver. That giver may not have been selfish, may not have expected any return, may have bestowed kindness as freely as the bursting fountain cools your lip, yet why should not gratitude be his reward? And how much more noble to be thankful and express the thankfulness!

This nation of ours owes a tremendeous debt of gratitude to the heroes and patriots who have made it what it is. Their memory should be cherished; more than this, during the life of such men they should receive the gratitude that is their due. After they pass into history, after their majestic figures are seen among us no more, and we begin to understand the great loss we have sustained, then we talk about their virtues, we puff them in newspapers, we tell of their achievements, and put up a monument here and there on some corner of the street to pre-

serve the memory of their brilliant deeds and express our national gratitude. Would it not be well to let them know while living how much they are appreciated?

Ingratitude to Public Men.

Lincoln dies, and is borne away to his grave with funeral pomp, and the road he travels in death is strewn with flowers and warmed with tears. Yet what harsh criticisms, what sharp attacks, what sullen disapproval he was compelled to meet. There was an attempt to recompense General Grant during his life for services he had rendered. Something has been said about a house in St. Louis, and another in Philadelphia. Yet all that was done for him and all that was done by southern states for their great generals and statesmen does not disprove the old sad saving that "republics are ungrateful." A score of men have died in as many years who in Great Britian would have been titled and placed among the number of those whose glorious deeds are appreciated and rewarded. After all, let us not forget that they are the greatest who toil and suffer and practice self-denial for its own sake. They have an inward satisfaction, and this is their recompense. Let us learn the lesson of faithful duty and honest service, even if we are never cheered by one emotion of gratitude from those around us. we shall suffer no disappointments. consciousness that we have acted well our part will be sufficient. Let us be like that teacher who had two pupils with opposite dispositions; one was a bullet-headed boy of tough fibre, dull of brain and sullen in disposition, who, in addition to slighting all his lessons, took every occasion to annoy his teacher and make her work unpleasant, The other was an affectionate and sensitive girl who greeted her every morning with a

smile and some little gift of flowers plucked from the garden or the wayside. Her whole deportment seemed to say "I thank you for your kindness and all you are doing for me."

Yet in the gloomy hour of sickness the teacher wished especially to see that boy. He came by her request. She seemed to have forgotten all his waywardness. She said nothing of his misconduct. She looked into his eyes and told him of her interest and love. Very grateful to her were the little gifts one pupil had bestowed, and no less grateful was the softening of that boy's heart. In his rough way he said: "Thank you, teacher; you've been very good to me." This was the turning-point in that boy's life, and he might never have reached it if his teacher had not known how to work on regardless of reward.

Carries its Own Reward.

The sense of gratitude, the feeling that it should be cherished and expressed is common to all persons; it is born with us and it may truly be said is one of the finest elements of character.

There is a not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not, like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker! The Supreme Being does not confer us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the Author of good and Father of mercies.

If gratitude when exerted towards another naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man, it exalts the soul into rapture when it is employed on this great object of gratitude, on this beneficent Being who has given us everything we already possess, and from whom we expect everything we yet hope for.

Instinct of Gratitude.

He that has nature in him must be grateful 'Tis the Creator's primary great law,
That links the chain of beings to each other,
Joining the greater to the lesser nature,
Tying the weak and strong, the poor and powerful,
Subduing men to brutes, and even brutes to men.

SAMUEL MADAN.

Why should not the heart be always thankful, for there is a faith which all may possess that assures us our lives are well ordered and protected.

All's for the Best.

All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful,
Troubles and sorrows are friends in disguise,
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,
Courage forever is happy and wise;
All's for the best—if a man could but know it
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious, and all's for the best!

All's for the best! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
A wayfaring swallow or heart-stricken dove.
All's for the best! be a man, but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest.
And the frail bark of his creatures is guiding,
Wisely and warily, all's for the best!

All's for the best! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and loss in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.

All's for the best! unbiassed, unbounded, Providence reigns from the east to the west, And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded, Hope and be happy, for all's for the best!

A fine example of royal gratitude was that of Charles II, related by Hood in his "Life of Cromwell." Richard Penderel, Charles introduced to his Court, saying, "The simplest rustic who serves his sovereign in the time of need to the utmost extent of his ability is as deserving of our commendation as the victorious leader of thousands. Friend Richard," continued the king, "I am glad to see thee: thou wert my preserver and conductor, the bright star that showed me to my Bethlehem, for which kindness I will engrave thy memory on the tablet of a faithful heart." Turning to the lords, the king said, "My lords, I pray you respect this good man for my sake. Master Richard, be bold and tell these lords what passed among us when I had quitted the oak at Boscobel to reach Pit Leason." When Charles had been defeated he was aided in making his escape to France by Penderel.

There is an old fable of a man who saw an adder lying on the ground, benumbed with cold and nearly dead. His pity was moved and he thought he would try and save the reptile's life. He took it up, placed it in his bosom and soon restored it by the warmth of his own body. What did the reptile do then but turn upon its benefactor, strike its poisonous fangs into his breast and give him a death-wound? The one who had

saved the life of the venomous adder lost his own.

The old fable gives this as an illustration of ingratitude. You can see at a glance its truthfulness and force. How many there are who have received undeserved benefits, and then, with the demonish spirit of malice, turn and rend their benefactors. This is not human. It is the spirit of the adder which, having received the kindness of the one who sought to save its life, buried its fangs in the very bosom that warmed it.

To be thankful is not only pleasant to the one who has bestowed the gift; it is a sweet satisfaction to the one who is grateful. This disposition is among those virtues the exercise of which has been ordained for our inward satisfaction and peace. We are thus placed on a level with the noblest characters and our life blossoms into beauty. May a kind Providence save us from ever being chilled by ingratitude. What the frost is to the violet and the lily, an unthankful spirit is to our best endeavors and intentions.

The great master of the human heart, Shakespeare, exclaims, "Ingratitude thou marble-hearted fiend!" And again: "How sharper than a serpent's teeth it is to have a thankless child." No one will dispute the truth here stated; it is recognized in all the walks of life. Gratitude is an angel that flies with wings, and whose face wears the smile of heaven. Ingratitude is a demon, dark and malicious, from whom all noble natures recoil. It throws a shadow over every life that comes within its influence,



SELF-SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER XXV.

SELF=SACRIFICE.

OU cannot gain without giving. You cannot obtain without expending. You must sacrifice yourself if you would make the most of yourself. There is a general law in the world which

requires a yielding up, an outlay before the best things, before anything, indeed, can be brought to pass. There is a cost that is always demanded; there is an expenditure that must be made.

The illustrations of this principle are on every side of us. Bread is one of our most common articles of food. Kingdoms are kingdoms because of bread. "It is the staff of life." It enters into blood and brain. We get the bread from flour, flung from the hopper of the noisy mill. It comes from wheat, and what does wheat come from? It costs a seed to get a stalk of wheat, and that seed must give itself, must go into the ground and die. It cannot save itself; the attempt would make it a useless thing. Take this country of ours and other countries together, and millions of acres of wheat are sown in the autumn. The seed, the dying seed-withhold that, and you would cut off the next year's harvest. Save all the kernels of the grape, never plant any, and no new vine with tangled tendrils and purple clusters would ever grow. It takes the plough and harrow, the soaking rains and gentle sunshine, to get a field of wheat. More than this, it takes the dving seed.

There is a law in the universe that things must be sacrificed before they can show what is in them and what they are good for; nothing can be gained, nothing can be done without cost.

How do you think the surrounding country looked when William Penn sailed up the Delaware? A wilderness then, its paths trodden by the red men, its tree-tops the home of the eagle. Then the gloom of the deep wild forest-now the beauty of the landscape! Then the bark villages of the Indian-now the throbbing life of busy cities! It has cost something to make the transformation; there has been a tremendous outlay. It has cost time and labor and money. The iron and steel gave themselves for the ax; the men gave the strength of arm that swung it. The trees gave themselves that there might be a harvest, and so, too, the rich soil gave itself. Think what cutting, slashing, upturning, ploughing, sowing, building, cultivating, there must have been-think what forces of brain and arm. and unceasing toil, were engaged to transfigure this land and make it so fair. And here it is true again that to get something, something must be given.

Self Cannot be Favored.

It is wonderful how this one thought that things cannot be saved, that they must give themselves up, runs through everything. Would you have a successful business? It will cost you care and anxiety, labor and capital; you cannot save yourself. Would you be a scholar? It will cost you the closest study and application, and perhaps

many a headache and weary hour. Would you be a fine piano player? It will cost you unremitting practice and steady perseverance; and even then, perhaps, yon will feel like telling people that you never play. Would you be a stenographer and able to catch the burning thoughts that flow from the lips of the orator? Or would you be the orator holding listening thousands spellbound? Your time, your effort, your earnestness of purpose alone can do it. There must always be an outlay. There is no escaping the cost. Sacrifice is the grand secret of success.

Alexander's Thirsty Army.

When the army of Alexander the Great was marching against Darius, in crossing the deserts they often suffered more for want of water than by fatigue; many of the cavalry were unable to hold out. While they were upon the march some Macedonians had filled their bottles at a river, and were bringing the water upon mules. These people, seeing Alexander greatly distressed with thirst (for it was in the heat of the day), immediately filled a helmet with water, and presented it to him.

He asked them to whom they were carrying it, and they said, "Our sons; but if our prince does but live, we shall get other children, if we lose them." Upon this he took the helmet in his hands; but looking round, and seeing all the horsemen bending their heads, and fixing their eyes upon the water, he returned it without drinking. However, he praised the people that offered it, and said, "If I alone drink, these good men will be dispirited." The cavalry, who were witnesses to this act of temperance and magnanimity, cried out, "Let us march! We are neither weary nor thirsty, nor shall we even think ourselves mortal, while under the conduct of such a king.". At the same time they put spurs to their horses and dash ; away with fresh courage.

Says Atterbury: "A good man not only forbears those gratifications which are forbidden by reason and religion, but even restrains himself in unforbidden instances."

Says Robert Hall: "The opportunities of making great sacrifices for the good of mankind are of rare occurrence, and he who remains inactive till it is in his power to confer signal benefits or yield important services is in imminent danger of incurring the doom of the slothful servant. It is the preference of duty to inclination in the ordinary course of life, it is the practice of self-denial in a thousand little instances, which forms the truest test of character, and secures the honor and the reward of those who live not to themselves."

Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

Giving and Living.

Forever the sun is pouring his gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth, on the homes of want and sorrow.
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night:
To give is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all,
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the life it sweetly loses.
No choice for the rose but glory or doom—
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom:
To deny is to die.

The seas lend silvery rain to the land,
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its constant motion;
And over and over we yield our breath—
Till the mirror is dry and images death:
To live is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not opened wide
To help the need of sister or brother;
He doubles the worth of his life-long ride
Who gives his fortunate place to another;
Not one, but a thousand lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies:
To deny is to die.

Throw gold to the far-dispersing wave,
And your ships sail home with tons of treasure;
Care not for comfort, all hardships brave,
And evening and age shall sup with pleasure;
Fling health to the sunshine, wind and rain,
And roses shall come to the cheek again:
To give is to live.

Says Sir Walter Scott. "There never did and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute selfdenial."

But if there were no such consideration as the good effect which self-denial has upon the sense of other men towards us, it is of all qualities the most desirable for the agreeable disposition in which it places our own minds. I cannot tell what better to say of it than that it is the very contrary of ambition; and that modesty allays all those passions and inquietudes to which that vice exposes us.

How Pleasures are Doubled.

He that is moderate in his wishes, from reason and choice, and not resigned from sourness, distate or disappointment, doubles all the pleasures of his life. The air, the season, a sunshiny day, or a fair prospect, are instances of happiness; and that which he enjoys in common with all the world (by his exemption from the enchantments by which all the world are bewitched), are to him uncommon benefits and new acquisitions. Health is not eaten up with care, nor pleasure interrupted by envy.

The great foundation of civil virtue is selfdenial; and there is no one above the necessities of life, but has opportunities of exercising that noble quality, and doing as much as his circumstances will bear for the ease and convenience of other men; and he who does more than ordinary men practice upon such occasions as occur in his life, deserves the value of his friends, as if he had done enterprises which are usually attended with the brightest glory. Men of public spirit differ rather in their circumstances than their virtue; and the man who does all he can, in a low station, is more a hero than he who omits any worthy action he is able to accomplish in a great one.

He Caught the Contagion.

The great philanthropist, John Howard, literally died in the act of showing forth his self-sacrificing spirit. A lady some distance away was very ill, and wished to see him. Being sent for, he was determined to go. The rain was falling in torrents-a cold December rain-and the wind was blowing a gale. As he could not, without much delay, procure a vehicle, he mounted an old dray horse and rode the twenty-four miles through the tempest. He arrived to find his patient dying of hospital fever. He tried, however, some powerful medicines upon her, with a view to excite perspiration: and, in order to ascertain whether they were producing the wished-for-effect, he lifted the bedclothes and felt of her arm.

As he did so, the effluvia from her body was so offensive that he could scarcely endure it. She died soon after, and he returned to Cherson. Three days later he was seized with the same fever. The exhaustion of his long and painful ride, and the shock to his feelings at finding his patient in the agonies of death, had rendered his system liable to the contagion, which had struck him, as he believed, at the moment of his lifting the

bedclothes. Yet he did not regret his efforts to befriend a poor, dying woman.

Macaulay pays a glowing tribute to the Iesuits who risked their lives in the effort to minister to those who were stricken with a plague: "When in our time a new and terrible pestilence passed round the globe; when in some great cities fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together; when the secular clergy had deserted their flocks: when medical succor was not to be purchased by gold; when the strongest natural affections had yielded to the love of life, even then the Jesuit was found by the pallet which bishop and curate, physician and nurse, father and mother had deserted. bending over infected lips to catch the faint accents of confession, and holding up to the last, before the expiring penitent, the image of the expiring Redeemer."

Grecian Patriotism.

The pages of history are luminous and bright with examples of self-sacrifice. It shines out boldly in every great national crisis. The story of Greece, her victories and achievements, is one glowing tribute to this principle. The world will never cease to wonder at the valor which has made Thermopylæ one of the most famous names in history. Tennyson has celebrated in song the headlong charge of the six hundred.

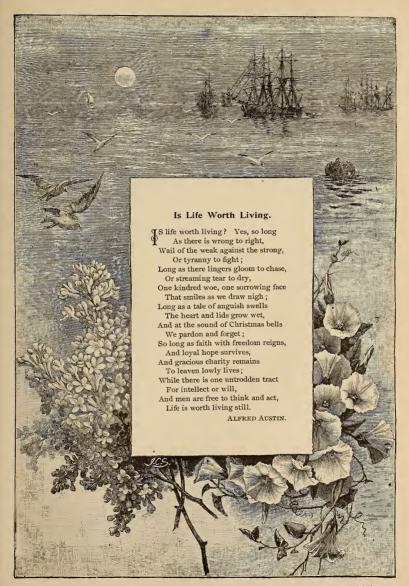
Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them Volleyed and thundered; Into the jaws of death Rode the six hundred.

But history affords no such record as that of the three hundred who not only risked but gave their lives in defence of Greece. I am not eager to applaud battle deeds, yet there are times when patriotism rises to the height of sublimity, and the man who dares and suffers is earth's grandest hero.

And, speaking of the ancient Greeks, a sentiment prevailed among them which taught that self must be ignored for the public good, and home and country were worth dying for. In Sparta, Lycurgus taught his citizens to think nothing more disagreeable than to live by (or for) themselves. Like bees, they acted with one impulse for the public good, and always assembled about their prince. They were possessed with a thirst of honor and enthusiasm bordering upon insanity, and had not a wish but for their country. These sentiments are confirmed by some of their aphorisms. When Pædaretus lost his election for one of the three hundred, he went away rejoicing that there were three hundred better men than himself found in the city. Pisistratides going with some others, ambassador to the King of Persia's lieutenants, was asked whether they came with a public commission or on their own account, to which he answered, "If successful, for the public; if unsuccessful, for ourselves,"

A Virginian Hero.

Mr. Bancroft, in his history of the United States, pays a handsome tribute to one of the forerunners of the American Revolution, a man who had the courage of his convictions, and did not count the cost of standing manfully by them. This man was Thomas Hansford, who was accounted a rebel in 1676, a hundred years before the Declaration of Independence. He stoutly denied that what was charged on him as rebellion was anything less than a duty and the noblest virtue. He was apprehended, tried and convicted. It was not the most politic thing to condemn him to death, for it might have been known that this act would create



sympathy for him and would be the fruitful seed from which a host of brave spirits would spring.

The day of his execution arrived. "Take notice," said he, as he came to the gibbet, "I die a loyal subject and a lover of my country." That country was Virginia. Says Bancroft: "Hansford perished, the first native American on the gallows, a martyr to the right of the people to govern themselves."

Pointed to His own House.

Virginia furnished another noble soul who illustrates the same spirit; this was Thomas Nelson, governor of the state. The British troops were occupying Yorktown, which was besieged by the Revolutionary army. Governor Nelson had his residence at Yorktown, and one would suppose that he would have been anxious to protect it. The Federal troops were bombarding the town, when General Lafavette said to Nelson, "To what particular spot would your Excellency direct that we point the cannon?" "There," promptly replied the noble-minded patriot-"to that house; it is mine and is the best one you can find in the town; there you will be most certain to find Lord Cornwallis and the British headquarters." This incident is narrated in Custis' life of Washington, a volume which contains many thrilling anecdotes that show the self-sacrificing spirit of those early heroes who by their toils and sufferings laid the foundation of our national life and glory.

As reference has often been made to Washington, it is appropriate to quote here a reference to him by the historian Knight. It is as follows: "When George Washington accepted his commission from the Continental Congress as commander-in-chief of the American army he said no pecuniary

consideration could have tempted him to accept this arduous employment at the expense of his domestic ease and happiness; he had no desire to make a profit by it. He would take no pay. He would keep an exact account of his expenses, and those he doubted not would be discharged."

Here the true spirit of the great commander and "Father of His Country" shines resplendently forth. Not taking himself into account, not asking what would be his personal gain, not seeking any selfish advantage, believing that the holy cause was worth more than any man's life, he staked all, and, if he had been unwilling to do it, he never could have been George Washington. While men chisel marble, while poets sing and hearts are thrilled by noble deeds, the names of those who by self-denial and faithful service gave to this land of ours its multiferious blessings and splendid opportunities will be wreathed with fame and cherished with gratitude.

Cradle of Our Nation.

In the old Independence Hall in Philadelphia there is a portrait gallery of the founders of the nation. The venerable Hall is a shrine to which a crowd of feet is always pressing. Here old and young alike stand in hush of spirit, and gaze upon the nation's memorials. It is a sacred spot. Here is the cradle in which the republic was rocked. Why should persons from every part of the land visit this famous building and look with awe upon the faces hung upon its walls, except for the spirit of sacrifice and devotion associated with these men of Revolutionary fame? We give to them our heart's homage, because they gave all for liberty.

Before passing from these historic examples let me mention one from the historian Gibbon. It is related by him that the Saracens besieged the cities of Beneventum and Capua; after a vain appeal to the successors of Charlemagne, the Lombards implored the clemency and aid of the Greek emperor. A fearless citizen dropped from the walls, passed the intrenchments, accomplished his commission, and fell into the hands of the barbarians as he was returning with the welcome news. They commanded him to assist their enterprise, and deceive his countrymen, with the assurance that wealth and honors should be the reward of his falsehood, and that his sincerity would be punished with immediate death.

Stabbed by a Hundred Spears.

He affected to yield, but as soon as he was conducted within hearing of the Christians on the rampart, "Friends and brethren," he cried, with a loud voice, "be bold and patient; maintain the city; your sovereign is informed of your distress, and your deliverers are at hand. I know my doom, and commit my wife and children to your gratitude." The rage of the Arabs confirmed his evidence; and the self-devoted patriot was transpierced with a hundred spears.

A recent author, speaking of Prince Bismarck, says: "He adopted it as the aim of his public life to snatch Germany from Austrian oppression," and to gather round Prussia, in a North German Confederation, all the States "whose tone of thought, religion, manners, and interests" were in harmony with those of Prussia. "To attain this end," he once said in conversation, "I would brave all dangers—exile, the scaffold itself! What matter if they hang me, provided the rope by which I am hung binds this new Germany firmly to the Prussian throne!"

Here is one main secret of Bismarck's power, and his position and influence in the

affairs of Europe. He was more than king: armies were less than he; great national transactions took place by his consent: at his nod empires shook, all because Bismarck was nothing, and the welfare of his Fatherland was everything. No self-seeking man conniving, contriving, ambitious, plotting, begging favor, nursing his own interests, ever could have reached the pinnacle of power on which he stood. You are not a prince. except in that noble sense that you are a prince of toil. You carry sunburned hands and wear clothes which have about them the odor of the factory or the farm, but in your sphere, wherever you find it, you can rise above yourself and by giving you can gain.

The poet, William Wordsworth, is widely known by many of his productions, one especially. Its title is "Ode to Duty." Two of its lines are well worth quoting here:

Give unto me, made lowly wise, The spirit of self-sacrifice.

Neither Wordsworth nor any one else could write a eulogy upon duty, presenting it in its truest and noblest character, and leave out that self-sacrifice which makes the man who shows it more than man and renders the world a better world.

None Live to Themselves.

God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower upon its stem, upon the raindrops that swell the mighty river, upon the dewdrops that refresh the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its channel, upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in his light—

upon all he has written, "None of us liveth to himself."

Do you think it possible to understand how much better and brighter the world is by reason of self-sacrifice? In one of our eastern towns there once lived a lady, who was familiarly called the "Mother of the Neighborhood." It was worth something to live in the neighborhood where this woman performed her deeds of charity. She was physically a noble speciman of womanhood. Health and strength were among her enviable possessions. She could watch over the sick all night, and attend to her household duties during the day.

Beloved by All.

It may as well be stated that she never neglected her own affairs, never was absent from her own kitchen or parlor, never failed to dust a piece of furniture, because largely devoting her life to the good of others. She was the admiration of all; more than this, she was beloved. The poor, yes, the rich knew where to find a friend. It was as natural for her to bring sunlight and hope into dark dwellings as it was to breathe-no effort, no trouble, no holding back, but a free generous giving of self wherever her gracious presence was needed. If there was a weary heart, a sick child, a poor sufferer from any cause-if misfortune had overtaken any family, there the "Mother of the Neighborhood" was to be found.

She was not an authoress. She never presided at female conventions. She never made a speech in public—or rather her beautiful life was one long utterance which was more eloquent than speech. She was just a plain, sensible, every day sort of a woman. There was something about her which seemed to say, "If I can help you, nothing would give me greater pleasure."

And so, by her kindly deeds, she found a place in all hearts. Be assured that no position was more to be coveted than that of this plain sympathetic "Mother of the Neighborhood." Her biography has never been written except here. Nor is it needful that it should be; the best writing is that which is made on human hearts. It is useless to attempt to eulogize such a woman or praise her virtues. The pen is too cold and the ink is too thin. Those who knew her and whose lives had been warmed by the sunshine of her face and the love of her great soul, are the living monuments to this "Mother of the Neighborhood."

Grander than Queen.

Do not think for a moment I am drawing a fancy sketch. This lady was once real flesh and blood. When she was translated, when she passed through what we name death-rather, when she entered into life, a shadow fell and that neighborhood was She might have been called darkened. queen, she might have graced courts with her beauty and her jewels, but to be called the "Mother of the Neighborhood," was a grander tribute than would have been the name of queen. And so it comes about that the real heroines are to be found in everyday life. They are all about you. You do not have to advertise to discover them. You do not have to travel to overtake them.

Carving a Name.

I wrote my name upon the sand, And trusted it would stand for aye; But soon, alas! the refluent sea Had washed my feeble lines away.

I carved my name upon the wood, And, after years, returned again; I missed the shadow of the tree That stretched of old upon the plain.

To solid marble next my name I gave as a perpetual trust; An earthquake rent it to its base, And now it lies o'erlaid with dust.

All these have failed. In wiser mood I turn and ask myself, "What then? If I would have my name endure, I'll write it on the hearts of men,

""In characters of living light,
From kindly words and actions wrought;
And these, beyond the reach of time,
Chall live immortal as my thought.""

HORATIO ALGER.

History and poetry celebrate no sublimer act of devotion than that of Albert G. Drecker, the watchman of the Passaic River drawbridge on the New York and Newark Railroad. The train was due, and he was closing the draw when his little child fell into the deep water. It would have been easy enough to rescue him, if the father could have taken the time, but already the thundering train was at hand. It was a cruel agony. His child could be saved only at the cost of other lives committed to his care. The brave man did his duty, but the child was drowned. The pass at Thermopylæ was not more heroically kept.

The Drawbridge Keeper.

Drecker, the drawbridge keeper, opened wide The dangerous gate to let the vessel through; His little son was standing by his side, Above Passaic river, deep and blue; While in the distance, like a moan of pain, Was heard the whistle of the coming train.

At once brave Drecker worked to swing it back— The gate-like bridge, that seems a gate of death; Nearer and nearer, on the slender track,

Came the swift engine, puffing its white breath. Then, with a shriek, the loving father saw His darling boy fall headlong from the draw.

Either at once down in the stream to spring And save his son, and let the living freight Rush on to death, or to his work to cling, And leave his boy unhelped to meet his fate; Which should he do? Were you, as he was tried, Would not your love outweight all else beside? And yet the child to him was full as dear
As yours may be to you—the light of eyes,
A presence like a brighter atmosphere.

The household star that shone in love's mild skies— Vet side by side with duty, stern and grim, Even his child become as nought to him.

For Drecker, being great of soul, and true, Held to his work, and did not aid his boy, Who, in the deep, dark water sank from view. Then from the father's life went forth all joy; But, as he fell back, pallid with his pain, Across the bridge, in safety, passed the train.

And yet the man was poor, and in his breast Flowed no ancestral blood of king or lord; True greatness needs no title and no crest To win from men just honor and reward; Nobility is not of rank, but mind— And is inborn, and common in our kind.

He is most noble whose humanity
Is least corrupted. To be just and good
The birthright of the lowest born may be;
Say what we can, we are one brotherhood,
And rich, or poor, or famous or unknown,
True hearts are noble, and true hearts alone.

HENRY ABBEY,

Story of a Naval Officer.

Sir Alexander Ball was one of those great men who adorned the English navy at the end of the last century. Though less known, perhaps, to the present generation than several of his contemporaries, he was inferior to none of them; and in many respects it would be difficult to name his equal. To bravery, decision and energy he added a sound judgment, a meditative mind, and the most unwearied benevolence.

The following anecdotes are from the pen of his friend, the poet, Coleridge. "In a large party at the Grand Master's palace, in Malta, I had observed a naval officer of distinguished merit listening to Sir A. Ball, whenever he joined in the conversation, with a mixed expression of awe and affection that gave a more than common interest to so manly a countenance. This officer after-

wards told me that he considered himself indebted to Sir Alexander for that which was dearer to him than his life.

"' When he was Lieutenant Ball,' said he, "he was the officer I accompanied in my first boat expedition, being then a midshipman, and only in my fourteenth year. As we were rowing up to the vessel which we were to attack, amid a discharge of musketry. I was overpowered by fear, and seemed on the point of fainting away. Lieutenant Ball. who saw the condition I was in, placed himself close beside me, and still keeping his countenance directed towards the enemy, pressed my hand in the most friendly manner, and said in a low voice, "Courage, my dear boy, you will recover in a minute or so; I was just the same when I first went out in this way." Sir,' added the officer to me, 'it was as if an angel had put a new soul into me. With the feeling that I was not yet dishonored, the whole burden of agony was removed; and from that moment I was as fearless and forward as the oldest of the boat's crew."

"I Will Not Leave You."

For some time a coolness existed between Lord (then Captain) Nelson and Captain Ball. When both their ships were together, close off Minorca, Nelson's vessel was nearly disabled by a violent storm, and Captain Ball took it in tow, and used his best endeavors to bring her into Port Mahon. Nelson, believing that both ships would be lost, requested Captain Ball to let him loose, and on his refusal became impetuous, and enforced his demand with passionate threats. Captain Ball then took a speaking-trumpet, and calmly replied, "I feel confident that I can bring you in safe; therefore I must not, and by the help of the Almighty God I will not, leave you!" What he promised he performed; and after they were safely anchored, Nelson came on board of Ball's ship, and embracing him with all the ardor of acknowledgment, exclaimed, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." This was the beginning of a firm and perfect friendship between these two great men.

A Gallant Lad.

Captain Boggs, of Varuna, tells a story of a brave boy who was on board his vessel during the bombardment of the forts on the Misissippi River. The lad, who answered to the name of Oscar, was but thirteen years of age, but had an old head on his shoulders, and was alert and energetic. During the hottest of the fire he was busily engaged in passing ammunition to the gunners, and narrowly escaped death when one of the terrific broadsides of the Varuna's antagonist was poured in. Covered with dirt and begrimed with powder, he was met by Captain Boggs, who asked where he was going in such a hurry. "To get a passing-box, sir; the other one was smashed by a ball."

And so through the fight, the brave lad held his place and did his duty. When the Varuna went down, Captain Boggs missed the boy, and thought he was among the victims of the battle. But a few minutes afterwards he saw the lad gallantly swimming toward the wreck. Clambering on board of Captain Boggs' boat, he threw his hand up to his forehead, giving the usual salute, and uttering only the words, "All right, sir! I report myself on board," passed coolly to his station.

John B. Gough used to narrate in his own eloquent and thrilling way the story of John Maynard, the brave hero who lost his life on Lake Erie in the successful endeavor to save the lives on board the vessel, of which he was the pilot. John Maynard was

a plain, unknown man, and probably no one ever imagined would exhibit such self-sacrifice. Never will his story cease to thrill the hearts of those who read it. It has been embodied in verse by Mr. Alger, and we take pleasure here in presenting it to the reader.

John Maynard.

'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse, One bright midsummer day, The gallant steamer Ocean Queen Swept proudly on her way. Bright faces clustered on the deck, Or leaning o'er the side, Watched carelessly the feathery foam, That flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,
That smiling bends serene,
Could dream that danger, awful, vast,
Impended o'er the scene—
Could dream that ere an hour had sped,
That frame of sturdy oak
Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves,
Blackened with fire and smoke?

A seaman sought the captain's side,
A moment whispered low;
The captain's swarthy face grew pale,
He hurried down below.
Alas, too late! Though quick and sharp
And clear his orders came,
No human efforts could avail
To quench the insidious flame.

The bad news quickly reached the deck, It sped from lip to lip, And ghastly faces everywhere Looked from the doomed ship. "Is there no hope—no chance of life?" A hundred lips implore; "But one," the captain made reply, "To run the ship on shore."

A sailor, whose heroic soul
That hour should yet reveal—
By name John Maynard, eastern born—
Stood calmly at the wheel.
"Head her south-east!" the captain shouts,
Above the smothered roar.

"Head her south-east without delay!

Make for the nearest shore!"

No terror pales the helmsman's cheek,
Or clouds his dauntless eye,
As in a sailor's measured tone
His voice responds, "Ay, Ay!"
Three hundred souls—the steamer's freight—
Crowd forward wild with fear,
While at the stern the dreadful flames
Above the deck appear.

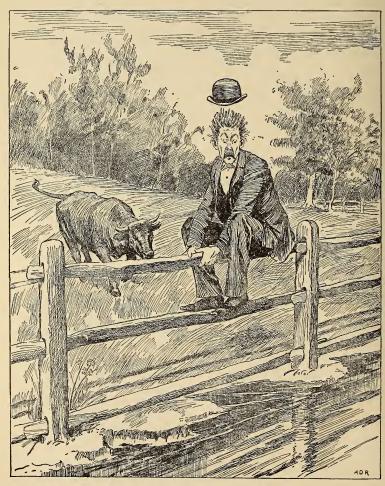
John Maynard watched the nearing flames,
But still, with steady hand
He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly
He steered the ship to land.
"John Maynard," with an anxious voice,
The captain cries once more,
"Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,
And we will reach the shore."
Through flames and smoke that dauntless heart
Responded firmly, still
Unawed, though face to face with death,
"With God's good help I will!"

The flames approach with giant strides,
They scorch his hands and brow;
One arm disabled seeks his side,
Ah, he is conquered now!
But no, his teeth are firmly set,
He crushes down the pain—
His knee upon the stanchion pressed,
He guides the ship again.

One moment yet! one moment yet!
Brave heart, thy task is o'er!
The pebbles grate beneath the keel,
The steamer touches shore.
Three hundred grateful voices rise,
In praise to God, that He
Hath saved them from the fearful fire,
And from the inguiling sea.

But where is he, that helmsman bold?
The captain saw him reel—
His nerveless hands released their task,
He sunk beside the wheel.
The wave received his lifeless corpse,
Blackened with smoke and fire.
God rest him! Hero never had
A nobler funeral pyre!

HORATIO ALGER, JR.



A CASE OF INDECISION-DANGER ON BOTH SIDES.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DECISION.



HEN we can say "no" not only to things that are wrong and sinful, but also to things pleasant, which would hinder and clog our grand duties and our chief work, we shall understand

more fully what life is worth and how to make the most of it. We need our innocent enjoyments. After all that has been said about the sternness of the old Puritans, they doubtless had their mirth at times, told pithy stories, and may have been guilty even of practical jokes.

Yet if we were to take the view that life is nothing but a play spell, calling for no self-denial, demanding no decision on our part against the evil and in favor of the good, we should be making a grave mistake. The character must not be colorless, must not be of the milk and water type, must be positive and emphatic.

Says Hazlitt: "There is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. I like a person who knows his own mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what, in given circumstances, is to be done, and does it."

Says Gilpin: "I hate to see things done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone."

Says Thomas Carlyle in his own strong way: "The block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong."

Says the celebrated Punshon: "All the

world over it is true that a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways, like a wave on the streamlet tossed hither and thither with every eddy of its tide. A determinate purpose in life and a steady adhesion to it through all disadvantages are indispensable conditions of success."

Saying of Dr. Hawes.

Says Virginia's statesman, William Wirt: "Decision of character will often give to an inferior mind command over a superior."

There once lived in Hartford, Connecticut, a clergyman whose influence over the young was almost magical. Sympathetic, sound in judgment, plain and honest, Dr. Joel Hawes wielded a power such as belonged to few men of his time. Here is one of his sayings: "He that cannot decidedly say 'no' when tempted to evil is on the highway to ruin. He loses the respect even of those who would tempt him, and becomes the pliant tool and victim of their evil designs."

These sayings are quoted here to indicate what thoughtful men have had to say on the great matter of decision. No man is weaker than the one who is nothing more nor less than a weather-vane. He turns this way and that with every wind that blows. He has no mind of his own, no fixed opinion, no firm resolution, no strong determinati n. Yesterday he thought one thing; to-day he thinks another. He is unstable and hence is unmanly. He drifts about as a straw does in a tempest. If he comes to a conclusion, he does not know how to hold it; he is

ready for another, and then is ready for the next. Easily influenced, swayed this way and that, people say of him, "You never know where to find him." Do not trouble yourself to find him at all; he is not worth the finding.

You do not like to see one whose chief characteristic is stubborness, one who resists all appeals to reason, makes up his mind perhaps hastily, and then boasts that he never gives up his opinion. He is obstinate, and is proud that he is so. A mule may have most excellent qualities for a mule, but a man who is mulish, who is stubborn, and little else but stubborn, is only to be despised. Perhaps the idea would be better expressed by saying he is too weak to form a correct opinion; he has too little mind to ever change his mind. It belongs to noble souls to yield when there is good occasion for yielding.

Scotland's Poet.

You should learn to be firm. Said Napoleon: "When firmness is sufficient, rashness is unnecessary." Steadfastness is a noble quality, but, unguided by knowledge, it becomes obstinancy. Robby Burns with all his genius was a weak man, the sport of circumstances and the prey of his own appetite, vet ve wrote: "Firmness both in suffering and exertion is a character which I would wish to possess. I have always despised the whining yelp of complaint and the cowardly, feeble resolve." What are you to do in the whirl and swirl of life unless there is something of the rock in you that beats back the billows? This, as already intimated, does not mean that you are to stick to your resolve whether or no, but having made up your mind that what you are to do is right and reasonable, you are to do it, though the heavens fall. Do not be drifting constantly from one purpose to another. Keep the end in view and press toward it. Have that decision which means success; get rid of that indecision which means defeat. No words of Mr. Lincoln have been more quoted than these: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right." Without this sentiment as a guiding star what is any man or nation worth? One of the English poets has given us these noble lines:

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed; Who does the best his circumstance allows Does well; acts nobly, angels could no more.

Why Men Fail.

Here is the secret of many a failure in life. You have seen those who were brilliant in mind, capable of achieving much, endowed with energy and activity, yet they are like the top that whirls round and round. accomplishing nothing. They set their faces in one direction for a time, vet only for a time. They think they will do this and begin to do it: they think they will do that and go about it; they think they will do something else, try it and give it up. The one thing for them to give up is their senseless indecision. So long as they are blown about by every wind that strikes them, all effort is a failure and life becomes an ab-Some one asked, respecting a clergyman, to what church he belonged. The reply was, "I haven't heard to what denomination he does belong this year." What respect for such an unstable character can any one have? To be fixed and resolute, to be decided and firm, is only to be expected of those who have brains enough to come to a conclusion.

This trait of character has been recommended to young men too exclusively. I

know of no reason why it is not equally important to young women, and equally becoming the sex in general. One thing, at any rate, I do know; which is, that thousands of young women—and the world through their imperfection—suffer, in no trifling degree, from the want of this virtue.

I call it a virtue. What is there that produces more evil—directly or indirectly—than the want of power, when occasion requires it, to say "yes," or "no?" As long as with half the human race—and the more influential half, too—no does not mean no, and yes does not mean yes, there will be a vast amount of vice, and crime, and suffering in the world, as the natural consequence. And is not that which is the cause of so much evil, nearly akin to vice? And is any thing more entitled to the name of virtue, than its opposite?

The King and the Curse.

Let me illustrate my meaning by a Scripture example. When Balak, the king of Moab, undertook to extort a curse upon Israel, from Balaam, the latter did not say no; but only said, the Lord would not permit him to do what was required. He left neither to Balak nor to his messengers, any reason to conclude that his virtue was invulnerable. On the contrary, as the event plainly shows, his answer was just such a one as encouraged them to prosecute their attempts to seduce him.

Now it is precisely this sort of refusal, direct or implied, in a thousand cases which might be named, which brings down evil, not only upon those who make it, but upon others. They mean no, perhaps; and yet it is not certain that the decision is—like the laws of the Medes and Persians—irrevocable. Something in the tone, or manner, or both combined, leaves room to hope for suc-

cess in time to come. "The woman who deliberates, is lost," we are told: and is it not so? Do not many who say *no* with hesitancy, still retain the power and the disposition to deliberate? And is it not so understood?

It is—I repeat it—a great misfortune—a very great one—not to know how and when to say NO. Indeed, the undecided are more than unfortunate; they are very unsafe. They who cannot say no, are never their own keepers; they are always, more or less, in the power and at the command of others. They may form a thousand resolutions a day, to withstand in the hour of temptation; and yet, if the temptation comes, and they have not acquired decision of character, it is ten to one but they will yield to it.

Is it too much to say, that half the world are miserable on this account—miserable themselves, and a source of misery to others? Is it too much to say, that decision of character is more important to young women than to any other class of persons whatever?

Evils of Hesitation.

But as it is in everything or almost everything else, so it is in this matter: they who would reform themselves, must begin with the smaller matters of life. The great trials—those of decision no less than those of other traits of human character—come but seldom; and they who allow themselves, habitually, to vacillate, and hesitate, and remain undecided, in the every-day concerns of life, will inevitably do so in those larger matters which recur less frequently.

No one will succeed in acquiring true decision of character, without perseverance. A few feeble efforts, continued a day or two, or a week, are by no means sufficient to change the character or form the habit. The efforts must be earnest, energetic, and un-

remitted; and must be persevered in through life.

I am not ignorant that many philosophers and physiologists have denied that woman possesses the power of perseverance in what she undertakes, in any eminent degree. A British writer, distinguished for his boldness, if not for his metaphysical acuteness, maintains with much earnestness, that woman, by her vital organization, is much wanting in perseverance. This notion may or may not be true. Certain it is, however, that she has her peculiarities, as well as man his. But whether she has little or much native power of perseverance in what she undertakes, is not so important a question, as whether she makes a proper use of the power she possesses.

The Right Thing at the Right Time.

We are required to do that best which we undertake as much as is the highest seraph; and woman is not the less bound to persevere in matters where perseverance would become her, because her native power of perseverance is feeble, if, indeed, it is so. On the contrary, this very fact makes the duty of perseverance to the utmost extent of the means God has put into her hands, the more urgent—especially as small powers are apt to be overlooked.

There is one habit which should be cultivated, not only for its usefulness in general, but especially for its value in leading to true decision of character. I mean, the habit of doing everything which it devolves upon us to do at all, precisely at the time when it ought to be done. Everything in human character goes to wreck, under the reign of procrastination, while prompt action gives to all things a corresponding and proportional life and energy. Above all, everything in the shape of decision of character is lost by

delay. It should be a sacred rule with every individual who lives in the world for any higher purpose than merely to live, newer to put off, for a single moment, a thing which ought to be done immediately—if it be no more than the cleaning or changing of a garment.

When I see a young woman neglecting, from day to day, her correspondents—her pile of letters constantly increasing, and her dread of putting pen and thoughts to paper accumulating as rapidly—I never fail to conclude, at once, that whatever other excellent qualities she may possess, she is a stranger to the one in question. She who cannot make up her mind to answer a letter when she knows it ought to be answered—and in general a letter ought to be answered—soon after it is received—will not be likely to manifest decision in other things of still greater importance.

"A Little More Slumber."

The same is true in regard to indecision in other things of even less moment than the writing of a letter. It is manifest especially in regard to the matter of rising in the morning. She who knows it is time to get up, and yet cannot decide to do so, and consequently lies yawning a little longer, "and yet a little longer still," can never, I am bold to say, while this indolence and indecision are indulged, be decided in anything else—at least, habitually. She may, indeed, be so by fits and starts; but the habit will never be so confirmed as to be regarded as an essential element of her character.

Nearly all the habits of modern female education—I mean the fashionable education of the family and school—are entirely at war with the virtue I am endeavoring to inculcate. It would be a miracle, almost, if



THE DECISIVE ANSWER.

a young woman who has been educated in a fashionable family, under the eye of a fashionable mother, and at a fashionable boarding school, under the direction of a teacher whose main object is to please her patrons, should come out to the world, without being quite destitute of all true decision of character. If it were the leading object of our boarding schools to form the habit of indecision, they could not succeed better than many of them now do. They furnish to the world a set of beings who are anything but what the world wants, and who are more likely to do almost anything else than to be the means of reforming it.

A Grand Determination.

You will doubtless say it is easy to give advice, that some persons make a business of it, that they give a great deal of advice which they never follow themselves. Very well, you are at liberty to say all this and much more. Still, it would not be well to forget that advice has its value and those who are never urged to overcome their faults and failings are not so likely to do it as those who are advised to thus gain a moral victory over themselves. It is not a question as to whether one is advised to do a certain thing; if the duty recommended is binding and important, there should be no hesitation. What I am trying especially to enforce is bold decision, that grand determination without which no man can be more than half a man.

But firmness of purpose is master of the situation. Think of the great number of difficult pursuits. Think of the many hard things young people have to learn. You are anxious, we will say, to become a good scholar, and hold an enviable rank. Do you think you will attain this object by pursuing it with enthusiasm for a week and

then giving it up for a month? You get down over your desk; the problem is a hard one; it suddenly occurs to you that you have a headache—which is a very convenient thing to have, since that problem is so hard; your efforts suddenly cease. If you could be decided enough to take that problem and stick to it with grim tenacity, you would doubtless have the sweet satisfaction of having conquered, and would have proved what is of greater value, that you are not so weak as to be driven from your purpose by trifles or difficulties.

Success Hangs on Decision.

One of the hardest undertakings known to mechanical science, is the making of lenses for telescopes. It has been said there is only one successful maker of these lenses in this country, and he has furnished them for the largest telescopes on the continent. It requires not only mechanical genius for cutting, grinding, polishing and adjusting the glass; something vastly more is needed. Think of beginning a work which is sure to last two or three years, with the possibility that even after all the labor of that time it will prove a complete failure. Some flaw may appear, some disproportion, some unforseen defect, which will defeat the whole process. Then, a new beginning must be made, with the chance again of a similar result. Very wonderful is the lens through which the heavens burst in sumptuous splendor, but more marvelous by far is that steady aim and unflinching perseverance which declares it shall be done. The first obstacle would appall some men; only the man of decision and force is equal to the occasion. Decision, strong and unvielding, has had much to do with the great successes which command our admiration and excite our surprise.

Where many men fail is in the crisis of

They know very well the course conduct. they should pursue; they are tempted to do the opposite. You fancy that something is to be gained by yielding-as if it were possible ever to gain anything by a sacrifice of character. You have come to a fork in the roads: one road or the other you must follow. You have a grand opportunity to say "no," and to say it, would place the brightest jewel in your crown. It is surprising that you doubt and hesitate. Poor, weak creature, you are not equal to the occasion. It were well if you could exhibit a holy stubborness in favor of the right. Just here is where men break, go to pieces, and the wreck is more deplorable than that of the richest argosy ever cast upon the rocks. It is not surprising, therefore, that so much has been said and written upon decision of character, and this virtue has been urged and recommended as one of the chief elements of human success.

The Roman Emperor.

Doubtless all are familiar with the story of Cæsar crossing the Rubicon. The details are given in Tyler's History, as follows: The boundary which separates Italy from Cisalpine Gaul is a small river named the Rubicon. The Roman Senate, aware of the designs of Cæsar, had pronounced a decree devoting to the infernal gods whatever general should presume to pass this boundary with an army, a legion, or even a single cohort. Cæsar, who, with all his ambition, inherited a large share of the benevolent affections, did not resolve on the decisive step which he had now taken without some compunction of mind. Arrived with his army at the border of his province, he hesitated for some time, while he pictured to himself the inevitable miseries of that civil war in which he was now preparing to unsheath

the sword. "If I pass this small stream," said he, "in what calamities must I involve my country! Yet if I do not, I myself am ruined." The latter consideration was too powerful. Ambition, too, presented allurements which, to a mind like Cæsar's, were irresistible.

"The Die is Cast."

His reflections became more interesting in proportion as the danger grew near. Staggered by the greatness of his attempt, he stopped to weigh within himself its inconveniences; and as he stood revolving in silence the arguments on both sides, he many times changed his opinion. After which he deliberated upon it with such of his friends as were by, among whom was Asinius Pollio: enumerating the calamities which the passage of that river would bring upon the world, and the reflections that might be made upon it by posterity. At last, upon some sudden impulse, bidding adieu to his reasonings, and plunging into the abyss of futurity, in the words of those who embark in doubtful and arduous enterprises, he cried out, "The die is cast!" and immediately passed the river.

Much has been said about the decided bearing of the early Scotch Presbyterians. Persecution, they said, could only kill the body, but indulgence was deadly to the soul. Driven from the towns, they assembled on heaths and mountains. Attacked by the civil power, they without scruple repelled force by force. At every conventicle they mustered in arms. They repeatedly broke out into open rebellion. They were easily defeated, and mercilessly punished; but neither defeat nor punishment could subdue their spirit. Hunted down like wild beasts, tortured till their bones were beaten flat, imprisoned by hundreds, hanged by scores, exposed at one time to the license of soldiers from England, abandoned at another time to the mercy of bands of marauders from the Highlands, they still stood at bay in a mood so savage that the boldest and mightiest oppressor could not but dread the audacity of their despair. They were of fibre tough enough to suffer for a principle.

This subject finds many examples in the history of our own land. In 1846 Colonel John C. Fremont determined to strike a blow for his country; he urged the people of California, many of whom were Americans, to declare their independence. The hardy frontiersmen of the Sacramento valley flocked to his standard; and a campaign was at once begun to overthrow the Mexican authority. An American fleet had captured the town of Monterey and San Diego. Before the end of summer the whole of the vast province was subdued and the authority of the United States was completely established. A country large enough for an empire had been conquered by a handful of resolute men.

A Pocket Full.

Bancroft, speaking of the opponents of royalty in England in the 17th century, says that self-preservation, uniting with ambition and wild enthusiasm, urged them to uncompromising hostility with Charles I. He or they must perish. "If my head or the king's must fall," argued Cromwell, "can I hesitate which to choose?" By an act of violence the Independents seized on the king, and held him in their special custody. "Now," said the exulting Cromwell—"now that I have the king in my hands I have the Parliament in my pocket."

Here is another illustration from English history. The death of Strafford had been decreed, and great efforts were made to reverse the edict. The Parliament was inflexible; the Queen wept; England was in a ferment. Charles I., although ready to yield, still hesitated. The Queen Henrietta, of France, daughter of Henry IV., a beautiful and accomplished princess, for whom until his death the king preserved the fidelity of a husband and the passion of a lover, presented herself before him in mourning, accompanied by her little children.

She besought him on her knees to yield to the vengeance of the people, which he could not resist without turning upon the innocent pledges of their love that death which he was endeavoring vainly to avert from a condemned head. "Choose," said she, "between your own life, mine, these dear children's and the life of this minister so hateful to the nation."

Charles, struck with horror at the idea of sacrificing his beloved wife and infant children, the hopes of the monarchy, replied that he cared not for his own life, for he would willingly give it to save his minister; but to endanger Henrietta and her children was beyond his strength and desire. He signed the death warrant of his chief minister and faithful friend.

A thrilling illustration of this virtue is here given, which is only one of many similar acts of heroic decision.

The Engineer's Story.

No, children, my trips are over,
The engineer needs rest;
My hand is shaky; I'm feeling
A tugging pain i' my breast;
But here, as the twilight gathers,
I'll tell you a tale of the road,
That'll ring in my head forever,
Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering along in the twilight, The night was dropping her shade, And the "Gladiator" labored— Climbing the top of the grade; The train was heavily laden, So I let my engine rest, Climbing the grading slowly, Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight— Ten minutes behind the time! Lost in the slackened motion Of the up-grade's heavy climb; But I knew the miles of the prairie That stretched a level track, So I touched the gauge of the boiler, And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a-gleaming,
Thirty an hour, or so,
The engine leaped like a demon,
Breathing a fiery glow;
But to me—ahold of the lever—
It seemed a child alway,
Trustful and always ready
My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine, Holding it steady that night, And my eye on the track before us, Ablaze with the Drummond light. We neared a well-known cabin, Where a child of three or four, As the up train passed, oft called me, A playing around the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle
As we swept around the curve,
When something afar in the shadow,
Struck fire through every nerve.
I sounded the brakes, and crashing
The reverse lever down in dismay,
Groaning to Heaven—eighty paces
Ahead was the child at its play!

One instant—one, awful and only,
The world flew round in my brain,
And I smote my hand hard on my forehead
To kerp back the terrible pain;
The train I thought flying forever,
With mad irresistible roll,
While the cries of the dying, the night wind
Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine— How I got there I never could tellMy feet planted down on the crossbar,
Where the cow-catcher slopes to the rail,
One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
And one held out in the night,
While my eye gauged the distance, and measured
The speed of our slackening flight.

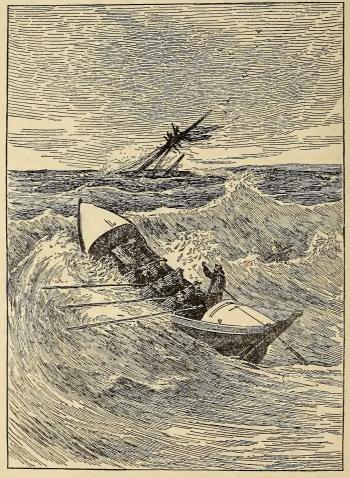
My mind, thank the Lord! it was steady; I saw the curls of her hair,
And the face that, turning in wonder,
Was lit by the deadly glare.
I know little more—but I heard it—
The groan of the anguished wheels,
And remember thinking—the engine
In agony trembles and reels.

One rod! To the day of my dying I shall think the old engine reared back, And as it recoiled, with a shudder I swept my hand over the track; Then darkness fell over my eyelids, But I heard the surge of the train, And the poor old engine creaking, As racked by a deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,
My fingers emmeshed in her hair,
And she on my bosom a-climbing,
To nestle securely there.
We are not much given to crying—
We men that run on the road—
But that night they said, there were faces,
With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years in the eve and the morning
As I neared the cabin again,
My hand on the lever pressed downward
And slackened the speed of the train.
When my engine had blown her a greeting,
She always would come to the door;
And her look with a fullness of heaven
Blesses me evermore.

A great deal of labor is lost to the world for the want of decision. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort.



HEROISM IN WELL-DOING.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HEROISM IN WELL-DOING.



N old times virtue and valor were synonymous. Valor, the old Roman valor, was worth, value. It was strength, force, available for noble purposes. He who best serves his fellow-creatures — who elevates them — who

saves them-is the most valiant.

There is also an inward valor—of conscience, of honesty, of self-denial, of self-sacrifice, of daring to do the right in the face of the world's contumely. Its chief characteristic is great-heartedness. Endurance and energy are the dual soul of worth, the true valor.

The heroism whose theatre is the battlefield is not of the highest order. Amid the clash of bayonets and the boom of cannon men are incited to deeds of daring, and are ready to give their lives for the good of their country.

Women, whose province it seems to be to bear and forbear, are quite as capable of endurance as men. In the blood-stained stories of war there is none, perhaps, that more enlists our hearts than that of the woman who put on male attire to follow her lover to the fight, stood by his side when he fell, and then braved death rather than be parted from his dead body. How many are there of these soldiers of the world, ever fighting the uphill battle of existence, ever striving for a position and never attaining one; ever decimated by the artillery of necessity; beaten back, discomfited, all but bopeless and despairing, and yet still return-

ing to the charge! Life with them is a long, hard conflict.

The Christian hero is not incited by any such deeds of daring as the soldier hero. The arena on which he acts is not that of aggression or strife, but of suffering and self-sacrifice. No stars glitter on his breast, no banners wave over him. And when he falls, as he often does, in the performance of his duty, he receives no nation's laurels, no pompous mournings, but only the silent dropping of tears over his grave.

The Best Men and Women.

Man is not made for fame, or glory, or success; but for something higher and greater than the world can give. "God hath given to man," says Jeremy Taylor, "a short time here upon earth, and yet upon this short time eternity depends. We must remember that we have many enemies to conquer, many evils to prevent, much danger to run through; many difficulties to be mastered, many necessities to be served, and much good to do."

Self-sacrifice is the key-note of Christianity. The best men and women have never been self-seekers. They have given themselves to others, without regard to glory or fame. They have found their best reward in the self-consciousness of duty performed. And yet many pass away without hearing the "well-done" of those whom they have served. "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," is a command of infinite application. And yet

it is not easy—at least for those who live in affluence or indifference—to carry out the obligation.

There is not an unnecessary thing in existence, could we but understand it; not one of our experiences of life but is full of signifiance, could we but see it. Even misfortune is often the surest touchstone of human excellence. The most celebrated poet of Germany has said "that he who has not eaten his bread in tears, who has not spent nights of pain weeping on his bed, does not yet know a heavenly power." When painful events occur they are, perhaps, sent only to try and prove us. If we stand firm in our hour of trial, this firmness gives serenity to the mind, which always feels satisfaction in acting conformably to duty.

The Reward of Love.

The opportunities of doing good come to all who work and will. The earnest spirit finds its way to the hearts of others. Patience and perseverance overcome all things. How many men, how many women too, volunteer to die without the applause of men. They give themselves up to visiting the poor; they nurse the sick, suffer for them, and take the infectious diseases of which they die. Many a life has thus been laid down because of duty and mercy. They had no reward except that of love. Sacrifice, borne not for self but for others, is always sacred.

Epimenedes, a philosopher and poet of Crete, was called to Athens in order to stay the plague. He went, and succeeded in arresting the pestilence, but refused any other reward beyond the good-will of the Athenians in favor of the inhabitants of Gnossus, where he dwelt.

In olden times the plague was a frightful disease. People fled before it. They fled

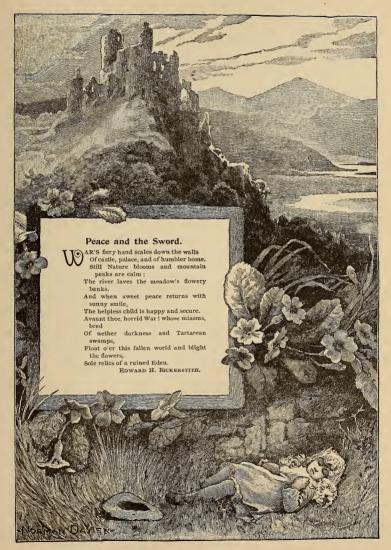
from each other. The plague-stricken were often left to die alone. Yet many noble and gentle men and women offered themselves up to stay the disease. Over three centuries ago the plague broke out in the city of Milan. Cardinal Charles Borromeo, the archbishop, was then (1576) staying at Lodi. He at once volunteered to go to the infected place. His clergy advised him to remain where he was, and to wait until the disease had exhausted itself. He answered, "No! A bishop, whose duty it is to give his life for his flock, cannot abandon them in their time of peril." "Yes," they replied, "to stand by them is the higher course." "Well," he said, "is it not a bishop's duty to take the higher course?" And he went to Milan.

His Example was Followed.

The plague lasted about four months. During that time the Cardinal personally visited the sick, in their homes, in the hospitals, and everywhere. He watched over them, gave them food and medicine, and administered to them the last rites when dying. The example which he set was followed by his clergy, who ministered to the people with as much self-devotion as himself. And it was not until the last man field, and the last man recovered, that the good archbishop returned to his episcopal duties.

The disease repeatedly visited England, at a time when the people were worse fed, and when the conditions of health were completely disregarded. It proved most fatal in London, where the streets were narrow, foul, ill-ventilated, and badly supplied with water. Its last appearance was in 1665; it carried off 100,000 persons, when the population of London was not one-sixth of what it is now. It extended from London into the country.

Though most people fled from the disease,



there were many instances of noble self-devotion. Bishop Morton, of York, was one of these. He thought nothing of himself, but only of his flock. A pest-house or hospital was erected for the accommodation of the poorest. They were taken from their wretched homes, and carefully tended. Though it was difficult to find attendants, the bishop was always there. Like a soldier, he stood by his post. When food was wanted he rode out to his farm in the country and brought sacks of provisions on his horse for their use. He would not suffer his servants to run the risk which he himself ran: and not only saddled and unsaddled his horse, but had a private door made by which he could pass in and out without mixing with the people of the farm.

All Given in Charity.

Thus the plague was confined to York itself. The bishop was a self-denying, generous, and thoroughly good man. When his revenues were increased he expended all in charity, in hospitality, and in promoting every good work. His life was one entire act of sincere piety and Christian benevolence.

In London and Sydenham most of the doctors fled: but some self-denying men remained. Among these was Dr. Hodges, who stuck to his post. He continued in unremitting attendance upon the sick. He did not derive any advantage from his self-denying labors, except the approval of his own conscience. He fell into reduced circumstances, was confined in Ludgate prison for debt, and died there in 1688. He left the best account of the last visit of the plague.

From London, as we have said, the disease extended to the country. In many remote country spots, places are pointed out in which, it is said, "they buried the plague."

For instance, at the remote village of Eyam, in Derbyshire, a tailor received a box of clothes from London. While airing them at a fire he was seized with sickness, and died of plague on the fourth day. The disease spread. The inhabitants, only 350 in number, contemplated a general exodus; but this was prevented by the heroism of the Rev. William Mompesson. He urged upon the people that they would spread the disease far and wide, and they remained. He sent away his children, and wished to send away his delicate wife; but she remained by the side of her husband.

Driven to the Open Air.

Mr. Mompesson determined to isolate the village, so that the plague should not extend into the surrounding districts. The Earl of Devonshire contributed all that was necessarp—including food, medicine, and other necessaries. In order not to bring the people together in the church, he held the services in the open air. He chose a rock in the valley for his writing-desk, and the people arranged themselves on the green slope opposite, so that he was clearly heard.

The ravages of the plague continued for seven months. The congregation became less and less each time that it met. The rector and his wife were constantly among the sick, tending, nursing, and feeding them. At length the wife sickened with plague, and in her weak state she rapidly sank. She was buried, and the minister said over her grave, as he had done over so many of his parishioners, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors."

The minister was ready to die, but he lived on in hope. Four-fifths of the inhabitants died, and were interred in a heathy hill above the village. "I may truly say," he said in a letter, "that our town has become a Golgotha, a place of skulls. There have been seventy-six families visited within my parish, out of which died 295 persons." Mr. Mompesson himself lived to a good old age. He was offered the Deanery of Lincoln, but he declined it. He preferred to remain among his parishioners, and near the grave of his beloved wife. He died in 1708.

The Plague Dug Up.

Strange to say, some fifty years later, when some laboring men were digging near the place where "the plague had been buried," they came upon some linen, no doubt connected with the graves of the dead, when they were immediately stricken by typhus fever. Three of the men died, but the contagion spread through the village, and seventy persons were carried off. The typhus seems to be the survival of the plague, and many are the towns of England where this terrible disease strikes off its thousands yearly.

At Leeds upwards of forty years ago, there was an outbreak of typhus fever. It began in the poorest parts of the town, and spread to the richer quarters. In one yard twenty-eight persons had the fever in seven houses, three of which were without beds. It was the same in other yards and buildings. In one house in which twelve had typhus, there was not a single bed. The House of Recovery and the Fever Hospital were completely full. A temporary wooden shed for a hospital was erected, and a mill was set apart for the reception of fever patients.

Dr. Hook, then Vicar of Leeds, and the Rev. G. Hills (afterward Bishop of Columbia), visited these places daily. They administered every comfort and assistance in their power. The Catholic priests were most devoted. When the plague of typhus broke out they went at once to minister to the poor. Into the densest pestilential abodes, where to breathe the poisoned air was death, they went fearlessly and piously. They were found at the bedsteads of the dying and the newly dead. No dangers daunted their resolute hearts. They saw death before them, but they feared him not. They caught the pestilence, and one by one they sickened and died.

The Rev. Henry Walmsley, senior Catholic priest, first died. On the following day his junior died; he had been in Leeds only three weeks. Others pressed into the breach, as if a siege were to be won. They earnestly pleaded that they should be allowed to occupy the post of danger. The successor of Mr. Walmsley next fell a victim. Two others died, making five in all. A simple monument was erected to their memory, as men "who fell victims to fever in discharge of their sacred duties in 1847."

They Brave Death.

Surgeons and medical men are always in contact with diseases, no matter how infectious. These men brave death in all its aspects, often without the slightest hope of reward. Wherever they are called they go, unshrinkingly doing their duty, sometimes even unthanked. They spend and are spent, labor and toil, till their strength fails and their heart sickens; and then the fever fastens on them and they are carried off. Heroes such as these pass silently through life, and fame never reaches them. The greatest heroes of all are men whom the world knows not of.

Surgeons have done their duty on the field as well as in the dwellings of the poor. They have gone out under fire, and brought back the wounded soldiers to be dressed and cared for. The French surgeon Larrey was quite a hero in this respect. During the retreat from Moscow he was seen performing an operation literally under the fire of the enemy. He had only a camp cloak to protect the patient. It was held over him in the manner of an awning to protect him during the falling snow.

In another case, which happened on the burning sands of Egypt, the dashing little surgeon showed a similar ardor. An engagement with the English had just occurred, and among the wounded was General Silly, whose knee was ground by a bullet. Larrey, perceiving that fatal results might ensue unless the limb was amputated at once, proposed amputation. The general consented to the operation, which was performed under the enemy's fire in the space of three minutes.

The Surgeon and the Officer.

But lo! the English cavalry were approaching. What was then to become of the French surgeon and his dear patient? "I had scarce time," said Larrey, "to place the wounded officer on my shoulders and to carry him rapidly away toward our army, which was in full retreat. I spied a series of ditches, some of them planted with caper bushes, across which I passed, while the cavalry were obliged to go by a more circuitous route in that intersected country. Thus I had the happiness to reach the rearguard of our army before this corps of dragoons. At length I arrived with this honorably wounded officer at Alexandria, where I completed his cure."

Here is another hero. Doctor Salsdorf, Saxon surgeon to Prince Christian, had his leg shattered by a shell at the beginning of the battle of Wagram. While laid on the ground he saw, about fifteen paces from him, M. de Kerbourg, the aide-de-camp, who, struck by a bullet, had fallen and was vomiting blood. The surgeon saw that the officer must speedily die unless promptly helped. He summoned together all his power, dragged himself along the ground until he approached the officer, bled him, and saved his life. De Kerbourg could not embrace his benefactor. The wounded doctor was removed to Vienna, but he was so much exhausted that he only survived four days after the amputation of his leg.

The Wounded Must Fly.

On the advance of an army it is usual to bring up the wagons in the rear for the accommodation of the wounded. When the men fall they are carried back to the surgeon to be attended to. If the army is driven back, the surgeons and the wounded have to fly, or be taken prisoners. On the occasion of the battle of the Alma the Russians fled, and the British and French followed. A large number of wounded men had been left. Several hundred Russians were brought to the eastern part of the field, where they were laid down in rows on a sheltered spot of ground near the river.

Happily there was a surgeon at headquarters whose sense of honor and duty was supported by a strong will, by resistless energy, and by a soundness of judgment and command of temper rarely united with great activity. This was Dr. Thompson, of the 44th Regiment. Though the country was abandoned by the Russians, he succeeded in getting 400 pounds of biscuit and the number of hands needed to sustain him in his undertaking. He immediately had the wounded fed, for they had had no sustenance during twenty-four hours. Then he attended to the dressing of their wounds. This occupied him from seven in the evening

until half-past eleven at night, yet he kept steadily at his work.

By this time the soldiers had left to carry the English wounded back to the ships at Eupatoria. And then Dr. Thompson and his servant, John McGrath, remained among the Russian wounded. They remained there for three days and three nights alone, amid the scorching sun by day and the steel-cold stars by night.

At length the opportunity occurred for embarking the Russians and sending them to a Russian port under a flag of truce. "When at length," says Mr. Kinglake, "on the morning of the 26th, Captain Lushington, of the Albion, came up from the shore and discovered his two fellow-countrymen at their dismal post of duty, he was filled with admiration at their fortitude, and with sympathy for what they had endured."

Held Out to the End.

In like manner Dr. Kay, the surgeon of the hospital at Benares, during the Indian Mutiny, stood by his post at the risk of his life, for the enemy were advancing to destroy him as well as his suffering patients. Every one remembers the dreadful events at Cawnpore, where every one perished, to the last man, the last woman, and the last child. Yet the British held out to the end, under the withering fire of the mutinous Sepoys.

"It is hard to believe," says Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York, "any man, as a rule, more empty of what we call religion than the common soldier. His whole life, poor fellow! makes it very hard for him to have any sense of it, and he has very little. But it has come out, since the great Sepoy Rebellion in India, that numbers of these men in the English army were offered the alternative of renouncing the Chrisian religion and embracing that of the rebels or being

murdered by all the horrible ways that the hate and rage of the heathen can invent.

"It is believed that they died to a man; not one instance as yet has come to light of any common soldier giving way. He was a man belonging to the Christian side, and the pincers could not tear that simple manliness out of his heart, or the fire burn it out. And so there may be manliness where there is little grace, or if by grace you mean that gracious thing, a pure and holy life and a conscious religion."

An Outbreak of Cholera.

And here let us mention the self-devotion of two non-commissioned officers during the outbreak of cholera at Moultan. In the absence of women they nursed the sick and the dying. They worked day and night in the cholera hospital. Corporal Derbyshire at last broke down from sheer fatigue, but his place was supplied by others. The other non-commissioned officer, Corporal Hopper, volunteered for hospital duty at Topah, where he earned the gratitude of both the medical and military authorities. The surgeons were always at their task in both places, braving death at every moment. When the commander-in-chief visited Moultan, shortly after, he publicly thanked Derbyshire and Hopper in the midst of their admiring comrades.

But the same quality is sometimes displayed amid the fire of shot and shell. At the siege of Cadiz by the French in 1812 men and women were killed in the streets, at the windows, and in the recesses of their houses. When a shell was thrown by the enemy, a single toll of the great bell was the signal for the inhabitants to be on their guard. One day a solemn toll was heard in signal of a shell. That very shell fell furiously on the bell and shivered it to

atoms. The monk whose duty it was to sound it went and tolled the other bell. The good man had conquered the fear of death.

But a singular act of bravery on the part of a woman was displayed during the same siege. Matagorda was a small outlaying fort without a ditch or bomb-proof. Within this fort 140 English troops were stationed, for the purpose of impeding the completion of the French works. A Spanish seventy-four and an armed flotilla co-operated in the defence, but a hitherto masked battery opened upon the ships, and, after inundating them with hot shot, drove them for shelter to Cadiz harbor.

A Sergeant's Noble Wife.

Forty-eight guns and mortors of the largest size concentrated their fire upon the little fort. The feeble parapet at once vanished before the crashing flight of shot and shell, leaving only the naked rampart and the undaunted hearts of the garrison. For thirty hours this tempest lasted; and now occurs the anecdote of the woman of Matagorda.

A sergeant's wife, named Retson, was in a casemate nursing a wounded man. The patient was thirsty, and wanted something to drink. She called to a drummer boy, and asked him to go to the well and fetch a pail of water. The boy hesitated, because he knew that the well was raked by the shot and shell of the enemy. She snatched the bucket from his hand and went herself to the well. She braved the terrible cannonade, went down to the well, filled the bucket with water, and, though a shot cut the cord from her hand, she recovered it, went back with the water for her patient, and fulfilled her mission.

The shot fell upon the doomed fort thick

and close. A staff bearing the Spanish flag was cut down six times in an hour. At length Sir Thomas Graham, finding the defence impracticable, sent a detachment of boats to carry off the survivors. A bastion was blown up under the direction of Major Lefebre. But he also fell, the last man who wet with his blood the ruins thus abandoned. The boats were then filled, and the men returned to Cadiz. They were accompanied by the heroic women of Matagorda.

Florence Nightingale.

Can any one believe that women can undertake to nurse soldiers in time of war? And yet it is done bravely and nobly. Nurses used to be taken from the same class as ordinary domestic servants. It was not until Miss Nightingale, by her noble devotion to the care of the sick and wounded, had made for herself an honored place in history, that people began to realize that nursing was a thing to be learned-that it required intelligence, willingness and fitness, as well as charity, affection and love. "It has been said and written scores of times," says Miss Nigtingale, "that every woman makes a good nurse. I believe, on the contrary, that the elements of nursing are all but unknown."

But how came it that she devoted herself to the profession of nursing? Simply from a feeling of love and duty. She need never have devoted herself to so trying and disagreeable an occupation. She was an accomplished young lady, possessing abundant means. She was happy at home, a general favorite, and the centre of an admiring circle. She was blessed with everything that might have made social and domestic life precious.

But she abjured all such considerations, and preferred to tread the one path that leads to suffering and sorrow. She had always a yearning affection for her kind. She taught in the schools, she visited the poor, and, when they were sick, she fed and nursed them. It was in a little corner of England that she lived and worked—Embley in Hampshire; but one can do as much good work in secret as in the light of day.

Her Heart in Her Work.

The gay world opened before her. She might have done what other young ladies do in town. But her heart led her elsewhere. She took an interest in the suffering, the lost, and the downtrodden. She visited the hospitals, the jails, and the reformatory institutions. While others were spending delightful holidays in Switzerland or Scotland. or by the seashore, she was engaged in a German nursing school or in a German hospital. She began at the beginning. She learned the use of the washing cloth, the scrubbing brush and the duster; and she proceeded by degrees to learn the art of nursing. For three months she continued in daily and nightly attendance on the sick, and thus accumulated a considerable experience in the duties and labors of the hospital ward

On Miss Nightingale's return to England she continued her labors. The Hospital for Sick Governesses was about to fail for want of proper management, and she undertook its care. She denied herself the affection of her home, and the fresh breath of the country air, to devote herself to the dreary hospital in Harley Street, where she gave her help, time and means to the nursing of her sick sisters. Though the institution was saved, her health began to fail under the heavy pressure, and she betook herself for a time to the health-giving breezes of Hampshire.

But a new cry arose for help. The

Crimean War was raging. There was a great want of skilled nurses. The wounded soldiers were lying at the hospitals on the Bosphorus almost uncared for. She obeyed her noble impulses, and at once went to their help. She embarked in a ship bound for Scutari. It was at great risk—at the risk of life, hardships, dangers and perils of all sorts. But who thinks of risk when duty impels the brave spirit? Miss Nightingale undertook everything that was asked of her. She went into the midst of human suffering, nursed the wounded soldiers and sailors, organized the system of nursing, and undertook the control of the whole.

Kissed Her Very Shadow.

The wounded were inexpressibly relieved by the patient watching and care of the English lady. The soldiers blessed her as they saw her shadow falling over their pillows at night. They did not know her name; they merely called her "The Lady of the Lamp."

"He sleeps! Who o'er his placid slumber bends? His foes are gone, and here he hath no friends. Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace? No! "Tis an earthly form with human face!"

The soldiers worshipped the maiden lady. They forbore from the expression of any rough language that might hurt her. When an operation was necessary, they bore the agony without flinching. They did all they could to follow her advice and example. She, on her part, took quite an affection for the common soldiers. She not only looked after their personal comfort, but corresponded with their friends in England, in Ireland and in the far-away straths of Scotland. She saved their money. She devoted an afternoon every week to receive and forward their savings to their friends at home.

How thankful the soldiers were! And how thoughtful and careful she was of them!

"The simple courage," she says, "the enduring patience, the good sense, the strength to suffer in silence-what nation shows more of this in war than is shown by our commonest soldiers? Say what men will, there is something more truly Christian in the man who gives his time, his strength, his life if need be, for something not himselfwhether it be his queen, his country or his colors-than in all the asceticism, the fasts, the humiliations, the confessions, which have ever been made; and this spirit of giving one's life, without calling it a sacrifice, is found nowhere so truly as in England." Thus we have much to learn from the life and example even of the commonest soldier!

Another Heroine.

Miss Stanley followed Miss Nightingale to the Crimea. A second detachment of fifty nurses and ladies were confided to her charge. She took them to Constantinople, and she remained in Turkey for four months, assisting in the naval hospital at Therapeia, and afterward in establishing the military hospital at Koulalee.

When she saw the wounded soldiers brought from Inkerman, she wrote to a friend at home: "I know not which sight is the most heart-rending; to witness fine strong men worn down by exhaustion, and sinking under it, or others coming in fearfully wounded. The whole of yesterday was spent in sewing mattresses together, then in washing and assisting the surgeon to dress their wounds, and seeing the poor fellows made as comfortable as the circumstances would admit of, after five days' confinement on board ship, during which their wounds were not dressed. Out of the eleven wards committed to my charge,

eleven men died in the night simply from exhaustion, which, humanly speaking, might have been stopped, could I have laid my hands upon such nourishment as I know they ought to have had."

On Miss Stanley's return to England she devoted herself to befriending the soldiers' wives and widows. She purchased a house and garden in York Street, Westminster, where she founded a large industrial laundry. She obtained a contract from the government for the supply of army clothing, and thus secured a large amount of employment for the forlorn women. Miss Stanley threw herself with great energy into the relief and nursing of the women of the London poor. She was only one where there ought to have been ten thousand, but the true woman finds and does the work that lies nearest her. She gave her life daily to the service of others. She was an embodiment of self-sacrifice.

Sublime Resignation.

It did not matter whether she secured the approbation of others or not. To some, who wished to tread the steps she had trod, she said: "Never forget Dr. Arnold. I repeat his last entry in his journal to myself twice every day: 'Let me labor to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others; if God so wills, it should be.'"

Good example always brings forth good fruits. Other ladies followed faithfully in the same steps. Among these may be mentioned Miss Florence Lees, who has not only nursed in the field, but taught to others the duties of scientific nursing. Strange how the first impulse to do a good thing springs up in the heart. It was the loss of a dear brother in China that nerved her for the effort. He had died in the naval hospital at

Shanghai, and, as she thought of him, tended by strangers' hands, she felt a great longing to do for others what others had done for him.

This happened when she was a girl. The late Bishop of Winchester was consulted. He said that it was too early to devote herself to such a mission. "Wait until your grief has passed away, wait till your mind has matured." But her mind was possessed by resolution and hope. Miss Nightingale was her heroine. She consulted her, and obtained from her the best advice and help as to her training. At last, after three years' waiting, she entered St. Thomas' Hospital, and began her training as a nurse. She afterward went to King's College Hospital, and acquired valuable practical experience. To complete her knowledge of nursing she spent several years in Holland, Denmark, Germany and France. At Kaiserworth, in Germany, she passed through the usual practical training of a nursing deaconess, and received a certificate as to her efficiency.

In the Hospitals of Paris.

Through the kindness of M. Hasson, the Director-General of civil hospitals in France, she obtained permission to work in the chief hospitals of Paris, under the charge of Roman Catholic Sisters. It was with great satisfaction to the Sisters, and with great happiness to herself, that she worked so harmoniously with them, notwithstanding their differences of religion and thought.

The kindness of the Sisters to her, personally, was beyond words. She was, indeed, treated by them more as a sister and friend than as one separated from them by creed, country and secular life. In addition to the practical knowledge thus gained, she learned from them many a lesson of quiet cheerfulness under difficulties, of hope

and trust in an overruling Providence, even when all things seemed going wrong, and of firm self-denial and an utter giving up of themselves and all that they had to Him whose they were and whom they served. Here, too, she learned what a virtue cheerfulness is for all those who would serve and nurse the sick.

A French Official.

Miss Lees' last and most valuable training was obtained through the kind permission of General Lebœuf, then French Minister of War. Through his influence she was permitted to work in the French Military Hospitals, a training which was doubly valuable through the interest taken in her improvement by the late Michel Levy, the Director-General. He had been what he termed a "comrade" of Miss Nightingale in the Crimea, and for her sake he made Miss Lees pass through a severer course of discipline and training than, he admitted, would have been possible for any French Sœur or. as a general rule, for many Englishwomen. The practical experience, however, which she derived through the personal kindness of M. Michel Levy, was so valuable that in the course of her after life it was never forgotten.

Shortly after her return to England after this long probation in nursing, war was declared between France and Germany. The newspapers were full of the results of the first sanguinary battles. The conquering army swept on and left the wounded to die. They lay in the open air by thousands, untended and uncared for. The nurse's heart was roused by pity and by sympathy. She at once set out for the Continent, accompanied by three German ladies, but they were soon detached in different directions. She went across Belgium to Cologne, where she saw the wounded soldiers lying in rows

along the station platform. Then to Coblentz and Treves, and then to Metz, which was her station. It was a rough journey when she left the steamer. In the midst of the confusion she had lost her baggage, but she was there herself alone.

Marshal Bazaine had taken refuge in Metz, with a large body of French troops, and Prince Frederick was investing the city with an army of Germans and Bavarians. Miss Lees was appointed to a hospital at Marangue, in the rear of the investing army. She reached the place. It was only an old farm-steading. The barn was the hospital. It was a very comfortless place. The accommodation was miserable. The nurse slept on a bit of sacking filled with straw. There was little medicine and less food. The principal disease to be encountered was typhus fever, occasioned by the dampness of the trenches. The Lazaretto or hospital accommodated twenty-two beds; and these were always full.

In the Fever Hospital.

The nurse of a field-hospital has no light task before her. When the men came in fever-stricken, they had first to be cleaned. When they came from the trenches, their feet were so incrusted with dirt that it had to be scraped off before they could be washed. When cleansed, they were put into their beds, and had medicine administered to them. There was the washing out of the men's blackened mouths, the attention to their personal cleanliness, the wetting of their heads by night to keep down delirium, bathing their hands and faces, changing their couches to prevent bed-sores-and all this in the midst of the most depressing circumstances.

The men sometimes became furiously delirious. Miss Lees has herself told the story of her life in the Fever Hospital before Metz. One night she was alone. She heard a noise in the room upstairs. She went up and found a delirious soldier trying to force the door. The poor fellow wished to go home to his "liebe mutter." She called another patient to her help, and, telling him he would go home to-morrow, got him into his bed again.

Another delirious soldier, down-stairs, searched for a knife under his bed-fellow's pillow. Miss Lees got hold of the knife, which was really there, and hid it in some obscure place. But, when the surgeon came round, she entreated that she might not again be left alone in the hospital at night.

Appealed to the Crown Princess.

The nurse worked there for many weeks. Many died, some were cured and invalided home, and a few returned to duty. At last Bazaine surrendered; his prisoners were sent into Germany, and the Red Prince and his troops marched on to the siege of Paris. Miss Lees had done her work at Metz, but her self-imposed task was not over. She was taken, partly on a locomotive engine, to Homburg, where she was put in charge of an hospital of wounded soldiers, under the superintendence of the Crown Princess of Prussia. The principal difficulty she had to encounter there was in securing proper ventilation. German doctors hate draughts. So soon as the nurse opened a window the doctors, in her absence, ordered it to be closed. She then appealed to the Crown Princess, and at length obtained the proper ventilation.

It is unnecessary to follow the history of Miss Lees. After her return from Germany she prepared to make a voyage to Canada and the United States, to inspect the hospitals there. She accomplished her object in

the winter of 1873, and saw everything that was to be seen at Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Cleveland, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and Annapolis.

Many women, young and old, nobly devote themselves to work such as this. They go into the courts and alleys of our towns and cities and nurse those who might lie and die but for their services. Neither hands nor their minds are stained by performing the humblest and most repelling offices for their suffering fellow-creatures. Look at the noble examples of brave self-sacrificing women who, in our civil war, devoted themselves on the battle-field to the care of the wounded and the dving. All the annals of heroism furnish no deeds more illustrious or more noble. The names of these devoted heroines are among the brightest in our country's history.

The Profession of Nurse.

Look also in our great hospitals and see the self-denying young women who are schooling themselves in the great art of nursing the sick. This is fast becoming a profession, and it illustrates the noblest and grandest qualities of womanhood.

There is a great deal of heroism in common life that is never known. There is, perhaps, more heroism among the poor than among the rich. The former have greater sympathy with their neighbors. A street beggar said that he always got more coppers from the poor street girls than from anybody else. Virtue commands respect even in a beggar's garb.

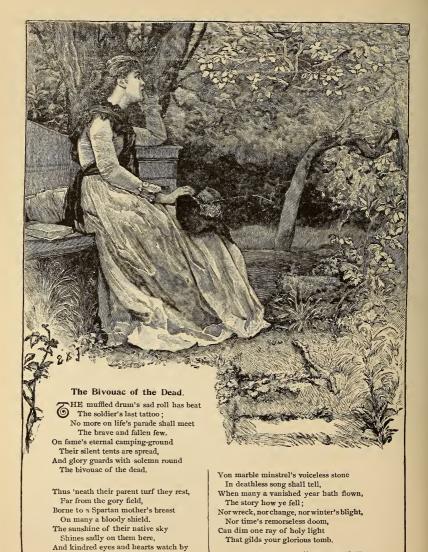
"Men talk about heroes and the heroic element," says Mr. Binney; "there is abundance of room for the display of the latter in many positions of obscure city life, and many of the former have lived and worked nobly, though unknown. The noblest biographies have not always been written. There have been great, heroic men, who have toiled on in their daily duties, and suffered, and sacrificed, and kept their integrity; who served God, and helped their connections, and got on themselves; who have displayed, in all this, qualities of character, of mind, courage, goodness, that would have honored a bishop, a general, or a judge."

The Rescue.

Striking examples may be given—of men and women devoting themselves to rescue the lives of shipwrecked mariners at sea. A story comes to us from Western Australia telling us of the brave deeds of a young gentlewoman—Grace Vernon Bussell. The steamer Georgette had stranded on the shore near Perth. A boat was got out with the women and children on board, but it was swamped by the surf, which was running very high. The poor creatures were all struggling in the water, clinging to the boat, and in imminent peril of their lives, when, on the top of a steep cliff, appeared a young lady on horseback.

Her first thought was how to save these drowning women and children. She galloped down the cliff—how, it is impossible to say—urged her horse into the surf, and, beyond the second line of the breakers, she reached the boat. She succeeded in bringing the women and children on shore. There was still a man left, and she plunged into the sea again, and rescued him. So flerce was the surf that four hours were occupied in landing fifty persons.

As soon as they were on shore the heroic lady, drenched with sea-foam, and half fainting with fatigue, galloped off to her home, twelve miles distant, to send help and relief to the rescued people on the sea-beach.



The heroes' sepulchre.

THEODORE O'HARA.

Her sister now took up the work. She went back through the woods to the shore, taking with her a provision of tea, milk, sugar and flour. Next day the rescued were brought to her house, and cared for until they were sufficiently recovered to depart on their solitary ways. It is melancholy to have to record that Mrs. Brookman, the heroine's sister, took cold in the midst of her exertions, and died of brain fever.

The Last Boat.

Not less brave was the conduct of a young woman in the Shetlands, who went to sea to save the lives of some fishermen, when no one else would volunteer to go. A violent storm had broken over the remote island of Unst, when the fishing fleet-the chief stay of the inhabitants-was at sea. One by one the boats reached the haven in safety; but the last boat was still out, and it was observed by those ashore that she was in great difficulties. She capsized, and the sailors were seen struggling in the water. At this juncture Helen Petrie, a slender lass, stepped forward and urged that an attempt to rescue them should be made at all hazards. The men said it was certain death to those who wished to put off in such a storm,

Nevertheless, Helen Petrie was willing to brave death. She hastily stepped into a small boat. Her sister-in-law joined her; and her father, lame of one hand, went in to take charge of the rudder. Two of the crew of the fishing-boat had already disappeared, but two remained, clinging to the upturned keel of their craft. It was these the women went to save.

After great exertions, they reached the wreck. Just as they approached it one of the men was washed off, and he would certainly have been drowned had not Helen

caught him by his hair and dragged him into the boat. The other man was also rescued, and the whole returned to the haven in safety. Helen Petrie afterward earned her bread in obscurity as a domestic servant, until her death some time later reminded people who knew her story of her existence. Heroines must, one would suppose, be abundant in a country where such a thing could happen.

And Grace Darling! Who can forget her -the heroic woman of the Longstone Lighthouse? The desolate Fern Islands lie off the northeast coast of Northumberland -a group of stern basaltic rocks, black and bare, with a dangerous sea roaring about them. In stormy weather they are inaccessible for days and weeks together. They have no other inhabitants but the gulls and puffins that scream about the rocks. But on the farthest point, the Longstone Rock, a lighthouse had been erected to warn off the ships passing between England and Scotland. Two old persons-a man and his wife-and a young woman, their daughter, were the keepers of the lighthouse, on a wild night in September, 1838.

On the Rocks.

The steamer Forfarshire was on its voyage from Hull to Dundee. The ship was in bad condition. The boilers were so defective that the fires had to be extinguished shortly after she left Hull. Nevertheless, she toiled on until she reached St. Abb's Head, when a terrible storm drove her back. She drifted through the night before the wind, until, in the early morning, she struck with tremendous force on the Hawkers rocks.

The ship broke her back, and snapped in two. Nine of the crew took possession of a boat, and drifted through the only outlet by which it could have escaped; they were picked up at sea and taken into Shields. Most of the passengers and crew were swept into the sea and drowned. The fore part of the vessel remained stuck on the rock; it was occupied by nine persons, crying for help.

Their cries were heard by Grace Darling at the lighthouse, half a mile off. It was the last watch before extinguishing the light at sunrise, and Grace was keeping it. Although the fog was still prevailing, and the sea was still boisterous, she saw the wrecked passengers clinging to the windlass in the fore part of the vessel. She entreated her father to let down the boat and go to sea to rescue the drowning people. William Darling declared that it would be rushing upon certain death. Yet he let down the boat, and Grace Darling was the first to enter it. The old man followed. Why speak of danger? The chances of rescue, of self-preservation, were infinitesimal. But God strengthened the woman's arm, as He had visited her heart: and away the two went, in dread and awe.

The Nine Survivors.

By dint of great care and vigilance the father succeeded in landing on the rock and making his way to the wreck, while Grace rowed off and on among the breakers, keeping her boat from being dashed to pieces. One by one the nine survivors were placed in the boat and carried to the lighthouse. There the mother was ready to receive them, to nurse them, to feed them, and to restore them to health and strength. They remained there for three days, until the storm abated, and they could be carried to the mainland.

The spirit of the nation was stirred by the heroic act. Gifts innumerable were sent to Grace Darling. Artists came from a distance to paint her portrait. Wordsworth wrote a poem about her. She was offered one hundred dollars a night to sit in a boat at the Adelphi Theatre during a shipwreck scene. But she would not leave her sea-girt rock. Why should she leave the lighthouse? What place so fitting to hold this queen? One who visited her speaks of her genuine simplicity, her quiet manner, her genuine goodness.

Visit from a Duchess.

Three years after the rescue symptoms of consumption appeared. In a few months she died, quietly, happily, religiously. Shortly before her death, she received a farewell visit from one of her own sex, who came in humble attire to bid her Godspeed on her last journey. The good sister was the Duchess of Northumberland, and her coronet will shine the brighter for all time because of that affectionate and womanly leave-taking. Joan of Arc has her monument. Let Grace of Northumbria have none. The deed is registered

"In the rolls of Heaven, where it will live, A theme for angels when they celebrate The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth Has witnessed."

On the mainland of Northumberland, nearly opposite the Fern Islands, stands the Castle of Bamborough, on a high triangular rock. In olden times it was a strong defence against the incursions of the Scots, as well as an important fortress during the civil wars of England. Of late years it has been used as a refuge for shipwrecked mariners, chiefly through the instrumentality of Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, and Archdeacon Sharpe. Lord Crewe's noble appropriation of this castle has been productive of more good than any private benefaction in this country. Shipwrecks frequently occur along the coast, and every possible aid is given to the suffer-

ers. Apartments are fitted up for thirty mariners. A constant patrol is kept every stormy night along the eight miles of coast. and if a ship appears in danger the life-boat is launched. During fogs bells are rung to keep off the vessels.

When a ship is observed in distress a gun is fired, and a second time if the vessel is stranded or wrecked upon the rocks. At the same time a large flag is hoisted, so that the sufferers may know that their distress is observed from the shore. There are also signals to the Holy Islands fishermen, who can put off from the islands at times when no boat from the mainland can get over the breakers. Every help is given to those on land as well as at sea by this Samaritan Castle on the cliffs.

Brave Ida Lewis.

"Thus, like a mighty guardian angel," says William Howitt, "stands aloft this noble castle, the watching spirit over those stormy and perilous seas, and this godlike charity lives, a glorious example of what good a man may continue to do upon earth for ages after he has quitted it. When any one sees at a distance the soaring turrets of this truly sacred fabric, majestic in its aspect as it is divine in its office, dispensing daily benefits over both land and sea, let him bless the memory of Lord Crewe, as thousands and tens of thousands, in the depths of poverty, and in the horrors of midnight darkness, have had occasion to do, and as they shall do when we, like him, sleep in the dust."

Worthy to rank with the immortal name of Grace Darling is that of our own Ida Lewis. whose courage often braved the storm and whose strong arm often pulled the oar, that meant rescue to the shipwrecked sailor. Daughter of the sea, she exhibited the noblest heroism in facing danger to save imperilled lives. No lines are fine enough in which to write her thrilling story. The simplehearted girl was none the less womanly because made of iron fabric. She puts to shame the empty lives of multitudes of women who do nothing but eat, dress and die, without the record of one noble deed.

Patience is the exercise Of saints, the trial of their fortitude; Making them each his own deliverer, And victor over all That tyranny or fortune can inflict.

JOHN MILTON.

For still we hope That in a world of larger scope, What here is faithfully begun Will be completed, not undone,

A. H. CLOUGH.

But all through life I see a cross Where sons of God yield up their breath: There is no gain except by loss, There is no life except by death, There is no vision but by faith, Nor glory but by bearing shame, Nor justice but by taking blame; And that Eternal Passion saith, Be emptied of glory and right and name.

OLRIG GRANGE.

It is related of the Duke of Wellington that when a certain chaplain asked him whether he thought it worth while to preach the Gospel to the Hindoos, the man of discipline asked, "What are your marching orders?" The chaplain replied: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." "Then follow your orders," said the Duke; "your only duty is to obev."

Though an unwelcome, an unpopular and a perilous duty, there have been found men in all ages who have followed the directions of their Saviour. Christ preached to the Jews and the Gentiles. St. Paul was the first missionary apostle. He founded churches

in the East, at Corinth, at Ephesus, at Thessalonica, and elsewhere, and left his bones at Rome, where he had gone to preach the Gospel.

The career of a missionary is the most dutiful and heroic of all. He carries his life in his hand. He braves danger and death. He lives among savages, sometimes among cannibals. Money could not buy the devotion with which he encounters peril and misery. He is only upheld by the mission of mercy with which he is charged. What are called "advanced thinkers" have nothing to offer us for the self-imposed work of missionaries at home and abroad. Mere negation teaches nothing. It may pull down, but it cannot build up. It may shake the pillars of faith and leave nothing to hold by, nothing to sanctify, to elevate, or to strengthen our natures.

Ready to Perish.

But savage human nature is "vile." "How can they be vile to us," said Bishop Selwyn, "who have been taught by God not to call any man common or unclean? I quarrel not with the current phrases of 'poor heathen' and 'the perishing savages.' Far poorer and more ready to perish may be those men of Christian countries who have received so much and can account for so little. Poorest of all may we be ourselves, who, as stewards and ministers of the grace of God, are found so unfaithful in our stewardship. To go among the heathen as an equal and a brother is far more profitable than to risk that subtle kind of self-righteousness which creeps into the mission work akin to the thanking God that we are not as other men are."

How much are we indebted to St. Augustine, the first missionary into England, for our Anglo-Saxon liberty, our integrity, our

learning, and even our missionary enterprise! At the end of the sixth century Augustine, or Austin, was consecrated by Pope Gregory, and entitled beforehand Bishop of England. He proceeded on his mission, and, after passing through France, he landed at Thanet, accompanied by a number of monks. He was received by Ethelbert, King of Kent, at Canterbury. The king had married a Christian wife, and, partly through her influence, he became baptized, and was afterward admitted to the Church. The missionary labors of Augustine extended throughout the country until, at his death in 605, the greater part of England was redeemed from paganism.

A Famous Missionary.

Missionaries entered the south of Africa and made their way to the north amid difficulties innumerable. They lived among the natives, and gave their minds and hearts and souls to them, endeavoring to bring them to a belief in the loving doctrines of Christianity. Men of education, accustomed to the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, endured privations of the most severe kind, which were all the harder to bear as they fell upon their wives and children. No motives of gain could support them in such a position. Dr. Moffat crossed the Orange River, in 1820, as a missionary to the Bechuana tribes.

When Moffat went among these tribes he did not know their language, and he had none to teach him. Unmindful of their abominations, and fearless of their ferocity, he lived entirely among the natives. He walked, he slept, he wandered, he hunted, he rested, he ate, he drank with them, till he thoroughly mastered their language, and then he began to preach to them the Gospel. He labored on among difficulties and afflic-

tions of all kinds, occasionally attended by threats of murder, without any apparent tokens of success.

At length they believed in him and in the healing words he taught. The once naked, filthy savages became clothed and cleanly. Idleness gave place to industry. 'They built houses and cultivated gardens. Provisions for the wants of the mind kept pace with those of the body; they reared schools for the young, and chapels for the old. And thus the work of education and religion rapidly advanced.

Moffat was followed by Livingstone, his son-in-law, who gave his life to the same work. Livingstone opened up the heart of Africa, and trod the lands of savage tribes where the foot of the white man had never He travelled thousands of trod before. miles among savage beasts, and still more savage men, and was often delivered from danger almost by the "skin of his teeth;" but he never doubted in the success of the Gospel, even among the degraded. He did not live to see the outbreak of war in South Africa, and to hear of the thousands of men who were slain in resisting the attempt to annex their territories-a most deplorable sacrifice of innocent lives.

Men, even savage men, judge each other by their deeds, not by their words. Professing Christians, like venders of bad coinage, often expose genuine religion to suspicion. "In true kindness of heart," said Dr. Guthrie, "sweetness of temper, open-handed generosity, the common charities of life, many mere men of the world lose nothing by comparison with such professors; and how are you to keep the world from saying, 'Ah! your man of religion is no better than others; nay, he is sometimes worse?'

"With what frightful prominence does this stand out in the never-to-be-forgotten answer of an Indian chief to the missionary who urged him to become a Christian. The plumed and painted savage drew himself upin the consciousness of superior rectitude, and with indignation quivering on his lipand flashing in his eye, he replied, 'Christian lie! Christian cheat! Christian steal, drink, murder! Christian has robbed me of my lands and slain my tribe!' Adding, as he haughtily turned away, 'The Devil, Christian! I will be no Christian!' May such reflections teach us to be careful how we make a religious profession! And having made the profession, cost what it may, by the grace of God let us live up to it, and act it out."



NATURE'S BEVERAGE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TEMPERANCE.



NTEMPERANCE, like other vices, is deceitful and seductive. It frequently presents a beautiful exterior, while within it is all corruption, and as loathsome as a sepulchre, full of dead men's bones. Youth is

charmed and cheated by it, and old age, it often covers with shame and disgrace.

You have seen a calm cloud appear in the heavens in a clear day in summer, distance it looked beautiful. Its shining edges glittered with delusive splendor, and it moved up the sky as majestically as the chariot of Jehovah. As it approached, the beauty disappeared; on man below, it cast dark, threatening glances; the golden fringes vomited forth forked lightning; and what afar, seemed mellow music, was soon found to be harsh and terrific thunder. Soon the tempest was abroad on earth. The beasts of the field fled for shelter to the shadow of the high rock; the yellow harvest of the husbandman was swept away, and man himself fled, a fugitive before the storm.

Intemperance is like that cloud! It promises shelter and shade to the thirsty spirit, but soon bursts upon human life with all the fury of the tempest. It sends its blast and sweeps its tide, into the domestic retreat, across tribunals of justice, and up to the very altars of the church of God.

You have seen a serpent winding himself noiselessly through a bed of flowers, and anon lifting his crested head above the foliage, and sporting himself with many a gambol. You have admired his beauty, agility, and strength, and watched his movements with intense delight. Even the wild flowers which bloomed in his path, seemed to bend forward to kiss his beautiful form, and he in return moved aside, lest he should crush the fragile things, and scatter their tiny leaves.

As you gazed, a mother and her child came on, and stooped to pluck those flowers. Then was the ferocious nature of the monster developed. Around those shrinking forms he coiled himself, and with a hissing sound struck them with his fangs. Crushed and wounded, the child and mother were left to die, while the splendid monster moved away, and was soon lost from view in the dense forest.

An Inward Fire.

Intemperance is such a serpent! To youth it presents a beautiful exterior. The wine sparkles in the cup, and the gay festival attracts the unthinking throng. "At last it bitch like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Within its coil the victim groans and writhes in agony, until the poison, like boiling blood, flows through all his veins, reaching his brain and setting his soul on fire.

You have seen the ocean calm and tranquil. As far as the eye could reach not a ruffle disturbed the surface of the waters. Like a sea of glass, it reflected the form of every bird which took passage over it, and gave back from its clear bosom, the polished beauty of the heavens above. Invited by the serenity of ocean and sky, the mariner launched his vessel, and spread his canvas to catch the gentle breeze.

Soon a change came on. The wind blew like the hurricane. The waves tumbled and foamed upon each other. The ship plunged and quivered, and strained in the trough of the sea. Sunken rocks now lifted their huge forms and sharp peaks high above the water, and anon were buried deep, by the mountain billow. Morning came; and a vessel, without mast, or rudder, or sail, or chart, or compass, or crew, floated upon the bosom of the surge.

A Baseless Dream.

Intemperance is like that ocean! To the youthful voyager it seems as calm and placid as a sea of glass. But as he ventures out; as the green hills of sobriety disappear, the waves of destruction begin to dash around him; the whistling blasts of poverty make frightful music; the moaning of the pitiless storm disturbs his dream of pleasure, and ere long he is tossing, an unmanageable wreck, upon the sea of temporal and eternal ruin. To point out the dangers of the sea of intemperance, and utter a solemn warning to the young, will be the object of the present chapter, and while I do this, I request your serious and candid attention.

I need not stop to prove that our young men need caution upon this point. Although the temperance reformation has laid its heavy blows upon the shivering sides of the dominion of king Alcohol, his throne is not yet overturned. His dark, infernal empire still stands. The frowning fortress from which he hurls firebrands, arrows, and death, still lifts its front in the midst of the Christian community, and on every side, are monuments of his dreadful conquests.

True it is, that intemperance has been

driven from the marriage festival, and the chamber of mourning; from the pulpit of the minister, and the bench of the judge; but unabashed, it has sought out other homes, and laid its snare for new victims. What then, we ask, are the solemn warnings which intemperance gives to young men?

The drunkard shall come to poverty. Poverty in itself, is not a crime. No disgrace belongs to the man, who by reverses in business, is led down from affluence to destitution. The poorest man who walks this earth of sorrow, or who toils in vain to clothe and feed his children, can stand in the presence of the man of millions, with no consciousness of inferiority. But when poverty is the result of crime, it becomes at once sinful and disgraceful; when it is the result of gambling, or drinking, or lying, it covers its victim with a robe of shame. Under any circumstances it is exceedingly unpleasant and inconvenient to be very poor, and by most men, poverty is dreaded as one of the worst of evils.

Poverty and Misery.

Now poverty is as sure to follow a course of intemperance, as light and heat to follow the rising of the sun. God has so ordained. In His word He has declared that the drunkard shall come to poverty, and wherever we behold drunkenness, we also gaze upon squalid misery. Go into any community and you will find affluence to be the result of sobriety, and destitution the sure attendant of dissipation. You will expect to find in the neat, vine-covered cottage, a frugal, temperate man; and in the hovel, unpainted and desolate, the windows shattered, the doors unhinged, an intemperate and dissipated man.

So universal is this fact, that we expect a young man to ruin himself, squander his

property, become idle and worthless, when he commences a course of intemperance. We predict with almost unerring certainty, that a few years will make him a pauper or a criminal, and leave him in a mad-house or prison, the victim of his crimes. The wretched beings, who sometimes reel along our streets, the sport of boyhood and the shame of manhood; the miserable creatures, who hide in cellars, and barrooms, and taverns, were once as respectable as those who now walk the earth, with proud step and lofty look.

Warnings Not Heeded.

But forgetting the declaration of the Almighty, "the drunkard shall come to poverty," they took the social glass, and drank its contents. The pledge was disregarded, and the warnings of temperate men, unheeded. Step by step, they descended from respectability and affluence to wretchedness and woe. Property was wasted, and character sacrificed. Self-respect took its flight, and those who were once the enterprising, industrious, hopeful young men of our country, are now the reeling, staggering inhabitants of dens and caves of infamy.

One such case came under my own observation. A young man, with whom I was intimate in childhood, became intemperate. When a boy, he had a generous heart and a noble disposition. We all loved him, and of our circle, he was the pride and ornament. Friends looked to him with the highest anticipations of his future usefulness. When at a proper age he commenced business, and for awhile was exceedingly prosperous. The little property, which he had at first, increased, and he was looking forward to wealth and affluence.

In an unfortunate hour, he learned to drink the social glass, and drain the madden-

ing bowl. Kind friends hung around him, and presented their remonstrances; the church of which he was a member, uttered its kindest warnings; an aged mother hung upon his steps with prayers and tears. Heedless of them all, he clung to his boon companions and his cups. "I shall never become a drunkard," he said; "I can control my appetite; your fears are vain."

Soon business was neglected. The little fortune which he had accumulated was scattered to the blast, and discouraged and disheartened, he became a drunkard. The associates of his early days stood aloof; the church, with many tears, and after many fruitless efforts to reform him, withdrew the hand of fellowship; his mother died of a broken heart, and the young man himself, mortified and ashamed, fled from the scenes of his youth and the companions of his child-hood.

On a Bed of Straw.

One morning a messenger called at my door, and asked me to visit a young man in distress. Amid the peltings of the pitiless storm, I hastened to the place where he was. I found the street, the house—if house, the wretched tenement could be called. Up into the third story, I traveled, amid dirt and filth, and entered the chamber to which I was directed. In a cold room, on a bed of straw, covered with a single moth-eaten blanket, burning with fever, tortured with rheumatism and delirious with drink, was stretched a young man. I could not recognize his countenance or recall a single feature.

"I do not know you," I said to him. He cast on me a look of agony, and replied; "Good God, has intemperance blotted out my manliness and made me so much a demon that my early associates do not

know me?" Then he covered his face, and wept aloud.

His story is soon told. He was the young man, who in early life had given such promise of usefulness. To one degree after another in his fatal habit he had advanced, until his money was gone, and he was a pauper. To the city he had wandered in search of employment, and here I found him, in the condition which I have described, with both feet frozen, and none to minister to his wants. In the wretched dwelling and among the more wretched occupants, he found no sympathy. He learned in all the bitterness of his spirit that the drunkard will come to poverty.

The End Sure to Come.

I would not affirm that every case of intemperance will end like this, or that the destruction of every intemperate young man will be as speedy and as awful. But sooner or later poverty will crush the spirits of every man who "looketh upon the wine when it is red," or who goeth after strong drink. He may bear up against it for awhile, but it will ultimately overthrow him. It will perplex and disturb his business; it will mortgage his house and his farm; it will place an attachment upon his stocks; it will ruin all his prospects for this life and the life to come.

Intemperance ruins the physical constitution. In the creation of the body, God has displayed infinite wisdom. More wonderful than any complicated work of human hands, it bears the impress of divinity. It is fearfully and wonderfully made, and is a specimen of workmanship, unrivaled in the arts. The Maker of man did not form him thus fearfully, in order that he might be broken by disease, and crushed by vice. He made him upright. He stamped the blush of

health upon his cheek, and sent him forth to look upon the earth beneath his feet, and the heavens above his head.

You have seen a beautiful machine, fulfilling the purpose of its maker, and working with order, regularity and harmony. You have examined it closely, and admired the perfection of all its parts. You have complimented the skill of the artisan, and deemed his work, one of extraordinary ingenuity. You have also seen that machine disarranged; the order and harmony of its movements gone, and entirely incapable of performing the work for which the maker designed it.

The human body under the influence of intemperance, is like that disarranged and broken instrument. The purpose of its creation is defeated, and it becomes the seat of numberless diseases, aches and pains, sorrows and woes, for which God never has intended it.

Old Before His Time.

The drunkard presents a fearful specimen of a broken-down man. From the head to the feet, he is covered with disease. He moves along the street, with downcast eyes, or staggers to and fro, with heavy tread; his nerves are all unstrung, or braced beyond endurance; his head aches and throbs; his bloated face spoils the beauty of a human being; his knees totter and smite against each other; his livid lips are closed over teeth decayed; his swollen tongue prevents his ready utterance; his idiotic look, betokens speedy death; his eye glares at one time, and is languid and bloodshot at another; and his brain is racked with a thousand fancies, and agonized by a thousand fears.

Go search earth's darkest caves, and bring up to the blaze of day, the inmates of your



THANKSGIVING.

prisons and dungeons; your insane asylums and mad-houses, and none will you find so miserable and degraded, so lost to all that makes up a perfect man, as the victim of intemperance. Take some case within the limits of your own observation; some friend who tampered with the terrible destroyer, and has been ruined.

You knew him perhaps, when no shade of crime had passed over his manly countenance; when he walked with his head erect, and his bosom bared to the storms of life: when life flashed from his eye, and vigor was in his step; when the stranger noted his manly form, and correct deportment. You have seen that form bend, not with age; you have seen that step falter, not from fear, and that once noble form reeling from the drunkard's purgatory, to lie besotted and beast-like by the wayside. You have seen everything noble and beautiful in this God-made body, utterly spoiled; the divinity in man crushed out of him, and the temple of the immortal soul laid in ruins.

An Empty Boast.

Nor will young men avoid this terrible destruction of the human system, if they enter the fatal avenues which lead to the drunkard's fate. They may suppose that they have power to drink, or refrain from drinking. They may boast how strong they are, and how easily they can dash the inebriating cup to the earth. But their boasts are idle as the wind. The great army of drunkards with crippled limb, limping form, bleeding heart, and maddened brain, thousands of whom die every year, utter their notes of The broken, diseased, deathwarning. struck forms of prostrate men, as they lie along the path of life, give fearful admonition.

The opening graves, into which the re-

mains of men are tumbled after they have cursed themselves and all around them; graves on which the flowers seem unwilling to bloom, and over which the birds appear to sing in sadness, graves wet by no widow's tears, consecrated by no orphan's lament; graves which angels shun, or by which they weep in sorrow, as on their mission of mercy, they pass through the city of the dead, all sound the alarm, and by the dumb eloquence of their speechless harmony, bid the living throng beware of the drunkard's hopeless doom.

What the Demons Wrote.

You remember the famous dream or vision of a distinguished clergyman, Dr. George B. Cheener, of Salem, Mass., for the publication of which, he was beaten in the street and imprisoned. The scene was said to be in Deacon Giles' Distillery. The dreamer saw the demon-workmen at their unhallowed employment, manufacturing with great zeal the elixir of death. He heard their ferocious and blasphemous expressions. While he gazed on, barrel after barrel of the accursed poison was drawn from the cistern and prepared for sale.

The employment of one or more of the fiends was, to mark and label these barrels and hogsheads of rum and gin, which had been put up. Quenching a coal of fire in the liquid which he had made, the infernal monster went to work. On all the barrels, in letters which would remain invisible until the first glass was drawn, and then burn forth like fire, he wrote, "consumption," "palsy," "fever," "plague," "insanity," "madness," "redness of eyes," "sorrow of heart," "death," "damnation," and the like expressions, which, when the liquid death had been sold, and the buyers drew from it for the first time, flashed out in the faces of

the thirsty customers, who stood waiting around the bar.

With fearful consternation they saw written in words of flame, the diseases which they knew were preying upon their systems, and fled from the place in terror.

What that dreamer saw in vision, we behold an existing fact. Though on the barrels in the rumshops, we do not find the words of fire written there by demon hands, yet we behold more fearful inscriptions on the living, dying countenances of men who walk our streets. Gleaming forth from fiery eyes; seen on the wan and haggard cheek; read in the stooping forms and staggering tread; heard in the hollow cough; felt in the aching head, and beating heart, proving to us that intemperance

"Is palsy, plague, and fever, And madness all combined,"

are the fearful inscriptions of death and dam-

The Curse of Home.

Intemperance poisons domestic felicity. The sacredness of home has often been made the subject of discourse. Scarcely a person reads this, whose heart has not beat quickly, at the mention of the endearing word. Home—it is associated with all the pleasant scenes of childhood and youth; with the names of companions, whose countenances are now forgotten; with the prayers of parents and the love and kindness of brothers and sisters, who are now sleeping in the grave. Nor, until human nature be changed, will this love of home be entirely destroyed.

Men who wander far away, over ocean and land, who journey from clime to clime as fugitives and wanderers, look back with pleasant emotions to a spot which they call their "home." But intemperance, like gambling, is calculated to corrupt home, poison its joys and wither its flowers. Many a family has been made wretched and miserable by intemperance. The fire on many a hearth has been put out by the drink of death. Indeed, intemperance so transforms a man's character that he is not prepared to fulfill the relations which exist between him and his family.

Changed Into a Tyrant.

However kind he may be when sober, however he may provide for the wants of his family, if he is an intemperate man, he cannot be a good husband or a good father. The thing is impossible. Drink transforms the kind and indulgent sire into the harsh, unjust and cruel tyrant. Men, who when sober are affectionate and pleasant, become, under the influence of inebriation, fierce and wicked.

Awhile since I became acquainted with a family, the head of which was a kind, inoffensive man, who loved his wife and his children with a pure affection. He was one of those peculiar men whose hearts are full of kindness for all around. He was, to some extent, an intemperate man, and when drunken was the very reverse of what he was in his sober moments. On one occasion he returned to his home in a state of intoxication, and for awhile sat brooding by the fire, silent and stupid.

Soon his son came in, a little, bright, intelligent boy of six years. The child at school had received the commendation of his teacher, and in his joy had hastened home to repeat the words of kindness to his parent. Somewhat boisteriously he rushed into the room, and, with eyes glistening with delight, threw himself into the father's arms. That brutal sire, changed from friend to

fiend, uttered a fearful oath, threw the child from him, struck him in the face, and dashed him to the earth. What other acts of violence he would have committed we know not.

The mother seized her child, the blood gushing from his nose and mouth, two of his teeth gone, and fled with him to the house of a neighbor. When reason returned, had that father committed murder, he could not have been more penitent. He cursed his cups, and yet clung to them. He cursed the man who sold him drink, and still hung about his workshop of death. He wept and prayed over his child, and still continued in the habit which caused the injury.

Not long ago the papers gave an account of a frightful murder. A husband, who in his sober moments was kind to his companion, in a fit of intemperance, had destroyed her life, and sent her spirit to the bar of God. Notwithstanding his vow to be her support and protection, he caused her death. With his own hands he beat and mangled her form, until the vital principle was gone, and then retired to bed to sleep the drunkard's sleep and dream the drunkard's dream.

A Source of Endless Trouble.

Is man bad enough, with all his depraved powers and passions, to accomplish deeds like this, without the aid of reason-robbing drink? No; crushed as human nature is by sin, it needs some artificial stimulant to bring it up to a point, where it can sever so recklessly the dearest ties of nature, and commit crimes, at which cruelty itselfrevolts. And we find intoxicating drink furnishing just the excitement which is required to induced husbands to imbrue their hands in the blood of their wives, and fathers to destroy the lives of their children. We find

intemperance leading to family disturbances and social discord. We find it to be the cause of sorrow in households, and divisions between companions who have lived pleasantly for years.

Intemperance impairs the intellect, and produces idiocy and madness. There is a strong sympathy between the physical and mental parts of man. One acts upon the other. If the body is diseased, the mind is also found to be in an unhealthy condition. If the mind is unhinged or thrown from its balance, the body suffers accordingly. The intellectual is more valuable than the physical. It will endure when the body has decayed, and will continue to be, after the material structure has disappeared.

Shining Talents Dimmed.

Now intemperance acts directly upon the mind itself, and indirectly through the medium of the physical constitution. The injury done to mind by this vice, is beyond all calculation. Men of strong and vigorous intellect have been bowed by it; shining talents have been dimmed and tarnished, and the fairest prospects of intellectual greatness blasted by its fatal influence. The legal and medical professions, and even the ministry, have lost some of their brightest ornaments, and been robbed of some of their choicest jewels, to gratify the lust of this accursed Moloch.

Memory now recalls the form and countenance of one, who a few years since, bid fair to stand among the first orators at the bar. His professional services were held in high estimation; as an orator he was enthusiastically applauded; as a profound scholar, an able statesman, a clear and vivid writer, he had but few superiors. The political party of which he was a member, nominated him for a seat in Congress, and but for the

fatal habit of intemperance, he would have been elected.

But all the hopes of his youth were to be disappointed. The love of strong drink grew upon him; he was seen in a state of intoxication in the court-room; confidence in him was soon lost, and now if you will visit the city of his birth, you will find the wreck of the once polished lawyer and accomplished statesman. His once powerful intellect is shattered, and although he was, but a few years since, the pride and admiration of the bar, he dares not now attempt an argument in open court.

An Appalling Record.

A hundred other cases equally plain and pitiable might be produced. The history of intemperance is full of them, and on every page of its fearful record can be found the names of men, who have fallen from the highest summit of intellectual greatness, to the lowest depths of degradation and infamy. The ravages of intemperance in its last stages are fearful indeed. The mind becomes entirely overthrown, and loses all power of self-control. Like a ship without rudder, or chart, or compass, it plunges on the terrible waters of a deep, dark sea.

He who would see the intellect entirely dethroned, and hell begun on earth, must visit the bed of a man suffering with the torment of delirium tremens. The poor sufferer is haunted by every image of terror, he sees horrid shapes, he hears horrid sounds. Images, which no mortal man ever conceived of before, start up, and throng around him. Satan with all his legions come racing up from pandemonium to hold their infernal conclave in his chamber, beside his dying bed. Ghosts of murdered men drag their bleeding bodies from the grave and lay them at his feet.

He sees-he hears-he feels everything dreadful. Each figure on the wall becomes a fiend, which looks upon him with glaring eye; the friends who move about the room in tearful silence, are to his disordered fancy. pale spectres, who cry avaunt, and shake at him their long, bony fingers; the blanket which covers him, he imagines to be a huge snarl of snakes and reptiles woven together, and feasting on each other. Inconceivable terror takes possession of him: he starts from his bed in anguish; he bids the fiendsbegone, and hears only their mockery. He utters heart-rending cries, which echo far down the street at midnight; he pleads with his physician to tear the strangling serpents from his throat, to drive away the demons, who have come to torment him before his time.

The Madness of Drink.

In what prison or mad-house can you find insanity like this? In what lone cell, or dark chamber, can you find madness which equals that of the dying drunkard? In the darkest secrets of human misery the *delirium tremens* has no counterpart, and as a source of unspeakable anguish and unmitigated misery, it stands alone, unrivalled by anything this side of perdition.

Suppose you, a man should build houses on the corners of every street, that from their doors and windows he might let loose upon the unthinking populace, mad dogs of every size and tribe, to bite the people, and spread the poison of disease throughout the whole community; what would be thought of him? Why, the law would lay its heavy hand upon his murderous vocation, close his doors, and drag him to some place of confinement.

And here are men found on almost every street whose sole business is to let loose upon society insanity and madness in their worst forms, who send their rum dogs, mad as Satan, to bite with venomed tooth the loveliest members of our families, whose trade is to spread among men, the worst kind of hydrophobia, and make war alike upon the bodies and the souls of our fellow-creatures.

Pitfalls and Snares.

In all villages and cities, young men are exposed to numberless temptations. On every side are the snares of the enemy, and from the gay saloon with its glittering ornaments, to the low hovel of wretched inebriation, are found the sources of intemperance and vice. Beside the open and known resorts of infamy, are secret dens and caves in which the wicked hide themselves, and into which the young are decoyed and ruined.

A friend entered one of the most public buildings in one of our cities, and came to the door of a room which refused him entrance. He discovered a secret spring, and touched it. The door flew open, and he saw in full operation the bar, and the gamingtable. Congregated there in the broad day, and yet concealed from human view, were the wretched beings who make crime a pastime and sin a recreation. And other such places there are in all our large cities, whose sole object is the destruction of the young. To these facts it is worse than madness to blind our eyes. They meet us on every hand; they stare us in the face at every turn we take.

Young men, it devolves on you to say what shall be the future history of the temperance reformation. It devolves on you to say how far the burning waves of intemperance shall sweep on, and where they shall be stayed. I therefore call upon you, in the

name of common humanity, to arise in all the vigor of youth, and manliness, and arrest, if possible, the tide of ruin which is sweeping over the beauty of our land. We need warm hearts and willing hands. The monster with whom we have to contend, is more powerful than kings and emperors, and will not be defeated without a struggle.

Come then to the work of humanity; the work of God. It will ultimately triumph, and intemperacce will be driven from the world. We may toil long against the evil, but victory will eventually crown our labors. It is the cause of human happiness, and would reflect glory upon the angels of God, were they permitted to engage in it. Be not discouraged, though little may seem to be effected.

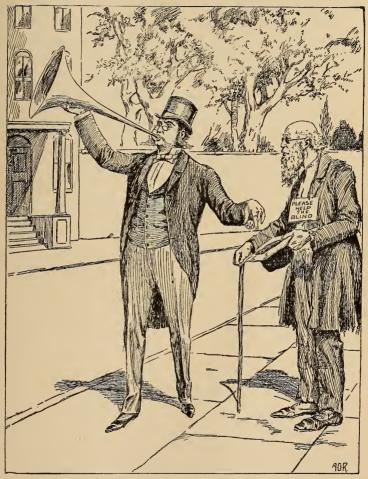
Go Ahead.

Never doubt a righteous cause;
Go ahead!
Throw yourself completely in;
Conscience shaping all your laws,
Manfully through thick and thin,
Go ahead!
Do not ask who'll go with you;
Go ahead!

Numbers? spurn the coward's plea! If there be but one or two, Single handed though it be, Go ahead!
Though before you mountains rise, Go ahead!
Scale them? certainly you can;

Let them proudly dare the skies;
What are mountains to a man?
Go ahead!
Though fierce waters round you dash,
Go ahead!
Let no hardship baffle you:
Though the heavens roar and flash,
Still undaunted, firm, and true.
Go ahead!
GEORGE A. LIGHT.

Invoke the assistance of "God o'erhead,"



THE MAN WHO BLOWS HIS OWN TRUMPET.

and do your duty well, and when the course of life is run, and the last hour of human probation arrives, you will look back upon your efforts to stay the tide of crime, and save the drunkard from temporal and eternal destruction, with high and holy satisfaction. Angels will whisper in your ear of men redeemed from vice and crime, and by your hand plucked as brands from the burning.

Such tidings will be sweeter music to your worn spirit, then all the anthems of the earth, and though borne upon the blast, or wafted on the gentle breeze, the flourish of trumpets, or the melody of the organ, may disturb the silence of your death-chamber, the memory of your good act, will kneel by your dying couch, and do its homage there, and breathe upon you a sweeter strain than can be purchased by the wealth, the honors, the noisy pomp and parade of empires.

The Coming Man.

The coming man will bravely stand, Without the wine-glass in his hand, A sun-crowned chieftain of the land; A landmark, like the lofty pine, Which lifts on high its plumes of fir, Whose root no fickle winds can stir; He, like an upright worshipper, Will never stoop to taste of wine

Strong of body, strong of soul,
Firm of purpose to control,
He will spurn the tempting bowl
In the shadow of the vine.
No taint of wine in his full brains,
No trembling hand will hold the reins
When he who rules shall drink no wine.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Not many years since, a young married couple from the far "fast-anchored isle" sought our shores, with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope, when, in an evil hour, the husband was tempted "to

look upon the wine when it was red," and to taste of it when it gives color in the cup."

The charmer fastened around his victim all the serpent spells of its sorcery, and he fell; and at every step of his rapid degradation from the man to the brute, and downward, a heart-string broke in the bosom of his companion. Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of these shambles where man is made such a thing as beasts of the field would bellow at. She pressed her way through the bacchanalian crowd who were revelling there in their own ruin.

"That My Husband!"

With her bosom full of "that perilous stuff that preys upon the heart," she stood before the plunderer of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish, "Give me back my husband!" "There's your husband," said the man. "That my husband! What have you done to him? That my husband! What have you done to that noble form that once, like a giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? That my husband! With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that manly arm? That my husband!

"What have you done to that noble brow, which he once wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the Godhead? That my husband! What have you done to that eye, with which he was wont to look erect on heaven, and see in its mirror the image of his God? What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the fountains of his heart into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk

spells, and give me back the man that stood with me beside the altar!"

Somewhere lives a small farmer of such social habits that his coming home intoxicated was once no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to reform. "Why, you see," he would say, "I don't like to break off at once; it ain't wholesome. The best way is always to get used to a thing by degrees, you know." "Very well, old man," his helpmate would rejoin, "see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, while you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to take you out."

Not Too Suddenly.

Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, a couple of days after, returning from a glorious frolic, the old fellow reeled into his own well, and, after a deal of uscless scrambling, shouted for the "light of his eyes" to come and help him out. "Didn't I tell you so?" said the good soul, showing her cap frill over the edge of the parapet; "you've got into a hole at last, and it's only lucky I'm in hearing, or you might have drowned! "Well," she continued, after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold."

And up he came higher at every turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once, made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious. "Look here," he screamed, in a fury at the last splash, "you're doing that on purpose—I know you are!"

"Well, now, I am," responded his old woman, tranquilly, while winding him up once more, "didn't you tell me it's best to get used to a thing by degrees? I'm afraid if I was to bring you right up on a sudden, you wouldn't find it wholesome." The old

fellow could not help chuckling at her application of his principle, and protested he would sign the pledge on the instant if she would lift him fairly out. This she did, and packed him off to "swear in," wet as he was.

A great drunkard in the Highlands of Inverness-shire was led to attend a lecture on Temperance, and was induced to become a member of a temperance society. For months the craving of his appetite for strong drink was excessive; but, true to his resolution, he set his face like a flint against every temptation. The marsh of his heart being thus drained of one poison, he next received the seed of the Word into its soil. It was hid there until quickened by the sun of righteousness, and nourished by the rains and dews of the Spirit, when it brought forth fruit in Christian life and character.

Queen Victoria and Donald.

Having no settled occupation, he yet could not be idle; and having by the help of a few friends-managed to stock a little box with trinkets and other cheap ware, he set out as a pedlar. In the course of his peregrinations, he found himself at Balmoral, and thinking that if he could get the patronage of the Queen, it would help him greatly, he resolved to make the attempt. There was something in his look and manner, which at once commended him to the favor of some of the household officials, who had it in their power to put him under the notice of the Earl of Carlisle, then attending the court as a Minister of State.

The noble earl, with his usual frankness and goodness of heart, sympathized with Donald, and promised to recommend his case to the Queen. When Her Majesty came to know it, Donald was commanded to appear in the royal presence, and met with a most gracious reception. Not only did the Queen

purchase his wares, but gave him permission to wear the royal arms as the Queen's pedlar, and sent Donald away with a lighter heart and a heavier purse than he had when he entered the royal chamber.

On leaving, the Earl of Carlisle took him to his room, and there Donald was presented with a glass of wine with which to drink the Queen's health. Looking at it, he felt at first a kind of trembling, but then, lifting his heart in prayer for Divine aid, he said: "Your lordship will excuse me; I cannot drink the Queen's health in wine, but I will drink it in water." The noble carl asked his reasons.

"My lord," said Donald, "I was a drunkard; I became an abstainer, and I trust by God's grace I have become a Christian; but I know that if I were to taste intoxicating drink, it would at once revive an appetite which is not dead but dying, and I should most likely go the whole length of the drunkard again. God has only promised to support me in the path of duty, and that path, in my case, is plainly to abstain."

The noble earl at once commended Donald for his frankness and honesty, and in taking leave assured him that it would afford Her Majesty the highest satisfaction to know that she had amongst her loyal and devoted subjects one who, in the midst of such strong temptations, could maintain his principles with integrity and honor. Donald left rejoicing to think that he had been enabled to "drink" to the glory of God.

Work of Temperance.

It's a work of prevention and cure; A work for the rich and the poor; A work that is slow and yet sure; A work whose effects will endure. Then shout for it, hearer and preacher; Shout for it, scholar and teacher; Praise it wherever you can. That intemperance is a vice of the most deplorable kind, and that it is productive of fearful consequences, not only to the victims themselves, but to their friends and families, is a fact that no intelligent individual will deny. The life of the habitual drunkard is one of misery, remorse, agony and shame. He is, in some sense, the mere sport of a demon. However kind, gentle and generous he may be in his rational, thoughtful and temperate moments, the chances are as a thousand to one that when laboring under the influence of the intoxicating draught, he will either become an idiot, a brute or a fiend.

All sense of propriety will be forgotten, all dignity of character will be thrown aside, and the wretched sot or madman will play such fantastic tricks as to make him a bufoon and the sport of the heartless, or grovel so low as to render it necessary for him to be concealed from the public gaze and the popular scorn.

Wanderers and Vagabonds.

How many hearts have been lacerated, how many hearths have been made desolate, how many families have been impoverished, how many beings have been hurried into untimely graves through the agency of intemperance! The catalogue, if it could be obtained, would present a terrible array, indeed. Fond and favorite sons have become outcasts, wanderers and vagabonds, and doting parents have wept tears of blood over the prostrate, the fallen and the degraded. Character has been destroyed, health has been even murder has been impaired, and prompted and perpetrated through the agency of this terrible infirmity.

Can we wonder, then, that ever and anon the good and the wise throughout the land, seeing the wreck and the havoc that are produced by the wine-cup, should rouse themselves to an intense appreciation of the evils and the terrors of intoxication, and should make an extraordinary effort to eradicate, or, at least, to modify, so desolating and destructive a vice! And yet the poor drunkard is often to be pitied. He is, himself, the keenest sufferer, and whenever permitted to pause in his downward career, and to contemplate the ignominy of his position, he must feel "all the tortures of the damned"

In many cases, too, he would repent, abstain and retrace his footsteps, if a fitting opportunity were afforded, and he could exercise the moral power. It should be remembered that some of our most enlightened physicians regard intemperance as a disease, and urge that it should be treated accordingly. That it is so in many cases. we have not a doubt. Who, indeed, has not known of individuals, with the brightest prospect before them, surrounded with every comfort and luxury, accomplished, talented and powerful, and yet so wedded to this one infirmity, so overcome and conguered by this subtle demon, as to have gone on step by step, plunging deeper and more downward into the fatal abyss, until reputation was sullied, fortune was impaired, and life itself was sacrificed

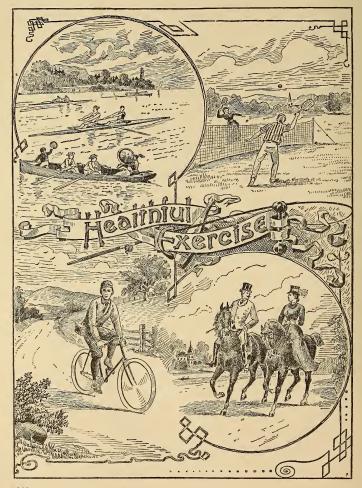
There are again, not a few of the erring, the struggling and the indigent, who are scarcely masters of themselves. They give way before the first blow of misfortune, and in the excitement of the moment, they fly to the maddening yet Lethean draught, as to their last and only solace. And when once the fatal step is taken, when once the

reason trembles and totters, when the brain becomes inflamed, and the eye illumined by an unnatural glare—who may tell the consequences?

And is there no remedy? Can none of these unfortunates, these guilty, these reckless and despairing victims of a vile habit, be rescued from such a fearful career, and restored to the ways of well-doing? Is the system that has heretofore been pursued the right one? Should the poor drunkard be sent to the prison or the almshouse, and thus at once degraded and punished; or should an effort be made to admonish, persuade, reform and cure him? There cannot be a doubt as to the proper policy under the circumstances.

While we denounce the vice, let us endeavor to do something for the victims. While we regard "inebriety as a great misfortune and a great sin," let us remember that we are all erring, human, finite and fallible beings, and that we owe it to society and humanity, to step aside from the ordinary paths of life, to penetrate the hovels, the alleys and the by-ways, if thereby we can rescue and relieve a fallen brother. "None are all evil," and even the poor drunkard, despised, contemned and derided, as he, too, generally is, may yet have, within his mind and his heart, a lingering spark of generosity and virtue, that only requires to be fanned by kindness, sympathy and benevolence, to kindle it into a bright and regenerating flame

And let an outraged public sentiment rise up and declare that the infamous traffic shall be forever suppressed and driven from this fair land of ours.



CHAPTER XXIX.

GOOD HEALTH.



HE preceeding pages have been describing and recommending the cardinal virtues. Do not consider it out of place to include with these the duty of good health. Can it be, then, that good health, which

is always considered a gift, is after all a duty, or rather, can it be that it is your duty to have good health and to preserve it?

Most emphatically do we say that the care and preservation of health is a moral duty, and must be ranked among the cardinal virtues—that is, among the virtues which are the most important and essential to our wellbeing. Be prepared, therefore, for some plain words upon this subject.

You have no right to neglect your health, or to do the least thing that shall injure it, or to trespass on it one hair's breadth, or ignore those plain and simple rules by which alone you can have a sound body. And depend upon it, without a sound body you cannot have a sound mind or a sound religion. I believe that half the doubts in the Christian life are due to dyspepsia. Your whole sky grows dark and cloudy, because you had something for breakfast you could not digest. Do you think this is an extravagant statement? If it is not true, you will have to look a long time for anything that is true.

Emerson says: "The first wealth is health. Sickness is poor-spirited and cannot serve anyone."

Dio Lewis says: "The building of a

perfect body, crowned by a perfect brain, is at once the greatest earthly problem and grandest hope of the race."

Says Longtellow: "If the mind that rules the body ever so far forgets itself as to trample on its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite the oppressor."

Bulwer says very pithily: "There are two things in life that a sage must preserve at every sacrifice, the coats of his stomach and the enamel of his teeth. Some evils admit of consolations, but there are no comforters for dyspepsia and the toothache."

Health and Hope.

There is an old Arabian proverb that says: "He who has health has hope; and he who has hope has everything."

It is said by one of our best known authors upon practical subjects: "Few things are more important to a community than the health of its women. If strong is the frame of the mother, says a proverb, the son will give laws to the people. And in nations where all men give laws, all men need mothers of strong frames."

Says Bickerstaff: "Health is the greatest of all possessions; a pale cobbler is better than a sick king."

Doctor Johnson says: "Health is so necessary to all the duties as well as pleasures of life, that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly."

"Crime," does Doctor Johnson say? You thought crime was something com-

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mitted against the laws of the land. Crime is forgery, or theft, or perjury, or murder. For crime men are arrested, tried in court, sentenced to prison, perhaps hung by the neck until they're dead. But there is another crime for which men are not arrested, but perhaps will be in the year 2000. It is the crime of violating the laws of health. It is crime committed against your own physical strength, against your rest, against your brain, against your nerves, in short, against yourself-that self which comes from God, which was meant for happiness, which feels every abuse and which should be cared for, developed, urged on to the highest perfection and become the noblest specimen of manhood or womanhood.

Too Much Head Knowledge.

It is strange that so much needs to be said and written upon a subject that so deeply affects us all. One reason of it is ignorance-ignorance dense and dark as midnight. The great majority of people have never been taught as they ought to have been how to take care of the body. We take the young, and as turkeys are stuffed before Thanksgiving, so we cram them with verbs and fractions and geography and all the 'ologies-some things that they will need, and a thousand others that will never do them any good-yet we neglect to tell them what to eat and how to eat it, what is the advantage of work and exercise, what time to go to bed and how long to sleep, what to do in order to be healthy and strong, and so they grow up knowing everything, yet knowing nothing. At least, they know very little of what is of the very first importance and value.

To be sure, we hear and read a great deal about athletics. The colleges have their

contests which often endanger life itself. This overdoing the thing is quite American. We rush to the extreme in almost everything. We want to get rich in a day. We wish to mount to the top of the ladder at a single bound. We take our seat in a railway car, pull out a watch and wonder why we are not there. We are waiting for the time to come when we can sail from New York to Queenstown in three days. If that time ever comes, we shall talk about this slow travelling and curse the steamship companies because they cannot make that little distance in two days.

Robust Women Wanted.

But instead of overdoing athletics, let the athletics have their proper place, not only in our schools and colleges, but also among the people at large. Don't let woman be the frail, pale, delicate creature she always is in poetry and pictures. It is nothing against her to have an arm which would put to shame that of a washerwoman. It would be nothing against her dignity to have a muscle like that of an athlete. She would be more of a woman if she could walk twenty miles a day, row a boat five miles on a stretch, ride a horse equal to the best cavalryman, sit gracefully on a bicycle, and without unduly straining her muscles, keep pace with the smart trotter whose owner proudly remarks that "he never takes anybody's dust." Do you think there is anything indelicate about all this? Better a thousand times such indelicacy than that narrow-chested, pale, thin, headachy, dyspeptic, whining, good-for-nothing womanhood which is a disgrace to the sex and an insult to the God whose sweetest blessing is health and happiness.

Yet there is something to be thankful for. There is a tremendous waking-up of public



HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

sentiment upon this matter, and let all the world say amen. It is no longer considered a waste of time for boys to run and romp, and play ball, learn to swim, and pride themselves on being pedestrians. "Keep to your books and your business," used to be said. We say so too, for books and business are among the main objects of life. But we do say, and we expect you to have sense enough to say, take exercise, breathe God's fresh air, open your lungs to the winds that blow, call on every muscle of your body and tell it to wake up; and do this for the sake of books and business as well as for the sake of a long life and the enjoyment that life was intended to give.

Avoid the Abuse.

In truth it must be said that to overdo athletics is just as pernicious as not to do athletics at all. The doing-no fault can be found with that; the overdoing-there is the source of all the trouble. It is nothing against the benefits of proper exercise that some lazy youth, who could not keep on his capacious feet, got his skull cracked in a game of foot-ball. It is nothing against good sports that two young athletes came into collision and had to send for a doctor. It is nothing against eating a good meal that some stuffed glutton cares for nothing but eating, and wastes all his physical energy in digesting turkey and plum-pudding. We are too apt to see the abuse of a thing; the abuse is nothing against the proper use. The truth is, young people are active, fond of life, always are in motion, in short, act out the impulses of nature. If it had been intended that they should be tied down and have no liberty, they would have been born with a tether to tie them up with.

While, therefore, no good can come from a mad wild pursuit of athletic sports, the exercise of all the bodily functions within proper limits is not only desirable, but is really a moral duty; it is one of the cardinal virtues.

It is a happy thing that public interest has been awakened on this subject. We are beginning to see that it is a hollow mockery for a man to pray and yet violate the laws of health. We cannot serve God by prayers and praises while we are sinning against ourselves. What is the harm in seeing a minister or deacon who is robust and hearty—one who has a most ungenteel appetite, who is broad in the chest and ruddy in the face, and impolite enough to eat all that is placed before him? What is the harm in his being a picture of health?

No Piety in Rheumatism.

It used to be thought that pale people with indigestion and headaches came nearest to being sanctified. It was supposed there was something very heavenly about them. They looked as if they were going into a decline and getting ready to bid the world farewell. Now, understand that pale religion. is not one wit better than healthy religion. In fact it is worse. No man can pray sowell as the one with a good digestion, and no woman can sing hymns so well as the onewho is not afflicted with catarrh. There is no piety in rheumatism. To enjoy your blessings to the fullest extent you must be well and hearty. Whatever people may think, there is no real affinity between pills. and piety.

But some people do not deserve to have good health. They have all sorts of aches and infirmities, and they ought to have. They are careless to the verge of rashness. They expose themselves to wind and weather; they run constant risks; they dose themselves with patent medicines that are

enough to wreck any constitution, and then wonder why they feel so miserably. They have a pain in the side; they have headaches especially on Sunday; they are always down in the dumps and complaining of their bad feelings, which can be accounted for easily enough. If they would take care of themselves and observe the simplest rules of health, they would not always be whining about their "bad feelings." Persons who abuse themselves must expect to suffer from that abuse.

The Rules of Health.

What, now, are some of the simple and most important rules of health?

The cavity of the Mouth should be cleaned frequently and thoroughly, in order that taste and digestion may not be interfered with by accretions upon its membrane. It should be protected, besides from injury by bones, by too hot food and by other harmful agencies, for these might cause inflammation and ulceration of the mucous membrane, and chewing as well as swallowing would then be interfered with.

The Teeth are frequently attacked by disease. Hollow teeth and the bad odor caused by them could easily be avoided by proper cleansing of the mouth. The teeth should be protected from vegetable parasites as well as from the accumulation of tartar; these should be removed as quickly as possible, or their bad effects counteracted. After each meal the teeth should be brushed with alcohol or cologne, to prevent the particles of food remaining in the mouth from decomposing, for these decomposing remains of food form a hot-bed for the growth of parasites, which, however, the alcohol will destroy. After this some innocuous powder, such as chalk, egg-shells, bi-carbonate of soda or other alkali, may be used with the brush, in order to prevent the formation in the mouth of acids, which will attack the teeth.

The use of charcoal in cleaning the teeth is less agreeable, and should be advised with hesitation; while ashes must be used under no consideration, in spite of their property of rendering the teeth white, for they destroy the enamel, and so facilitate decay. Healthy teeth, like healthy fat in man, are not perfectly white, but have a yellowish tint. Those who find it impossible to clean their teeth during the day, should at least not neglect to clean them after the last meal, for the long interval from then until morning gives abundant opportunity for the deposit and putrefaction of foreign substances.

Care of Teeth and Gums.

The diligent and systematic brushing of the teeth with a brush which is not too stiff is conductive to the health and beautiful color of the gums. Gums which have not been brushed for a long time lapse into a condition of morbid swelling, irritability and sensitiveness: when the use of the brush is resumed, therefore, they will become covered with blood, a condition, however, which will disappear after the brushing has been repeated a few times. The unbrushed and neglected gums resemble the so-called "proud flesh," which bleeds with equal readiness, and which also needs to be hardened and cauterized.

The Throat and mouth ought to be kept clean for another important reason. It is this, that various and numerous germs of disease constantly enter here, and either remain or pass beyond. These should be gotten rid of by gargling the throat, especially in the morning, with some disinfectant solution prescribed by the family physician. This is to be done in the usual manner

by throwing the head backward and driving air through the water audibly.

Besides these germs of disease, there may also adhere to the throat shells, hulls, fish-scales, crumbs of dry pastry, powdered pepper (which causes far more irritation than whole pepper), and other particles capable of giving much annoyance. The irritation produced in the throat and air passages by mustard, mixed pickles, vinegar, spirits, and by strongly seasoned food, may be ameliorated by adding to them milk, eggs and honey, as is customary in Austria and Poland.

Uncleanly Habits.

Sweet foods and certain sour ones, which are liable to injure the teeth, may be neutralized in a similar manner, the remaining particles being carried away by succeeding mild food and drinks. The proper preparation and succession of food and drink is of great importance, as all substances which irritate the throat also injure it and bring it into a favorable condition for the invasion and adhesion of the germs of disease.

A farther source of injury to the mouth lies in the excessive use of tobacco, especially when accompanied by frequent expectoration. The fact should not be overlooked that the saliva is a very important digestive fluid, that it is formed from the blood, and that a waste of saliva amounts to a positive loss of blood.

It is a curious fact that many people, who are scrupulously clean as far as their skin is concerned, are quite indifferent in regard to the cleanliness of their mouths, although the cleansing of the mucous membrane of the mouth is, in a certain sense, the more important of the two.

Every mother should see that her children keep their mouths clean, and should teach them to rinse and gargle both morning and evening, as well as after each meal. In treating affections of the throat, gargling with certain solutions plays an important part, and children should be taught how to gargle while in health, and at as early an age as possible, because it is very difficult to teach them after they have fallen sick. Mothers should also know how to inspect the mouth and throat, and, if need be, they should be taught by the family physician to do so. It is always better, especially if diphtheria is about, to call a physician in time, and this is made possible when the throat is inspected every morning.

One more warning we must not omit. Never allow your child to be kissed on the mouth, if indeed at all. Teach him to turn and hold his cheek in response to a visitor's advance.

Injury from Overeating.

In order to keep the Stomach in a healthy condition, avoid filling it unreasonably and frequently with great quantities of food or drink. Heavy, indigestible food should be shunned, while, on the other hand, it will not do to be too timid in regard to the heartiness of a meal. Treat your stomach as you would any other organ: it should be made hardy and strong, without being overworked; but it should by no means be allowed to become weak and peevish from having its tasks made too easy. Too much work weakens not only the external muscles, but the muscles of the heart and stomach as well. A reasonable amount of work, however, insures good digestion and a hardy stomach.

The liquid and liquified matter in the intestines enters the blood by way of the capillaries tributary to the portal vein. This vessel carries it to the liver, after modification in whose structure it passes through the

lower vena cava into the right side of the heart. In order to promote quick incorporation of digestive material in the systematic circulation the flow of blood in the portal vein should be as rapid as possible, an end to be attained by preserving a healthy liver, by full inspirations and by certain movements of the abdominal muscles, while it may be farther promoted by careful regulation of the bowels and by drinking water freely during disgestion in order to dilute the thick blood of the portal vein. Decomposition of the contents of the intestines is prevented by the presence of the bile, which at the same time dilutes the digested masses and neutralizes the excess of acids formed in them.

Necessity of Pure Air.

Respiration is indispensable to the human organism, since it provides the oxygen without which we could not live. Health is in danger as soon as we begin to breathe an impure air, or as soon as the function of the respiratory organs is in any way disturbed. We should, therefore, take care to breathe fresh and pure air only, and to protect our lungs and chests from becoming disordered in any way. The first requirement towards accomplishing this end is a sufficient supply of oxygen.

The atmosphere of a hall where many people have been congregated for a length of time is rendered impure by their exhalations, so that breathing becomes difficult and oppressive, and health may be actually impaired. The injurious effect is due not merely to the carbonic acid gas which every person exhales and which accumulates in such rooms, but also, according to recent investigations, to a certain gas, probably nitrogenous, which has not yet been definitely ascertained. The deleterious condition of the atmosphere in such rooms is farther

aggravated by gas-lights, by perspiration and other exhalations from the skin, and by various forms of excrementitious matter. If the heating apparatus is not in proper working order, certain gases of combustion are liable to escape unperceived and still farther to vitiate the atmosphere.

An adult requires a little more than one gallon of pure air every minute: a single gas-jet consumes as much oxygen as twelve persons would require, a common iron stove double this amount. Ventilation is the best and, in fact, the only means of obtaining pure air. Opening doors and windows, therefore, can alone change the vitiated air of the interior for pure fresh air from the outer atmosphere. All rooms where a large number of people assemble should have arrangements for easy and thorough ventilation. Schools, manufactories, shops, large meeting-rooms and halls should never be overcrowded, and their atmosphere should be completely renewed every day. Simple fumigation is of no value for this purpose: ventilation can be effected only by a complete change of air.

Your Sleeping Apartments.

The room which demands most careful attention in this respect is the sleeping apartment. Bedrooms should be light, sunny and spacious, and there should be constant change of air, a window, either in the bedroom itself or in an adjoining room, being partly opened at night. Babies' clothing should not be hung up to dry in a bedroom, nor should soiled clothes be kept there.

Plants and flowers in large numbers should not stand in the bedroom, as they exhale carbonic acid gas during the night: in drawing-rooms, parlors and sitting-rooms, on the contrary, plants with large leaves are beneficial, because in the light of the sun they exhale oxygen and absorb carbonic acid gas.

The most dangerous gases mixed with atmospheric air are carbonic acid and carbonic oxide. One-half of one per cent. of the latter, if contained in the inspired air, will prove fatal, after a limited time, to men and animals. It is the fatal constituent of illuminating gas. Other dangerous gases are marsh gas and sewer gas, the latter especially proving fatal at times to those whose work lies in or about sewers. These gases, by entering an apartment slowly and imperceptibly, as they usually do, endanger health and life. Probably their effect is due in part to their affinity for oxygen, which causes a reduction of the oxygen of the blood corpuscles, weakening the whole system and predisposing it to infection.

Life in the Open Air.

Air containing much Dust is unhealthy. Especially does it affect young and growing persons and those who have weak lungs. For those who are forced from some cause to remain for any length of time in a room filled with dust particles the best protection is a respirator.

Smoke in the air, tobacco-smoke in particular, is deleterious to the respiratory organs. Persons who are apt to become hoarse, or who are disposed to cough, should take pains to avoid rooms filled with smoke. Life in the open air, particularly in the woods, is an effective means to the preservation of health and a powerful restorative in chronic diseases. The favorable influence of traveling and of life at sanitariums and health resorts in many instances seems chiefly due to the amount of time spent in the open air.

Living in narrow and dark rooms, where the breathing space is small and fresh air is deficient, proves very injurious to health, especially when many persons are crowded into one room. By such a manner of living the constitution is sure to be undermined sooner or later, and the individual to become a prey to incurable disease. The remedy in such cases consists, not in medicine, but in fresh air, exercise, and nutritious food. Children suffer most from want of fresh air, whether in school or at home.

Exercising the Lungs.

Those who follow sedentary occupations should seek the open air as often as possible, but should be careful about exposure to heat, cold, wet, and dust. The effect of breathing fresh air is intensified by methodical exercise. Simple lung gymnastics consist in a number of full respirations. To ventilate the lungs, so to speak, in this manner, the best time is from two to three hours after a full meal, because then the exhalation of carbonic acid gas is at its height.

Since sound lungs are only to be expected in a normally developed chest, the latter should be protected from the various influences which tend to decrease its capacity. Sometimes a deformity is inaugurated during the first hours of life by the bad habit some nurses have of bandaging an infant with unreasonable tightness, a custom as earnestly to be deprecated as that of tight lacing in later years. All other constrictions by strings or belts are quite as much to be avoided.

One word here about the Corset. We do not wish to be considered its irreconcilable enemy; it is its abuse only which must be condemned. A corset with very soft, elastic stays is not only comfortable to the wearer by supporting the bust and giving strength and stamina to the whole body, but it has also the effect of improving the figure



HEALTH-GIVING RECREATION.

and rendering it agreeable to the beholder. A tightly laced waist, however, is exceedingly unhealthy and far from beautiful.

The practice of Gymnastics, or Calisthenics, as they are more commonly called among us, not only tends to expand the chest and lungs, but serves also to strengthen the heart, causing its muscular elements to become strongly developed and its contractions more forcible and regular. It must always be understood, however, that exercise, as well as work, should not be indulged in to excess.

Exertion and Rest.

Only moderate, well-regulated exercise in pure air, or bodily work executed under similar conditions, is capable of strengthening the heart and lungs, and, by improving the circulation, the tissues of the whole body. An important consideration in this respect is the maintenance of a proper balance between exertion and rest. If muscular effort is continued too long, the effect on the muscles is the same as that of prolonged rest; they are weakened and finally become unfit for any exertion.

The skin does its share in the work of purifying the blood by means of its gaseous exhalations and of the perspiration. Its other functions are numerous. It protects the sensitive nerve ends through whose agency we experience the sensation of touch, and it is the great regulator of animal heat. Still another use is that of respiration: Aubert has shown by experiment that the skin gives off carbonic acid and absorbs oxygen.

For these reasons it is important that it should be well cared for. The temperature of the body is regulated by the evaporation upon its surface: the heat necessary for the evaporation of the water in the capillaries of

the skin is drawn from the general heatsupply of the body. The greater the amount of evaporation, therefore, the greater is the reduction of temperature, and *vice versa*. This regulation of bodily heat is assisted to a certain extent by the hair upon the skin and by the dress.

The principal requirement for a normal action of the skin is cleanliness. To this end frequent Bathing and change of clothing are indispensable. In cold weather, however, it is not advisable to wash the exposed portions of the skin, the face and hands, too often, nor even to wash them in cold water at all. Lukewarm water should always be made use of, together with a mild soap, the alternative being the chapping of the hands and face, and even the appearance of salt rheum or eczema upon the skin. When frequent washings cannot be avoided in the winter time, the exposed portions should be rubbed with freshly prepared cold cream, vaseline, or glycerine.

Vapor Baths.

A vapor or hot air bath may be indulged in now and then as a means of thorough cleansing; but it should never be undertaken by persons affected with lung or heart diseases, and therefore never without the advice of a physician.

The Hair of the scalp and beard must be properly cared for. The use of some fatty substance, preferably an animal, not a vegetable fat, is beneficial.

The stronger the individual constitution, the thicker, as a general rule, will be the hair, while in sickly persons and those whose blood is thin the hair is badly nourished and in poor condition. The fatty matter, which naturally exudes from the skin and permeates the hair, causes it to remain moist, soft, and pliable, while without

it all the water contained in the hair would evaporate and leave the hairs dry and friable. The careful removal of dandruff, which owes its origin mostly to dust and to the use of certain kinds of pomade, is absolutely necessary to the growth of the hair and to its proper lubrication by the fatty matters of the skin.

The condition of the scalp, therefore, is of very material importance to the growth of the hair. Washing the scalp with spirits is unwise, since it causes great irritation: a much better plan is to use the yolk of an egg or diluted honey. Girls and women should never tie their hair too tightly, nor should men and boys wet theirs nor have it cut too often.

Danger of Taking Cold.

Of all the vicissitudes our skin is called upon to endure the most frequent and the most carefully to be guarded against is Exposure to Cold. An intense cold, a wind, or a draft of air striking the skin while hot and perspiring, causes not infrequently a sudden contraction or dilation of the bloodvessels in some particular organ, resulting in what we call "taking cold." A cold may be contracted, however, from agencies of much slower operation, as, for instance, from wearing too thin clothing, from throwing off the covers while sleeping during the night, from sleeping next to a cold wall without protection from it, from living for a long time in cold and damp apartments, from standing in water while at work, or from a damp, cold atmosphere.

Sheep's wool, if worn next the skin, protects directly from colds, as it imbibes the perspiration quickly: thus the skin remains dry and the seat of evaporation is changed. It is especially advisable for those who perspire freely to wear woolen underclothing

during hot weather. The best preventive against taking cold is the plan of keeping the feet, the back, and the abdomen constantly warm, without, however, raising too much the temperature of other regions.

Climate should influence the manner of living and of dress. Our feelings as to temperature in different climates depend largely upon habit. When the inhabitants of temperate climates are freezing, Esquimaux feel comfortable; and when the former experience comfort, those from a tropical country are apt to feel cold.

Right Kind of Clothing.

The difference between black clothing and white is well known. Black absorbs heat rapidly, while white does so to only a very slight degree. The former color is therefore best adapted to cold seasons and climates, the latter to a heated atmosphere. Black goods also possess the property of absorbing with facility the vapors which contain infectious germs, and for this reason dark woolen dresses are inadmissible for nurses.

Every article of wearing apparel should be made sufficiently large to admit of the free passage of air between the clothing and the skin. Evaporation and consequent coolness of the skin are thereby promoted. Clothing of ample proportions is therefore to be recommended during the hot season, as well as to those who live in hot countries. But loosely-cut clothing is also very agreeable in cold weather on account of the disadvantages of tightly-fitting articles, such, for instances, as gloves and shoes. A very objectionable and even dangerous habit is that of wearing garments which compress the neck, the chest, or the region of the stomach.

The Head, being protected by hair, should be covered only lightly, and should be kept cool. Only heat, cold and wet are to be guarded against. The hat should be very light, and should not fit the head too closely. It should not be kept longer than strictly necessary upon the head, and should be provided with due means of ventilation. Failure to observe the above rules will often lead to baldness. Hats of braided horsehair are the best for summer use, but preferably a parasol should be used as a protection against the rays of the sun, and the hat should be carried in the hand.

The Neck should be left uncovered from childhood up. Stiff, high cravats and collars ought not to be worn, but only such as are large enough to admit the introduction of, at least, three fingers. Paper collars are often impregnated with zinc or lead, and may become dangerous to persons who perspire a great deal.

Injuries from Tight Dresses.

The Chest should be clothed in garments sufficiently loose to allow of full expansion. Tightly-fitting dresses and corsets in the case of women and vests or coats tightly buttoned up to the neck are unhealthy in masculine attire.

The Corset is used in a most unreasonable manner so frequently that the wish to see it discarded absolutely is a very prevalent one. This, however, is not to be expected, and, if due attention be paid to the rational construction and sensible wearing of the garment, is unnecessary. At all events young girls should not be allowed to wear corsets before the age of puberty. For women it should be so arranged that the region just below the ribs may not be compressed; for, around the pit of the stomach are grouped in the interior of the body the most important vital organs, the heart and lungs above the diaphragm, and the liver,

stomach and spleen below it. The normal action of these organs suffers, of course, by compression.

The dire effects of tight lacing are very evident in some cases: the liver, and sometimes the spleen, show grooves caused by the pressure of the ribs and of the sharp extremity of the breast bone. How could such organs continue to act normally? It is impossible, and the purification of the blood as well as the formation of the bile are impeded by the crippled condition of the organs upon which they depend.

Paralyzing the Muscles.

The surgeon knows very well the weakening effect of corsets upon the muscles they compress. A leg just released from a plasterof-paris casing, which has held it far more loosely than a corset, is, nevertheless, emaciated, and remains weak for a certain time. Still more does the corset, instead of improving the figure, utterly disfigure it by rendering the muscles of the back and chest more or less incapable of use. No one would think of putting a paralyzed arm into a splint; on the contrary, one would exercise it, employ it, apply massage to it: but a weak back we swathe in bandages, instead of bathing, rubbing and exercising it: in other words, we complete the paralyzing

A second effect of wearing corsets is the restraint they impose upon the movements of respiration. If we measure with a spirometer the quantity of air which can be inhaled and that which can be exhaled, we find that from twenty to thirty-four per cent less air is inhaled beneath a tightly-fitting corset than when the corset is loosely worn. Such a sequence must inevitably deplete the circulation and predispose to consumption.

"The more nearly a woman's waist is



THE SLAVES OF FASHION.

shaped like an hour-glass, the more certainly does it show us that her sands of life are running out."

The Feet are frequently tortured by tight shoes, whose pressure impairs their healthfulness of function. Cotton stockings are preferable except for those who suffer from excessive sweating of the feet: these should wear woolen stockings constantly. Rubbers and arctics are very useful in cold and wet weather, but should always be removed while in a warm room. Rubbers are not to be recommended for constant wear, because they interfere with proper ventilation of the feet. Two pairs of shoes are desirable for each individual, to be worn on alternate days, since a single night's exposure to the air in usually insufficient to free these articles from moisture.

Slaves to Dress.

All articles of clothing should be changed as frequently as possible. Especially should wet garments be replaced by dry ones as soon as opportunity offers. Cases of arsenical poisoning have occasionally been observed as a result of wearing goods in whose coloring matter arsenic is found. Green colors are most suspicious in this connection.

Many refined women complain that equality of rights is denied them and that they are thereby kept in subjection to the male sex. The greater subjection however would seem to be that which they endure of their own accord. A woman who wishes to appear ladylike must pay dearly in a certain species of slave-chains: for the iron-clad, steel-plated corsets which prohibit free mobility and suppress all feeling of personal liberty, the painting of the face, the sleeves which fit tightly like bands about the arms and restrain motion at shoulder and elbow, the high-heeled shoes, all enemies of com-

fort and health—by what other name shall we call these? And to what purpose such endurance? Only to disfigure and degrade the finest piece of nature's handiwork, lovely woman.

Sensible men invariably prefer the natural appearance and simplicity of manner to those artificial ones which so often only serve as a cloak to the reality. The women of ancient Greece were far wiser in this regard than those of the latter day: they knew full well that health means beauty, and they acted upon this knowledge.

Blind Devotees of Fashion.

It seems to us full time for the refined American lady to emancipate herself from fasionable humbuggery in dress and to send a real declaration of independence from a senseless tyranny to those aristocratic dames of Continental monarchies who at present dictate fashion. By so doing, no doubt she runs the risk of losing the sympathy of weak-minded dudes, who are either aristocrats themselves, or who assume aristocratic airs; but in this we can see no disadvantage, for she would gain thereby the respect of men who are genuine representatives of republican intellect, sense and character.

We cannot too strongly deprecate the laying of too much stress upon the question of dress and upon external appearance in general. It always shows lack of good taste, and it may in the end undermine the moral nature of the individual. Children should be brought up with this principle in view. They should never be restrained by dress from that full liberty of movement which ensures perfection of physical development.

But while we thus strongly object to the fashionable attire of women, we must not be understood to maintain that the dress of the stronger sex is any more an ideal one. The style of dress adopted by the ancient Greeks and Romans was far more sensible and practical, especially in summer, as is that of the Mohammedan peoples of the Orient to-day, admitting as it does far greater liberty of movement. Among our own people the costume of the American mountaineer may be commended for comfort and convenience, and its use advocated everywhere in summer, even in the large cities.

Sensible Garments.

The climate of America is a milder one than we or our ancestors have been accustomed to in Europe. Loose-fitting clothing, therefore, is more appropriate here than there, and only when the winter season brings a return of arctic rigors should resort be had again to the bondage of high collars, gloves, and silk hats. In any case we can well afford to do away with the short overcoat, which not only gives a ridiculous appearance to the figure, but is totally inadequate to give needed protection to the abdomen.

Light is an essential of life, not only by its direct action upon the skin and by serving as the medium of vision, but also indirectly, because through, by, and in it alone can the development of oxygen in the vegetable organism take place. This process results in the exhalation of oxygen by the leaves and other organs of the plant, while they inhale and decompose carbonic acid in order to utilize the carbon for the nourishment of the organism.

Moleschott calls both flowers and fruits "children of the light, woven from sunny air." They are condensed sunbeams, so to speak. With vegetable matter, in the form of coal and wood, we heat our rooms; and by using vegetable substances as food we are

enabled to perform muscular work and exercise. Thus, light is the indispensable medium of life, while plants, animals and human beings, deprived of light, it has often been illustrated, become pale and emaciated and soon perish.

Sunlight aids in maintaining the purity of the atmosphere by the part it takes in transforming the chlorophyll of the green portions of plants. By its influence the air is freed from carbonic acid, whose poison would, otherwise, collect in increasing quantities, and which it replaces with invigorating oxygen. So efficient a purifier of the atmosphere is sunlight that it assists the oxidation of the organic materials it contains and so their removal.

That Musty Smell.

For instance, the musty smell which strikes one so disagreeably in living rooms is stronger and more tenacious in northerly rooms than in those which face southward and which are consequently exposed to the sun. Finally, sunlight destroys certain micro-organisms in their very germs. The influence exerted by lack of sunlight upon the development of disease has been estimated from statistics collected among the children reared in Rostock at the public expense.

Of ninety-eight such children twelve were affected with scrofula, that precursor of consumption, of whom four lived in cellars and five in dark attics, where the sun could not penetrate. And in Italy, the classical abode of that disease, the origin of malaria may frequently be traced to the same cause.

The air of a well-lighted room is better than that of a dark one. Thus the Italian saying, "Where the sun does not enter the doctor does," may be regarded as tolerably correct. Sunlight gives courage and hope and makes us glad, free and happy. If the sky is overcast, if fog and darkness reign supreme, then beware of melancholia, of hypochondria, of despondency bordering upon suicidal mania.

Too much sunlight, however, like every other excess, works harm. The weary traveler, wending his way through the southern Sahara, treads upon sand in which an egg is hardened within a few minutes. No wonder his feet are soon covered with blisters; no wonder the exposed portions of his skin are soon scorched and blistered too by the merciless rays of the fiery orb.

The Nervous System.

The danger from exposure to heat in our climate is of a somewhat different kind. In our large cities we are affected, not only by the direct rays of the sun, but also by the heat that is reflected from the sun-scorched walls of buildings and from the stones of pavements and sidewalks. In open country the conditions are decidedly better. The air is purer, and the lawns and meadows and woods absorb much of the heat, so that radiation is much diminished. It is in accordance with this suggestion from nature that we try to protect ourselves against too strong light by using shades for our eyes to reflect the rays of heat and light. For a similar reason also it is that we wear light clothes in summer.

The nervous system requires food that is rich in albuminous and fatty matter. Phosphorous is absolutely indispensable, since nervous tissues contain a large amount of it, partly in albuminous compounds, and partly in alkaline phosphates. Milk, eggs and meat are therefore the best foods for nourishing and strengthening the nervous system, together with sufficient quantities of fat and carbo-hydrates.

The circulation of blood through the organs of nervous action must be properly regulated. This may be achieved by suitable exercise and deep inspirations. Light, warmth, and pure air, the air of the forest in particular, tend to improve the health of these organs.

Any organ in the human body, if put to but little use, gradually diminishes, it is found, in force and energy, continued inactivity leading to a complete withering of its substance. In like manner a brain kept in a state of inactivity loses by degrees its power of perception and judgment. This is best illustrated in certain instances where children have grown up among animals, without any intercourse with human beings. Such children have been found incapable of speech, unable to tell right from wrong, and exhibiting no trace of reason: their feats of bodily skill and activity however are superior to those of which most animals are capable.

How the Brain is Nourished.

Our brains are best nourished and strengthened by work, just as our muscles become harder and firmer by constant use. brains of men who have done considerable mental work during life show some peculiarities which illustrate this principle; the substance of the brain is of unusually hard consistency, and the gray matter is remarkably developed. It seems more than probable that the continually increasing size of the human skull, especially of its anterior portion, is due solely to the progress of civilization. The human race, at least, is constantly perfecting its intellectual resources and capabilities. This because of the combined influences of heredity and education which are constantly at work, moulding and shaping men and their intellects, their brain;



GATHERING THE FRUITS OF AUTUMN.

and their skulls. The use of any part of the body has its effect upon the part used.

The selection of brain work requires a great deal of care. Beginning with easy and gradually progressing to harder tasks will never occasion dangerous after effects, such as we frequently observe in children. Their brains are normally much softer and contain a larger amount of liquid contents than those of adults, and they should therefore be very carefully dealt with.

Still worse is the experiment so often tried in our schools of forcing sickly, anæmic children to the same rate of progress with those who are healthy. For the former, inasmuch as their brain-substance is poorly nourished, are far too slow to satisfy their instructors, and in some instances are entirely unfit for mental effort. This sort of forcible intellectual training, of which many parents and many teachers are guilty, is the more harmful to a growing brain, the less satisfactory are the external conditions surrounding the child, such as improper feeding, poor living, and insufficient rest.

Unnatural Excitements.

Nothing is so hurtful to a brain as disproportion between work and rest. Mental vigor is always impaired by over-exertion at hard and long-continued labor, by irritation from frequent and unnaturally violent nervous impressions, by want of sleep, or by severe intellectual effort.

Among the causes of unnatural excitement alcoholic liquors play an important part. At first they seem to enliven and stimulate the brain to greater activity, but soon the weakening and depressing effects manifest themselves.

Sleep is absolutely indispensable to maintaining the normal composition of the brain substance and thereby to the proper supply

of bra'n force. The more work the brain has accomplished, the more sleep is necessary for recuperation. Sleep will refresh and invigorate the brain, as well as the nervous and muscular systems, only when it lasts sufficiently long, and when it is uninterrupted, sound, and quiet. To fulfil these conditions must therefore be our aim. Attention must consequently be paid, not only to the frequency, the regularity, and the length of the period in sleep, but also to the surroundings during sleep.

Sleeping Apartments.

The Bedroom should be spacious, moderately warm and quiet, and its air should be kept dry and pure. It should face toward the south, and should be as far removed as possible from all damp, mouldy, and illsmelling localities. If one person sleeps alone in a large room whose window he does not wish to keep open over night, he should at all events thoroughly ventilate the apartment for some length of time before retiring. But when several persons sleep in the same room the air can only be kept pure by constant ventilation. Leaving the windows open all day long, but closing them at night, does not afford sufficient change of air. In a badly ventilated bedroom one is extremely liable to inhale the floating germs of disease and other noxious particles during sleep.

For this reason perhaps, infectious diseases occur much more frequently in winter, when ventilation is not so thorough as in warmer seasons, most persons being unreasonably afraid on account of the cold. Good ventilation however tends rather to establish currents of air, which remove these germs completely, or at least in large part; and even, should some enter the body, the latter will be in better condition to resist their action on account of its increased supply of







With hands on the hips, move the upper part of the body to right and left, and forward and backward; this strengthens the muscles of the chest and back.

You should always be careful not to overstrain any of your muscles. Here lies one of the dangers of exercise. The exercise itself is good and in every way advantageous, but you are constantly on the border line of excess. And muscles injured by straining may be a long time in recovering. Never attempt to take exercise when your muscles feel sore and unequal to the task. It should not be difficult for you to get limbered up; if it is, your muscles have been overworked.



Close the hands, extend the arms in front as shown by the dotted lines, and bring the hands together behind the back; repeat at least twenty times.



Stand erect, with arms straight at the sides; raise and lower the arms as shown in the figure; repeat at least twenty times.

Your arms are a considerable part of yourself and a very important part. And, like other portions of the body, they are capable of being strengthened and made more efficient than they ever would be without proper exercise. You should practice gymnastics until the muscles are hard and strong, yet it is not the amount of muscle that should be considered, but its quality.



Hold the right arm out horizontally, palm of hand upward; double the left arm, the tips of the fingers resting on the shoulder; then stretch out the left arm, at the same time bringing the right arm to the position shown by the dotted lines; repeat, and the make the movements with both arms simultaneously.

oxygen. Perhaps also the germs are rendered harmless in a mechanical way by good ventilation; while in impure and damp air, where respiration is not so well sustained, germs which have already been inhaled are less likely to continue floating in the inspired air and to be exhaled with it before effecting a lodgment.

Healthy individuals can surely sleep with open windows, when in some English and German hospitals the sick are compelled to do so to their great benefit, the only precaution taken being to avoid a draft directly upon the person. In various German institutions for the treatment of consumptives it is an inflexible rule that patients are not allowed indoors: not only do they lie upon cots in the open air all day, but at night they are removed into open tents; this treatment being attended by the most gratifying results.

Too Much Ventilation.

In regions, however, where intermittent or yellow fever prevails, and where various forms of malaria are indigenous, ventilation must be very carefully regulated, the windows being opened only during the day, for at night the poisonous exhalations from the ground are most active, especially if rain has fallen shortly before. And indeed, under all circumstances it is safer, when windows are left open, to sleep in a room as far as possible from the ground. These rules become less imperative after a long drouth and during continuous rain or cold northerly winds.

In winter time in our climate the stove is a bad neighbor so far as the supply of fresh air is concerned, for it needs a great deal of oxygen, twenty-four times as much as a man, and this it robs from its human roommates, only to return them an occasional whiff of smoke mingled with treacherous gases. But ventilation will overcome all this, if sleeping in a cold room is not considered desirable. When the windows are open, enough oxygen will be supplied to the sleepers as well as to the stove.

All lights should be extinguished before retiring, as their presence is irritating, not only to the eye, but also to the brain. The worst of all lights to sleep by is a gas light, unless turned quite low, for a strong gas jectoonsumes twelve times as much oxygen as a man, and for this reason it should at all times be avoided where ventilation is not good.

Warm Covering at Night.

A few other points may be referred to in connection with sleep. The covers should be drawn up over the stomach in order to keep it warm. For full-blooded persons the pillow should be moderately high, so that the head is raised above the level of the body. In the case of one with impoverished blood, however, it is generally better to sleep with the head lower, and even on a level with the body. Lying upon the Lack: is to be avoided, since it may cause irritation of the spine and consequent nervous excite-When constipation exists, physic should be taken at such a time that its effect will not disturb the night's rest. natural desires should be heeded at once. because quiet sleep is impossible unless this be done.

Another rule indispensable to good health is, never to sleep upon a feather bed. Owing to the non-conductive properties of feathers, the gases of the body, so detrimental to the human system, accumulate within the soft mass. Moreover these beds are the general reservoirs of the various exhalations from different bodies which have lain upon them. Hence husk, palm-leef, or hair mattresses



Holding the arms straight, swing them with a rotary motion, thrusting them forward as they are elevated and backward as they are lowered, bringing them to the sides, and then repeat.

Give full swing to your arms. Do not get into a cramped position. Let all your movements be free. Expand the chest by full breathing and keep the body erect. Let the clothing be loose and wear little during your exercise.



Lift the hands from the sides to the shoulders, then raise the arms at full length above the head, and also extend them horizontally as shown in the dotted lines.



Standing erect, with the hands on the hips, lower the body as shown in the figure, and rise; repeat at least fifteen times, but not too fast.



Placing the hands on the hips, right leg forward and left leg slightly bent, bring the body into the position of the dotted lines; then placing the left leg forward, repeat movements.

Be careful not to strain the muscles of the back or lower limbs while going through these exercises. Be deliberate and go slowly. Nothing can be gained by haste.



With the body bent forward, closed hands between the knees, raise the body and elevate the hands above the head, taking care to keep the arms straight; repeat.



Place the hands on the front side of the hips, bend the body forward, and then rise to an erect position; at the same time throwing the head backward; repeat.

should be adopted in their place. These can easily be obtained.

A proper alternation between exercise and rest is a prime necessity for a healthy condition of the muscular system. fatigue is caused by the accumulation in the muscles of waste products, which are formed more rapidly by exertion than they can be carried away in the blood-stream. But there is still another source of fatigue. The oxygen necessary to the proper performance of muscular work is present in the muscle beforehand, and its store cannot be replenished during exercise. When therefore the amount of oxygen present is exhausted, fatigue begins. A fatigued muscle is physically and chemically different from what it was before its task was commenced. Rest alone can restore it to its former condition.

How to Rest the Brain.

By the constantly alternating pressure which a contracting muscle exerts on the blood and lymph vessels in its neighborhood the circulation of these liquids is accelerated, the current in the veins, which return the blood from the general system to the heart, being particularly influenced.

It is well known that when attention is concentrated upon certain nerves and muscles, the muscular exertion relieves the tension of the brain; and thus the fact is explained that hard bodily work and continued muscular exercise free the mind temporarily of many of its cares. The elimination of waste material takes place chiefly during rest, and mostly through the kidneys in the form of urea, as we have already seen. At this time the flow of blood to the muscles increases, new material is furnished them in abundance, and new muscle and nerve substance is formed in store for future demand.

Muscular exercise is of paramount im-

portance, for every movement and almost every activity of the body is due to muscular exertion. The same agency farthermore generates manual dexterity and force, strengthens the will, quiets the brain, helps develop the bones of the frame, and assists greatly those important physiological processes, circulation and purification of the blood, the movements of respiration and digestion.

Violent Exercise.

By overexertion much harm may be done, weakness induced amounting almost to palsy, enormous development of the muscular system effected at the expense of other organs, particularly the brain, which then becomes very slow and dull, anæmia developed in consequence of overtaxing of the blood, enlargement of the heart brought about with palpitation, and dilatation of the lungs with asthma.

Disfigurements and deformities of various kinds are likely to result, when certain parts only of the muscular system are used. Frequent and rational use of a muscle, followed by sufficient rest, will make it plump, hard and strong, while continuous inactivity renders it flabby, thin, and at last fatty.

Subjoined are certain Rules to be observed during Exercise. All tight clothing, especially about the neck and chest, must be removed. The various sets of muscles should be trained, and, therefore, the movements must involve all the joints, alternating systematically. The muscles of respiration and those of the abdomen should be particularly remembered. The various troubles of the digestive organs are thus favorably influenced, and affections of the heart and lungs successfully combated, inasmuch as a narrow chest may be broadened by rendering the contractions of the respira-



Steady yourself with one hand on a chair; place the other hand on the hip and swing the leg as shown in the figure; repeat, and then swing the other leg in like manner.

The lower limbs always get good exercise from walking, but there are various motions which they obtain only by a proper system of gymnastics. Bear in mind that the lower limbs are constantly brought into use, and the more perfect they are in form and efficiency the better it is for the whole body. You should exercise the leg muscles regularly, as thereby they become stronger and better able to perform their work. Weak lower limbs give a young man the appearance of a tottering old man whose vitality has long since had its day.



Steady yourself with one hand on a chair, place the other hand on the hip, and swing the leg forward and backward; repeat, and then swing the other leg in like manner.



Stretch the body forward, placing the hands on a chair; then straighten the arms and raise the body. This must not be repeated so many times as to render the muscles sore and stiff.



This figure shows the position of the body after it is raised from the chair according to directions accompanying preceding figure; do not make the movements rapidly, as this will produce exhaustion.



With arms bent, hold the wan I behind the back as shown by the figure; this throws the chest forward; then bend and straighten the legs alternate y.

tory muscles more efficient. A narrow chest is ominous of lung disease.

Extreme fatigue should never be induced. As soon as there is an appreciable feeling of fatigue, exercise should be suspended. Although the number of working hours in Europe exceeds that customary in the United States, the amount of work performed here is greater and produces more fatigue. Rest should continue until all feeling of fatigue is gone.

The intensity and duration of the movements practiced must be increased very gradually, if increase of muscular strength is desired. Nutrition must be proportioned to the activity of the body, otherwise the system will succumb. Poor diet will always tell at last, because income and expenditure are not equalized.

Take in a Full Breath.

Pure air and full breathing are required during and after exercise: the latter not only promotes change of air in the lungs, but also quickens the functions of circulation and digestion. As soon as rapid respiration and palpitation set in exercise should cease; also when headache, dizziness and other disagreeable sensations are present, when the face becomes pale and pinched or flushes suddenly, or when a feeling of great heat or excessive prespiration sets in. People who suffer from heart or lung diseases must be particularly cautious as to exercise.

Eating must be avoided shortly before or shortly after any considerable exertion, as digestion is thereby impaired. Exposure to cold on such an occasion is especially injurious to the heart. When not in a position to practice muscular exercise, massage of the muscles should take its place.

If the above rules are followed closely,

the salutary effects of exercise will be speedily experienced. Affections of the brain and nervous organism of a functional nature, such as hysteria, hypochondriasis, melancholia, sleeplessness, and despondency, will soon disappear. Disturbances of the circulation will be improved or wholly curedince the heart and blood-vessels are enabled to contract more forcibly. The blood will become healthier, because the waste material is carried off more efficiently.

Outdoor Sports.

Persons suffering from gout, rheumatism, or obesity will feel as though created anew, and anæmic and chlorotic girls will regain their color and lose the curvatures and deformities of the spine which are due to muscular weakness.

Healthy exercise is best obtained through such sports as rowing, skating, swimming, fencing, tennis-playing, bicycling, and horse-back riding. Dancing in itself is a healthy exercise, but it is almost invariably overdone, and the surrounding conditions are decidedly unfavorable; no rest is taken between the dances; it is indulged in at night after the proper bed-time, in tightly fitting dresses, and in hot, dusty, poorly ventilated halls, crowded with people; then also it lasts too long, and too much drinking is habitually indulged in at balls, parties, and similar assemblages.

Dancing on platforms erected in the open air in shady places, preferably in the woods, is far less objectionable. The action of cold upon the skin and lungs is much to be dreaded, and sudden changes of air when dancing must be carefully guarded against.

Gymnastics and mountain-climbing are upon the whole the best methods of exercise, provided the rules we have given are acted upon. The air in large cities is far



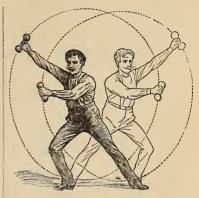
This is an exercise to strengthen the muscles of the wrists and arms, and consists in holding the dumb bells out and bending the wrists each way as far as possible.

Dumb bells furnish excellent exercise, but they should not be too heavy, nor should they be used very long at any one time. When your muscles begin to feel tired lay down the dumb bells at once. Exercise is of little use to you after it becomes wearisome. You should always enjoy it and it should exhilarate every part of you.



arms at least a dozen times.

wise, palms downward, Hold the bells high lower the bells to the sides above the head, then and raise them; repeat, lower and elevate the then strike the bells together in front and behind the back.



This figure shows the rotary motion with dumb bells. Bend the body forward, resting the weight on one foot, then on the other, swinging the bells low as you change from one foot to the other.

The necessity of physical education for girls is now generally recognized. We do not need any labored argument on this point. Healthful exercise is conducive to health, and health is what the American woman needs. The exercises here recommended are the best and can easily be practiced by all.



A girl's gymnastic dress should be loose throughout and gathered at the waist. Stand erect with hands on the hips and light weight on the head; then rise on the toes and fall.

from possessing the purity desirable to practice athletic exercises in, and it is better on this account to establish the gymnasium in the upper part of the house.

Calisthenics are coming more and more into use every day for ladies and girls, although much still remains to be done toward their perfection. This is a branch of education which deserves wider attention—not only that it is much more healthy than many semi-superfluous theoretical studies; but it actually tends to improve the complexion and beautify the face and figure.

Benefits of Mountain-Climbing.

Nothing should be regarded as of greater importance than healthy exercise, and there is no exercise preferable to mountain-climbing. Here a variety of favorable conditions obtain, healthy ground, pure air, a healthful mode of exercise promotive of vigorous respiration and digestion, and the profound enjoyment and equanimity which accompany the constantly changing aspects of beautiful and majestic landscapes. In mountain-climbing accordingly, to the directly beneficial effect upon the health of the individual we find added the peculiar gratification enjoyed by every lover of nature.

The strengthening and invigorating effect of exercise, and especially of mountainclimbing, is warmly to be commended. For the latter, by the relief it gives from the cares of business, combined with residence in a healthful locality, active respiration of pure air, and the drinking of pure water, exerts not only a transitory beneficial effect, but even, in most cases, leads to permanent cure of disease or tends to prevent its occurrence.

The best inhalation apparatus, baths, and medicaments are of but temporary value, if no compensation is made for the loss of

vitality and of muscular tone, especially that of the heart and blood-vessels; if the blood-stasis in the glands and other organs does not yield to an increased flow of blood in arteries and veins; if the thinned blood does not become thicker and more rich in albumen; if the accumulating carbonic acid is not expelled by a more plentiful supply of oxygen; if the fat deposited in the body is not more rapidly oxidized; and if the kidneys are not made to act more efficiently.

But all these effects are produced more certainly and more promptly by mountainclimbing than in any other way. several weeks spent in mountain excursions. the condition of the patient is radically changed for the better. There is an elasticity of the mental processes in place of the former dullness; will, thought, and impulse seem to move on wings; the formerly dull senses are sharpened; the formerly halfclosed eyes sparkle, and the flabby cheeks become full and rosy; the once prominent abdomen is reduced to more seemly dimensions, notwithstanding that food and drink are taken with greater relish; while the chest is expanded.

New Life and Vigor.

These changes, it is true, are not without their inconveniences to the patient as regards his apparel, for his unmentionables are found to have become much too large around the waist, while his coat, collar and shirt have grown too small. He who was before so heavy and dull now feels as elastic and sprightly as if the burden of earthly existence had been lifted from his shoulders, and, almost as in his childhood days, goes running and springing along, covering a distance of ten or twelve miles a day. He has no longer the shape of a discontented and surly creature, a parody on mankind, but



Grasp the wand, about three feet in length, with both hands, then raise the wand as high as the head, and lower to the above position; repeat twenty times.

There can be no perfection of womanhood without the development of her physical nature. To a very great extent, the mind is dependent upon the body. In order to think, to study, to perform household duties, to appear well in society and make the best of yourself, you must have sound and robust health. A thin, pale, puny, half-lifeless woman is a discredit to her sex. She is poorly fitted for the high-cest duties and activities of life. She is unattractive, and lacks that sprightliness of mind and bloom of countenance which are among her chief charms. A course of physical training would rejuvenate her.



Hold the wand as in the figure, one arm at the side, then rotate the wand over the head, bringing the other arm to the side; repeat twenty times.



Hold the wand and one arm horizontally, with other arm bent, then bend the straight arm and straighten the bent; loosen the fingers and clasp the wand again with each movement.

These exercises will not come easy to you at first. You may think you are very awkward and afford amusement to those who are looking on. It will, however, take only a very short time for you to accustom yourself to calistenics, and if you do not enjoy them thoroughly you will be different from the vast majority of ladies. Here, as elsewhere, practice makes perfect. You should patiently continue in well-doing.



Holding the wand high above the head, lower it to the breast, then elevate it, then swing it over the head backward, changing the hands so as to retain the hold fits better in the ranks among other strong and happy beings: he is possessed of a new spirit, his pulse beats more strongly, and the tone of his entire circulatory system is better.

The value of such exercise in the cure of various diseases is more and more recognized every day. Systematic exercise of this nature is now practiced at several institutions in Germany having large tracts of mountainous land about them laid out with graded walks for the cure of heart troubles, of obesity, and even of consumption.

These are intended, of course, for those who are allowed a certain amount of exercise only. For others, suffering from various forms of chronic disease, such as rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, anæmia and other circulatory disturbances, mountain excursions are organized under the supervision of a physician, the walking and climbing being systematically undertaken, and the progress and effect of the exercise carefully watched. But if you cannot reach a mountain to climb it, you should not neglect the very healthful exercise of walking on level ground,

which is one of the best means of strengthening and preserving health.

In Greece, those who practiced running were incredibly swift, while of the old Teutons it is reported that they were able to jump over five or six horses standing abreast. There are people who can swim many miles at a stretch. The cowboys on our western plains, the Csikos in Hungary, the Gauchos in the Argentine Republic, and the Cossacks in Russia excel in horseback exercise. Contortionists, snakemen, india-rubber men and kickers are able to turn and twist their bodies and limbs in an almost inconceivable manner, the result of long and hard practice.

Again, there are laborers in Bulgaria, Albania and Armenia who can carry as much as four hundred or five hundred pounds up the mountains. The Roman Emperor Maximinian was so strong that he could successfully oppose the strength of two horses in drawing a load. There are mountaineers, who on level ground could not beat a champion runner, but who on a mountain ascent would without effort leave the same adversary far behind.



Hold the wand on the shoulders as seen in the figure; then straighten the right arm, at the same time drawing in and bending the left; repeat.



Placing the wand on the shoulders as seen in the figure, bring the arms to the position shown in the dotted lines; repeat a number of times.



Hold the wand behind the back as seen in the figure, then bring the arms to the position shown by the dotted lines; repeat and alternate.

Do not be discouraged if you seem to make slow progress in physical culture. You pursue such studies as the common school branches, ancient and modern languages, music, drawing, painting, etc., for years; why, in like manner, should you not spend years in the cultivation of bodily health and the development of all your physical powers? From day to day you can see no marked improvement, but think of the change there will be a year or two years from now.

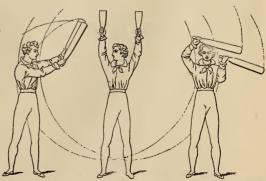


Place the feet close together, hold the body erect, clasp the wand with both hands and swing it to right and left, keeping the arms straight.

Be careful to undertake only such exercises as are suited to your health and physical condition. You are not aiming to become masculine, or do what only men are expected to do. Think not for a moment that there is anything unwomanly in those sports, pleasures and physical exercises, that will strengthen every part of the body and give fresh tone and vigor to the whole system. Be persistent, enthusiastic and regular in your practice.



Hold the wand as shown in the figure, the right arm elevated and the left crossing the chest; then by swinging raise the left arm and bring the right across the chest; repeat.



From the above figure the reader will form a good idea of the general movements in the use of Indian clubs. He can vary the movements so as to give exercise to all the nuscles of the arms, shoulders, chest, and abdomen. Clubs weighing two pounds apiece are heavy enough for ordinary exercise.







